SB54

An Invitation to Dinner.

It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him. 'I'll lay a wager,' said a wag, 'I get an invitation from him.' The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds.

'Sir,' said the servant to his master, 'here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds.'

Out comes the master.

'What is that, sir, that you can save me a thousand pounds?'

'Yes sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner, I will go myself and dine, and call again.'

'O pray, sir, come in and dine with me.'

'I shall be troublesome.'

'Not at *all*.'

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over and the family retired, the conversation was resumed.

'Well, sir,' said the man of the house, 'now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?'

'Why, sir,' said the other, 'I hear you have a daughter to dispose of *in* marriage.'

'I have, sir.'

'And that *you* intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds.'

'*I do, sir.*'

'Why then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand!'

The master of the house rose in a passion and kicked him out of doors.

The Emperor Trajan is said to have raised none to high employment, but such as were qualified for public trust by their known private probity and prudence; he despised the vulgar maxim, that the corrupt citizen was capable of making an honest and able minister. This wise ruler often said—"I govern now as I desired to be governed when I was a private citizen." What was this saying but the sublimest of the Christian doctrines, coming from the mouth of a Pagan. *William Foster.*

'I say Bill,' said a loafer to another, whose garments were in a most tattered condition, 'how do you get your livin?'

'Well, I gits it sometimes one way and sometimes another; mostly I don't git it at all.'

'Be them clothes your'n, or do you hire 'em, 'lowing the owner the right to destrain?'

'What business is it of your'n?'

'Oh, none at all, only I was thinking that if you are merely the tenant of them things, and the landlord should destrain, there wouldn't be much left after deducing the rent!'

SMALL CONFAB. 'I say, Jim, how much 'll it cost to take the Bankrupt law?'

'Why Jake, there's five dollars to pay when you begin, and when you're done taking it, you'll have to pay eight more."

'Jim, I've a plan to get through without pain' a cent!'

'As how?'

'Slap all the fees into the petition unbeknown to the lawyer, and when I'm through, he'll find that he's the bankrupt himself; ha, ha!

'Very good, Jake, but no lawyer ain't to be *did* in that way.'

'SISTER NANCE AND THE AGER. We were travelling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house on the road side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

'Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?'

'I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born.'

'Have you any brothers and sisters?'

'Yes, a few.'

'How many?'

'Ten or 'leven, I reckon.'

'Pretty healthy here, isn't it?'

'Yes; but sometimes we have a little ager.'

'Any of you got it now?'

'Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this arternoon.'

'How many?'

'Why, all on us, except sister Nance, and she's sich a darnation cross critter, the ager won't take on her; and if it did, she's so cussed contrary she wouldn't shake no how you could fix her!'



TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE BY ROOT BEER, AND A GENERAL BURST UP!

Mr. Simon Swig had been a most inveterate toper—a toper, we may say, in the first degree; that is, he had swallowed sixpenny drinks and threepenny drinks in the course of his life, by the puncheon. He was a regular sucker, and would drink and swill to such an extent finally of bad liquor, that he often found himself in the gutter or the watch house—how, he knew not.

When temperance times created such an excitement throughout the land, Simon, in imitation of many of his betters and many of his inferiors, (for Simon, whether drunk or sober, was no blackguard,) joined a temperance society, and forthwith became an altered man.

He looked better in appearance, better in health, and was without doubt better every way. Fortunately, Simon was a bachelor; so that with all his toping, he had no family to degrade with himself when he was a drunkard.

Simon was prevailed upon to deliver temperance lectures about the country, and it is said did much good to the cause by inducing very many to register their names in the good and glorious cause of temperance. Simon became a sort of apostle, and was sent about the land preaching, like Simon of old—though boasting of what the latter never did, that he had drank fifteen gin cocktails before breakfast, and not less than forty different kinds of alcoholic mixtures, from the princely julep down to Hodges' bitters, between that and dinner time.

One thing that Simon vastly praised was ROOT BEER—yes, root beer; and, if the truth must be told, Simon had some *interest* in this praise, for he was a partner in a root beer manufactory! Some kind friend, at the period of his conversion, had advanced him twenty or thirty dollars, and Simon invested it in a root beer establishment. Trade was good, and he was in a fair way of making a small fortune when the terrible accident, of which the plate above represents, took place.

Simon prided himself upon his beer; it was, he said, "the best in the market—not mere molasses and water, but *gassy* and full of *roots*." One day this unfortunate individual had made up an extra batch with great care, to *sell* at a temperance festival. Whether he had recourse to any extra stimulants in the composition, his death leaves in mystery. All that is now known is, that he entered the manufactory alone for the purpose of examining it in a state of fermentation, and as he lifted a bottle to his lips, it exploded, blowing off his head clean! whilst the other bottles also, out of mere sympathy, *blew* out their corks, carrying off an arm and a leg, of which he died instantly. The coroner's jury that *sot* on his body brought in a verdict, "died from the visitation of ROOT BEER."

MORAL.

The only drink for temperance folks in the world, is COLD WATER.

LOGIC.—"Do you see dat pig house?"

"Yes."

"Vell, I shall have von as pig, some tay."

"How?"

"Vy, you see John Jacob Astor vas von pedlar, and I am von peddler, too—so, py and py, I shall have de pig house."

☞ "Don't gouge me," as the carpenter said to the Kentuckian, when they went to fight.

"The spark flyeth upward," as the girl said when her lover went up in a balloon.

"I can beat you at shaving," as the jack plane said to the barber.

"I'll give you a bite," as the bull dog said to the fisherman, when he saw him trespassing in his master's pond.

A YOUNG IDEA.—On the Fourth of July, a little girl witnessed the ascension of rockets for the first time.

"Oh! pa!" she exclaimed, "the Good Man will be angry with you, and send you to the bad place if you fire at Him in the sky."

☞ Marsh and Black Bill met the other day.

"What do you think," said Marsh, "Bamboozle means by affixing 'P. B.' at the tail of all his sonnets?"

"Don't know," said Bill, "without he means *Prime, Bunkum.*"

"No," said Marsh, "the interpretation is, *Perfect Balderdash.*"

Bill scatched his head, grinned, and mizzled.—Marsh recorded it as one of his best.

☞ A yankee in New Hampshire has invented another perpetual motion machine! It is nothing but ah old wooden clock, which he keeps greased with oil extracted from his *wife's tongue!* He says it outruns *all natur.*

Miss Sarah Ann Rye has married Thomas Jones, in Chicago, whereupon Streeter exclaims "We hope Tom has got a good, fat *Sal-A-Rye.*" That, of course, belongs to the Corporal. Nobody else *could* do it.

☞ Nothing is more pure and tender than the respect with which a wife treats the benefactor or comrade of her husband.

NONSENSE.—The following, from the Savannah Republican, is the very *ne plus ultra* of nonsense. The writer is entitled to the "belt"—or at least, the cap and bells:

Take a piece of chalk, six lectures on animal magnetism, an octangular bunch of new fledged echoes, a handful of mail failure days and several John Smiths, and fry them together in an invisible fragment of an exploded soap bubble, with a pocket full of rocks. Add to this mixture two or three endorsed nightmares, a small sized giraffe, and few more than seven defunct cigar stumps Then strain the whole through a live earthquake immersed in a jar of preserved omnibusses. Introduce the falls of Niagara, and place the whole horizontally in the middle of next week, dissolve the Union, and divide the sum total by six, and see how far it would be from the first Monday in each month *to the termination of the Florida war.*

A MAID OF ALL WORK.—Anne Royall, the celebrated editress of the Huntress, has a female factotum named Sally, and Sally is thus described by Streeter, who seems to know her familiarly. "Sarah measures from head to heel five feet and considerable. Flesh was never wasted upon her. She has reached the staid season of life when kicking up of heels and flirtations are discarded, for the graver duties of this sublunary sphere. Sally is worth—not gold, exactly—but ten ordinary men. She buys Anne's paper and brings it home, not on a dray, but on her head. She wets the same down—folds them when printed—serves and sells them in Georgetown and Washington, with distinguished energy and success. Likewise she does the marketing and mailing, is maid of all work, scours the kitchen and the candle sticks, chops the wood, cooks, waits on the door, and—*feeds the ducks!*—while her distinguished Mistress pens the flashing corruscations of experience and genius."

We find the following recipe for making a "good healthy soup," in an old newspaper: "Take three buckets full of water, four onions, two cabbage leaves, and a small marrow bone, and put them in a large kettle, over the *smoke.* When the mess boils, stir with a tallow candle, and add one pint of fine salt.—*Philad. Chron.*

"Making a good healthy soup in an old newspaper!" That is the strangest utensil we ever *did* hear of.—*Boston Trans.*

"The Winter of our Discontent."

What a grumbling, growling set of beings we are: and how auspicious the times are for grumbling. We are at best fretful, ill-natured beings, going on tiring ourselves in the pursuit of happiness—without reflecting that it is at all times within our reach. The world seems full of gloomy, boding, spirits, who can see nought but misery and destruction in their path. Do they attempt to pluck a rose—their fingers are sure to be jagged by the thorn on its stem. Are they politicians? their apprehensive vision pictures ruin to the State in every petty measure that has not their concurrence. Are they religious devotees? the torments of the second death are eternally staring them in the face, and they suffer in prospective all that anguish which they picture beyond the grave. If philosophers, they exert all their powers to demonstrate the wretchedness of their situation. If merchants, the breeze that wafts their commerce over the smooth and placid waters is augmented to the furious storm, that will assuredly engulf their rich argosies in the angry waves. Are they farmers? if the harvest does not promise them an abundance, a famine is sure to threaten starvation. Are they manufacturers or mechanics? every thing that has the slightest bearing upon their several trades is interpreted in its worst sense. Resolved to be as unhappy as discontent can render them, it is idle to attempt consolation. Tears are as necessary to their lachrymose visages as brine to the oysters. Neutral editors and publishers alone should be permitted the high and important privilege of complaining—for it is they who have the greatest cause of complaint—wandering as they do upon the dry and barren plains of want and starvation, with apparently merry hearts and bright hopes, without daring to join in with the propagators of *distrels*, lest they should be accused of being partizans. Were it possible to collect all the tears and sighs, and murmurs and groans that escape from the discontented and unhappy—we should have an ocean, whose waves would be eternally lashed into fury by the winds, over which would forever roll the thunders proceeding from the dark clouds of sorrow. Devils and fiends might vent their joy at the anguish of the wretched mariners, by demoniac howls of exultation—and the dark spirits of the damned re-echo the cries of despair borne aloft on the gale—but angels would weep at the folly and madness of those who, having power to command the waves and winds to peace—the thunders to silence—and the clouds to give way to the sunshine of happiness and contentment, yet madly persisted in augmenting instead of allaying their fancied vexations.

GOOD NEWS.—It is said that ladies generally are abandoning the use of corsets, and that corset-makers generally complain of the decreasing demand for this important article of manufacture. We are glad of this, for if there is a sad sight under Heaven, it is a wasp-waisted candidate for the consumption.

SCENE IN A DEBATING SOCIETY.—President: We will take the ayes and noes on the previous question.

Member: A word or two, Mr. President—Friends, Romans, Countrymen—lend me your *ears*——"

President: Order, sir; we will take the *eyes* and *nose.*

"The newspaper may be destroyed at night—it may light a cigar, or it may curl a lady's hair—but the thoughts that are in its columns may influence ten thousand for good, and produce effects which volumes of essays, sermons, or narratives, could ever effect, and especially where they could never reach."

So says the agreeable editor of the United States Gazette. The latter clause is good common sense, and its considerations often lighten the weariness and toil incident to a daily journal But there is another idea not to be "sneezed at." The very thought of one's lucubrations nestling down at night, among the ringlets of a sweet girl, keeping watch over her midnight slumbers, as well as curling her hair, is enough to infuse poetry into the pen, and make the very ink it traces along the sheet fragrant with sentiment. This very sentence tonight may itself twine among some lady's *red hair!—Philadelphia Evening Journal*

We suppose the paragraph will be *read*, likewise.

☞ The memories of childhood are projecting peaks of a spring-world sunk in the stream of Time,—the half shadows, the dust of down gone days,—the conflagration place and Golgotha of a heavenly time, which none of us forgets, which we love forever, and look back to even from the grave.

UNCLE



To-morrow.—Who can tell how much is embraced in this expression? Though a few hours intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course—who is there that can read a single page and pronounce the character of its events?

To-morrow! Those who are gay may be sad. Those who are now walking the avenues of pleasure, led by the hand of hope, may be the subject of intense sorrow Prosperity may be changed into adversity.

Those who are now on the mountain summit may be in the valley. The rosy cheek may be overspread with paleness—the strong step may falter. Death may have overtaken us.

To-morrow! It may have entirely changed the course of our lives. It may form a new era in our existence. What we fear may not happen.

To-morrow! away with anxiety. Let us lean on Providence. There is a Being to whom all the distinctions of time are the same, and who is able to dispose of every thing for our wise improvement.

☞A man was one day wheeling a barrow across a church-yard, when he was threatened by a clergyman with condign punishment for his daring outrage in polluting the consecrated ground by his wheelbarrow. The man, scratching his head, said, 'I did not know but the wheelbarrow was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton.'

Faults.—A person is not aware, how much he loses, when he begins to look upon a small deviation from principle and rectitude, with a kind of complacent feeling. It is the beginning of a course whlch may end in utter ruin. The better course is, to be firm in your principles, and never yield to a single suggestion to depart from the well-tried paths of morality and virtue. One deviation from truth—one little error—a trifling fault—may pave the way for a life-time of sorrow.

Prudent Stipulation.—An elderly maiden lady, with a pride above being dependent on wealthier relations, retired daily to her chamber to pray for a 'comfortable competency,' which she explained in these words, with a more elevated voice: 'And lest, O Lord, thou shouldst not understand what I mean, I mean four hundred a year, paid quarterly.'

Anecdote of Noah Webster.—Some years ago, the great lexicographer passed through this region on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison county. When he had reached the town where his brother resided he met a boy going to school, and the following conversation passed between them:—'My son,' said the learned doctor; 'do you know where Mr. Webster lives?' 'Yes, sir; and be you a relation of his'n?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' continued the boy, 'you ain't brother of his'n, is you?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it can't no way any how be that you is the man that made the spelling book, can it?' 'Yes.' 'By golly,' rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe struck wonder upon the venerable doctor, 'that's a fish story.' The old gentleman often recurs to this incident as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long horseback ride.

☞'Grandma, said a little girl with rosy cheeks to an elderly dame, 'what makes it thunder and ighten?' 'Well, my darling, I 'spect the light rom the blessed sun gets lodged in the clouds, nd when a snag on't gets together, it busts.— 'he streak that flies out is the lightnin,' and the ustin' is the thunder.'

☞'Take now this *wring*, 'tis thine love,' as e man said when he wrung his wife's nose.

☞A witness, being questioned as to his knowre of the defendant in a certain case, sentenisly replied, that he had 'boarded with him, drunk with him, and cow-hided him.'

☞The world owes us a living, but like many r debts in these times, it is pretty hard work ollect it, as many find it.

A Good One.—The staid and dignified editor of e Philadelphia Gazette gets down from his "high orse" to perpetrate the following:

"Peter Snubnose says that his daddy told him many a time that in old times there was a comet, that had a *tail* so long that it reached half way across the sky, and on the end was written in Greek, *to be continued*."

☞As business improves cases of absence of mind begin to be more common. A man in New York intending to take off his hat to the editor of the Herald, made a bow to a large monkey, and what is more remarkable than all, he has not yet discovered his mistake.

A little dog in church intending to curl up his tail, got into the deacon's pocket. The deacon discovered his mistake when putting his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, he pulled out the dog and tried to blow his nose with him.

The latest case is that of a giraffe who intending to pass down street, where there was a line stretched across for hanging flags upon, forgot to stoop and his neck was cut clean off, his head falling on the pavement.

The case of the editor who published a paper containing the news three months ahead, turns out to be a hoax.

☞The young ladies in Kentucky scour their teeth with rat-tail files.

Music.—All nature acknowledges the influence of music; man bends before its power: and even the inferior animals own its dominion. The deep-toned organ, as it peals through the groined and richly-fretted arches of the lofty cathedral, wafts the soul to heaven on the wings of melody, and elevates the devotional feeling of the sincere worshipper. The clear tinkle of the solitary church-bell in the Sabbath morn, as it echoes among the hills, is felt and responded to by the well-attuned hearts of those who, impressed with its old and sacred associations, repair, at its summons, from their distant homes, to hold sweet converse with their God, in the same church where their forefathers often had met together in the olden time. The sad sound of the pibroch deepens the gloom of the Highland glen. The muffled drum hushes to stillness the noisy voice of the crowded street through which passes the funeral procession of the poor soldier. The blind vocalist, whose voice awakens the dull and silent lane at nightfall, like a spirit wailing among the habitations of the dead, leads after him, in the cold winter time, groups of merry little creatures, who, chained by the ear, follow him through hal the town, regardless of the punishment that surely awaits them on their return home from their nocturnal wanderings. The child, as he lisps and prattles on his nurse's knee, leaps bounding to a lively air, or is hushed asleep by a gentle lullaby. Old frail wrecks of humanity, whose dancing days have long since pasred away, will beat time with their staff to the sound of the fiddle. Nations have been conquered, battles have been won, by the influence of music; and many a wounded soldier has shed his last sigh and fallen asleep in the arms of death, amid dreams of home and friends conjured up by a melody associated with 'Life's morning march, when his bosom was young.'

☞The captain of a militia company, which lately paraded at a village, through which a railroad passed, formed a straight line, by toeing his men to one of the rails.

Genius is, after all, a queer commodity to bring into the market Cotton or coffee, tea or turnips, are things which most people understand at once; but a poem, or a little prose sketch, are not articles of daily consumption. Authorship is the last trade that will affect the funds; we find it not in the money market; it is not even whispered on 'Change; the manuscripts read there, belong not to the poetical; a drama of Shakspeare's would stand at a discount. Wealth and fame have but little fellowship with one another.—Wealth wings himself only for the day; he waves his condor-like plumes, and startles the country for a few brtef moments, then sinks into—carrion. The wings of fame are more endurable: though they flap but weakly at first, yet in that very flapping there is fire, and when consumed there lie the ashes of a phœnix—another head bears up above the blaze. Immortali y claims the ashes for her own. The wings of Fame are silvered with moonlight, and tipped with the rays of the sun; and while there is light in the world, those plumes will catch its last ray. It is the last gold eternity will gild, the last earthly thing the closing gates of heaven will darken upon.

☞A ghost was seen in an adjacent town last Tuesday night. A constable was in chase of the animal to take it up for being a *night-walker!*

☞The mind is never lively after a hearty meal. The indulgence of sensual appetites is always unfavorable to mental cultivation, and to profound reflection.

☞'What a beauty I did grow!' It is said that seven dandies and a soaplock have fallen in love with the beautiful mermaid exhibited at the Boston Museum. The clergy are puzzling themselves to decide whether this creature had a soul or not, and if so, whether missionaries ought not to be sent to convert those inhabitants of the deep. Some of them have gone so far as to propose a sort of diving-bell, by the aid of which the truth may be carried down into the dark and benighted halls under the billow—to illumine the coral caves with the torch of truth, and carry the rays of celestial glory where the beams of the material sun have never yet been able to find their way!

☞A book and a tree are said to resemble each other because both are full of leaves; but the resemblance holds in one other respect. Both may be read—and here they differ, that the knowledge gained from books is uncertain, while that derived from a tree is sure. There is no dispute about the inspiration of this latter book, because it is the work of God. Information gained from the works of creation is infallible—no need of Greek and Hebrew to understand it.

A Modest Man.—A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife, would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, fine figure, good connections, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversation, talents, modesty, virtue and money.

LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Love hath a language of its own,
Not dreaming fancy's softest tone,
That ever melody might reign,
Could breathe a note, a sound so dear,
Or so entrance the captive ear.

I've listen'd oft to nature's voice—
The forest's song, the zephyr's sigh;
I've heard the sportive waves rejoice,
Beneath the smiling summer sky;
Yet ever must love's accents be
Sweeter than nature's minstrelsy.

What though no earthly language bear
Its secret meaning to the soul,—
Though all were still, and on the air
Responsive echo never stole,—
Still silent love can utter more
Than eloquence's richest store.

What words the tender tale could tell
Love's speaking glance would oft disclose!
The thoughts that in the bosom swell,
Whisp'ring prophetic joys and woes,
Oft mirror'd in that look are found,
And breathe their eloquence around.

How much is uttered by the smile
That love will often cause to play!
The tear which chases joys awhile
Does equal homage to its sway;
Love speaks in each, and not in vain
The ear of fancy woos the strain.

Who hath gaz'd on the liquid eye,
Beaming with love's celestial ray,—
Whose ear hath caught the plaintiva sigh
Love's busy fears have sent astray,—
That hath not read, in these, a tale,
Which yet to tell might language fail?

Yes, love hath notes which all may hear,
To life's minutest actions strung;
And joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
Are whisper'd by its magic tongue;
Oft doth it utter thoughts below,
Which, else, mankind would never know.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God from his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

The Millenium has Come!—We have been informed of the marriage in Freeport, Pa., of one Mr. Lyon to Miss Lamb. Thus has an important prophecy been fulfilled—'the lion and the lamb shall *lie down* together.'

Flattery.—Flatterers were well described by the old author, who says, 'they only lift a man up as it is said the eagle does the tortoise, to get something by the fall.'

☞When we undertake to look into futurity, we see nothing but a high wall, beyond which our vision cannot extend. But prophetic dreams are crevices in that wall through which we dimly penetrate into the future. But the inspired prophets of other days were men who were furnished with a ladder and permitted to climb up and look broadly over the wall.



SAM.

☞ The Wheeling Times opens like a young thundergust—lively, learned, pungent, pert, and pleasant. Here's the way the editor does up an incident:

"Going to dinner the other day, we saw a little codger, about two feet old, setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. It struck us that many people in this world are often caught in the same act, and we shall always think hereafter.

"When we see a politician striving for office, taking the lead in all matters calculated to promote his success, writing all his own puffs, and calling all his own meetings, he's *setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.*

"When we see a business man trusting everything to his clerks, and continually seeking his own amusement—always absent from his counting house, and yet expecting to get along, he's *setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.*

When we see a professional man better acquainted with every thing else than his profession, always starting some new scheme, and never attending to his calling, his wardrobe and credit will soon designate him as *setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.*

When we see a mechanic run half a square every day to borrow a newspaper, and may be have to wait ten or fifteen minutes before he can get it, we shall suspect that the time he loses would soon pay the subscription, and consider him *setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.*

When we see a merchant too "penny wise and pound foolish" to advertise his goods for sale, but sticking up written notices in his windows, we shall think he's in a bad way, and will soon find himself *setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.*

The following "strange thing," is from the inveterate, antiquated, old bachelor's establishment, the Boston Transcript. The Doctor knows about as much of the Heavenly sentimentalities of connubialities, as a chicken does of chowder.

One man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ancle, which, after marriage, he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love, which wanes with the honey moon. A fourth for money, and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction.—And a fifth, being old in wisdom as in years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief.

A Bull.—A Mississippi editor, in noticing an affray which recently occurred in his neighborhood, says that "in these days *strange* things are quite *common*."—*Bos. Bee.*

Patch-work.

"Scraps old and new pasted together."

'Daddy, why does they call the war in Rhode Island a *civil* war?' 'Because, child, they took care not to hurt each other.'

Man, unlike the insect, begins his being as a butterfly, which he generally ends as a chrysalis. Amusement, or as it should be called, excitement, is every thing at nineteen; and the butterfly, though it destroys not like the worm, nor hoards like the bee, still flies to every leaf that meets its sight, if it be but for the sake of the flutter.

Marriage.—The privilege of supporting a woman, that you may dance to the music of her tongue.

Democracy.—The weak decrying the powerful, until they get to be powerful themselves—then, *presto*—change!

Gravity.—The device of stupidity or hypocrisy, to appear holy and wise.

Men look back and laugh over the loves and the sorrows of their boyhood, and elderly ladies believe that those are the days of unmixed happiness. There is indeed a bloom and a purity in early joys, which no after pleasures can rival, no after prosperity revive; but they have little practical knowledge of human nature who think the pang less keen, the draught less bitter at sixteen than at sixty.

An exchange paper calls the custom of ladies kissing themselves, a dreadful waste of the red material.

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders and again mounted, saying, 'it was better that he should carry the praties, as he was fresher than the poor baste.'

Why is the Florida war like a ring? Because it has no end.

There is a man in Alabama, so polite that he never passes a petticoat hanging on a clothes line, that he don't bow to it.

'My fate is *linked* with thine,' as the prisoner said to his fellow in handcuffs.

'I'm on my *last* legs,' as the boot said to the *tree*.

'You're very *stiff*,' as the shirt remarked to the collar.

'Through by daylight,' as the pills said to the steamboat.

'You're a *sucker*,' as the man said to the leech.

There is a girl down East so sour that vinegar tastes sweet after kissing her.

A string of sausages, is probably meant by the poetical phrase, '*links* of lengthened sweetness long drawn out.'

'Waiter,' said a fellow, on entering a tavern on a rainy day, 'I hope you have a good fire, for I am very *wet;* and,—do you hear—fetch some brandy, for I am very *dry*.'

SONG OF THE SEEDY.

You bid me unbosom; ah, do you then doubt?
Believe ye not all that I say?
Ah, Susan, you still must continue to pout,
I cannot unbosom to-day.
My heart, I, indeed, would lay willingly bare,
Nor fear that it aught could impart
To wound or offend thee—Oh, trust me, I wear
No covering over my heart!

You do not believe me, but coldly require
My perfect unbosoming still—
Well, Susan, you say that it is your desire,
And straightway, dear maiden, I will.
There! there! said I not I no covering wore
On my heart?—Ah! you feel you've been rash;
Then bid me, dear Susan, unbosom no more,
When the one shirt I have 's at the wash.

Patch-work.

"Scraps old and new pasted together."

When is a minister like a boatswain? When he has a *call*.

Why are card-players like Jesuits? Because they *shuffle*

'Slim business!' as the tailor said when he measured Calvin Edson for a coat.

'They are preparing our dinner,' as the crows said when Napoleon met Wellington at Wrterloo.

In a newspaper account of an inquest held on the body of a glutton, who died devouring part of a goose, the verdict *suffocation* was printed with more truth than was intended, *stuffocation*.

Did you ring that bell, Thady?' 'No, sir, I didn't, plase yer honor.' 'But you were going to do it, you rascal!' 'No, yer honor; I was goin to see if it *would* ring—that's all, yer honor!'

Expensive Economy—Buying *cheap* furniture at auction, which you do not want.

'This is the last charge you'll bring against me,' as the soldier remarked when they were shooting him for desertion.

'Stop and take your *rent*,' as the rail said to the shirt sleeve.

What madness is to the brain, love is to the heart.

Why is a Doctor like an Auctioneer? Ans.—Because the *articles* that he handles are continually *going—going—going*.

Why is cheerfulness like the pouring out of distilled liquors? Ans. Because it is a *flow of spirits*.

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, replied that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

'I wish to introduce a *bill* for the prevention of worms,' as the readheaded woodpecker said to the apple tree.'

'Come one, come all,' as the last brick in the row said when those at the other end began to tumble.

'Here break we off,' as the pipe-stem said when it fell on the floor.

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one on returning home should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home so far as they related to the bill.

The next morning Brown and Walker were early at their posts; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance.—Walker began first.

'You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering light, I came near walking accidentally into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning.—My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so late, said to me sarcastically:—

'*Bill do put your foot in the batter!*'

'Just as you say Maggy, said I, and without the least hesitation, I put my foot into the pot of batter, and then went to bed.'

Next Joe Brown told his story.

'My wife had already retired to our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchin, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone bawled out:

'*Do break the porridge pot!*'

No sooner said than done, I seized hold of the bail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jam, broke it into a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to bed and got a curtain lecture, all night for my pains.

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a long face as follows:

'My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world; for while I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she cried out—

'*Do break your neck Tim!*'

I'll be cursed if I do, Kate, said I, as I gathered myself up, I'll sooner pay the bill. And so landlord here's the cash for you; and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife.

Jeu D'esprit.—The editor of the London Age, says, that having had occasion to explore the file of the morning papers for an advertisement, several singular notices to correspondents struck his eye. The following are specimens.

"Common Sense" if possible, in our next.

"Christianity" must be deferred for more temporary matter.

"Scandal" has already appeared in a former number.

"Truth" is inadmissible.

"Honesty" would be unintelligible to many of our readers.

"Good Manners" we know nothing of, therefore the writer must be mistaken in his conjectures.

"Scurrility" may depend upon being inserted during the course of the week.

"Decency" must be altered to make it fit for our columns.

"A Patriot" is at present rather out of date.

"An Honest Lawyer" with other originals in a day or two.

"Matter of Fact" does not come within the circle of newspaper intelligence.

Why can't a rich man go to Heaven? Because he never is punished for his crimes on earth, and must, therefore be punished hereafter.

'Ah! ha!' said the farmer to the corn. 'Oh! *hoe!*' said the corn to the farmer.

'Take care of the paint,' as the gall said when Bill was kissing her.

What is poverty? who is the man that whines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing the ears is to a maiden, and you hang jewels in the wound.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.—How true it is that the ambition of adopting a professional life is the source of countless instances of misery. Every father and mother is anxious that their darling should become a gentleman and rise to the first office in the gift of the country—they are all Presidents in prospective, do they but show common ability at their tasks. This pride of parents and vanity in their offspring is, in nine cases out of ten, the prolific occasion of woe and bitterness. Every profession is overstocked; not merely are the *prizes* beyond reach, but the merest subsistence becomes difficult. Instead of educating their children for that station in life in which their own circumstances warrant them in believing they are destined to move, and thus rendering them happy, contented and useful citizens, parents, by the indulgence of this silly pride, ruin the happiness of their children's after-life, and cause them to pine with regret over time "lost never to be regained," during which, they might have acquired a useful trade and contented station in life, but to which they are now totally incapable of applying themselves. The three professions of law, physic and divinity, are weary of their innumerable worshippers, and yearly sentence crowds of them to perish from the aching sense of failure.

A few glittering successes allure the eager multitude of aspirants, and the more foolish parents of every aspirant set down the bauble as gained when they have plunged their unlucky offspring into that sea of trouble which men call the world. But thousands have died of broken hearts in these pursuits—thousands who would have been happy behind the plough, or opulent behind the counter—thousands in these desperate and thankless struggles look upon the simplicity of a life of manual labor with perpetual envy and vain regret; and thousands, by a worse fate still, are driven by necessity to acts which degrade the principles of honor within them—accustoming them, by administering to the vices of society, to gain the livelihood which was refused to their legitimate exertions.

Apprentice your boy, then, if you have one, to some honest trade that will yield him a sure support; implant in his mind the principles of virtue and integrity—fit him for that station in life in which he was born, and leave to himself the task of rising higher. But place him on an eminence above your power to support him there, and you may have to reproach yourself with his fall and a life misspent.

NEWSPAPERS.—Noah says, a newspaper is a school in a family of children, worth *ten dollars a year*. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read or hear the contents, intelligence of the affairs of the world, and acquire useful knowledge of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the vast—we say with confidence the vast importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and we repeat it, that take two families of children equally smart and both going to the same school; let one of them have the free use of the newspapers, and let the other be deprived of the use of it, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one half, and an important half of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it—is derived from newspaper. What parent would not wish his children respectable? Who would be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own? and yet how trifling is the sum a paper costs! It is even in these hard times absolutely contemptible in amount and no man ever felt it, except in its beneficial consequences, who paid the subscription regular once a year.

"It's a poor *rule* that wont work both ways," as the scholar said when he sent it back again at the master's head.



THE RESCUE....POOR JACK, Chap. XLII.

MODESTY.—Our friends of the Pittsburgh Morning Chronicle are the most decidedly modest young men of our acquaintance. Read the following:

THE UGLY CLUB.—We acknowledge, with profound respect to that honorable body, the reception of a diploma from the Ugly Club, of Van Buren, Ark., somewhere about the "jumping off place" of all creation, in a very complimentary letter from the secretary of that "hard favored fraternity," informing us of our election as a member of the club, and requesting our portrait as an ornament for their hall. While we express our thanks for the honors thus gratuitously conferred upon us, we must modestly decline a compliance with the request of our brethren in ugliness, although, as the letter containing the gratifying information states, "it would serve as the crowning ornament for their splendid hall;" some day, perhaps, we may visit them *in propria personæ* and exhibit our face, a burlesque on the human, to their admiring gaze! Fellow members of the Ugly Club! we bid you a kind farewell, and hope some day to merit the appellation you have so kindly conferred upon us—"the prince of ugly fellows."

Now, the truth of the matter is, that these editors are two of the handsomest and finest looking fellows in the "iron city;" and, out of sheer envy of their superior good looks, we hereby "blackball" their admission to the famous "ugly club," of which *we* are an *undisputed* member.

ACCURACY OF COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—We copy the following from the Bath (N. Y) Constitutionalist, and intend to send it to Mrs. Clavers, if her publishers here will favor us with her address. Won't she laugh? "*A Mrs. Clavers* is out in the Boston papers." Exquisite editor!

BORROWING.—A Mrs. Clavers is out in the Boston papers, hammer and tongs, against the fashion there of "borrowing babies," which, she says, is carried on much to her annoyance; and wishes that those who do so, "*would get a baby of their own, and not be obliged to borrow hers.*"

☞ Why do you spit so much? Because I *chews?*

PLEASANT.—A slight touch of dyspepsia, immediately after dinner, when you loll back in your arm chair, elevate your heels towards heaven, dream that you have eaten ten rods of stone wall, and see no prospect of a speedy digestion—then to be suddenly wakened by the cry ringing in your ears, of "copy!" It's delightful.

☞ How often do we condemn others for a haughty carriage and demeanor towards us, when in fact they are charging the very same things upon us, and would gladly be friends, could they but break the ice with which they think we are surrounded, without compromising their own dignity! If men knew each others' *original* thoughts towards one another, it would be a great promoter of good feeling.

"Don't be so hog-ish," as the sow said to the boar.

"It's all talk and no cider," as the thirsty man said when he found nobody in the bar-room but a parrot.

"Double the *steak*," as the hungry man said to the cook, when he saw a lantern-jawed stranger enter the dining room.

his men to one of the rails.

GOOD HUMOR.

Good humor, which is good nature polished and consolidated into habit, consists in the amiable virtues of the heart, and in suavity of manners.—A person of good humor is pleased with himself; he is pleased with others; he cherishes humanity, benevolence, candor; and these qualities infused into his dispositions and conduct, shed arouud him a chastened gaiety, and he feels complacence in general happiness. Mirth is the glaring solar beams of summer; wit is the gleam between disparting clouds on the autumnal plain; good humor is the balmy and genial sunshine of spring, under which we love to recline. Mild and genuine good humor has a peculiar simplicity, frankness, and softness of expression; fashionable politeness puts on its semblance, but, as is the case with every species of hypocrisy, it fails by its overacted efforts to please. This amiable quality is consistent; no latent frown blends with its smile, no feigned officiousness contradicts the language of the lips; its expressions are faithful to its sentiments, and it is perennial as the source whence it flows. Good humor is estimable as a social virtue; it is equally estimable as a personal quality. High reputation and superior attainments have naturally a dazzling splendor, which is only approachable by confidence, when subdued by the refreshing softness of good humor.—Moderate abilities with assumed pretensions, provoke censure or excite ridicule; but adorned with good humor, they insinuate themselves into esteem even more eminent but austere attainments. The show of distinguished qualities humble mediocrity, and generates the dissatisfaction of jealousy; the display of witty and confident assurance silence modesty, and produces a feeling, which has perhaps a tincture of envy; a vein of satire, which elicits occasional hilarity, arms all with the precaution of fear. The temper which we recommend removes jealousy, envy, fear; it gives pleasure to every one, places every one at ease; and whatever produces such results, we are disposed to esteem and love. Social happiness, in its aggregate sum, is chiefly made up of kind attentions and minute favors: an attention or a favor derives much of its value from the manner in which it is conferred, and good humor gives a charm to whatever it bestows.

☞ Vehement expressions, heroic sentiments, and a parade of great independence, are all dangerous qualities for a wife. Some women appear to suppose that they do themselves credit by imitating the *faults* of men.

A CURIOSITY.

A young man wrote the following letter under the direction and eye of his father, to his "lady love," having an understanding with her, however, that she was to read only every other line beginning with the first. All parties were satisfied.

MADAM,

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you *is false, and I find my indifference towards you* increases every day; the more I see of you, the more *you appear in my eyes an object of contempt.*—I feel myself every way disposed and determined to *hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to* offer you my hand. Our last conversation has *left a tedious insipidity, which does by no means* give me the most exalted idea of your character; *your temper would make me extremely unhappy,* and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but *the hatred of my parents added to everlasting dis-*pleasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart *to bestow, but I do not wish you to imagine it is* at your service; I could not give it to any one more *inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and less* capable to do honor to my choice and to my family. *Yes, Madam, I beg that you will be persuaded that* I speak sincerely; and you will do me a favor *to avoid me. I shall excuse your taking the trouble* to answer this. Your letters are always full of *impertinence, and you have not the shadow of* wit or good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me I am *so averse to you that it is impossible for me ever to be* your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

* *
*

Snuffs and Snuff Takers.

What a moment! what a doubt!
All my nose turned inside out,
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid Rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-*ishi*,
Ishi—ishi—most del *ishi*,
(Hang it I shall sneeze till spring,)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

☞ We have received a poetical communication from a young gentleman who has "*got the mitten.*" We are apprehensive that if we publish it unhappy associations will be called up in the minds of young men generally.

ANGER. To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish, and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the temper and practice of devils; but to prevent or suppress rising resentments is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.

[For the Aurora.]

Epigram on Woman.

BY J. O'C.

Nosce Teipsum.

To "know themselves," from oldest time,
Have saints and sages striven;
O'er Delpha's shrine, in golden rhyme,
'Twas writ—proclaimed from Heaven.

Font of knowledge, vainly shown,
While stars and world's we scan!
Which angels even cannot have known—
For angels ened like man.

Woman! what merit then is thine!
Where saint, sage, angel failed,
Who hast *acquired* this skill divine
To these, in vain, *revealed*.

No hair, no glance, no hue may pass
Thy duteous observation—
Whole hours each day before the glass,
In *self*-examination.

"Her body" (you cry) "coquettish elf!
This precept meant the *whole*;"
But woman's body is her *self*,
For she "han't got no" soul.

ELECTRICITY AS A TEMPERANCE AGENT.—In a neighboring village we were once amusing ourself and a few friends with a variety of experiments in electricity, and the door of the room standing open, a notorious drunkard staggered in and stood eyeing our movements with a vague yet fixed gaze. The electric battery seemed especially to engage his attention, and as the vivid spark flashed out at its discharge, he started back, but instantly, rubbing his hands, approached nearer, as if to examine the strange object, at the same time addressing us by name—he was well known to all—he demanded in a hiccupping strain—

"W-what the d-deuce do you c-call this here f-f-fezzity p-p-p-pop-b-bang thing?"

"It is an electrical battery, Boozy," said we.

"A tea-ki-kittle what?" returned he, with a drunken leer. But it was in vain that we prompted him; he could not master the loud word, and finally, out of patience, he stamped his foot and exclaimed:—"W-well the k-kritically thing b-b be d-d-d—d! W-what do ye d-do with it?"

"We make drunken men sober, Boozy," said a friend, desirous of having some fun, for which, indeed, we were all ripe.

Boozy looked at us a few moments, and then rolling up his shirt sleeves, and extending his brawny arm, he replied:

"D-d damn it, then—s-s-sober me!"

We accordingly lost no time in charging the battery; and Boozy, without the least hesitation, grasped the hook with one hand, and at our bidding fearlessly approached his other to the glittering knob.—The shock was heavy—but he stood firm—his eyes dilated, his mouth closely compressed, and his head slightly drooping. He was for two or three minutes speechless. At length, recovering his voice, he said—

"G-good—by g-golly. That's t-t-t-ame l-lightnin', aint it?"

"Try it again, Boozy," said 'Squire Wilson.

"T-try it yourself, S-s-squire W-wilson. It g-goes through you l l-like—l-l-like"—

"Like what Boozy?" interrupted Dr. Bolus.

"L-l-like a d-d dose of y-your ph-ph-ph-s-sick, d-doctor!"

At length Boozy tried it again, and this time the negative wire was placed in contact with his feet, while he touched the knob as before. The same effect was produced—and ten times did he receive, through various parts of his body, the full shock of the battery of four quart jars. *Gradually he became sober*, and spoke more readily, till at last, when he had recovered his speech from the last shock, he stepped back, and laying his hand upon his breast, exclaimed in true oratorical style:

"Gentlemen—I thank you. I'm rejuvenated! Whereas I had an impediment in my speech—now I haven't none. Gentl'men, I feel like a new made man," and, touching his tattered cap, he made a low bow, and walked steadily out of the room—*a sobered man!*

But alas! in the afternoon of the same day, as we were engaged with the magnetic electric machine, Boozy re-entered in a state of "*interrogation*," as the "Georgia Lawyer" has it. He readily, at our request, grasped the metallic cups connected with the two poles of the instrument, which was instantly put in operation. He began to tremble, and soon his whole frame was in violent emotion; he gradually bent forward, his eyes and mouth dilated, the wires were doubled in his contracted arms, and he was actually being drawn off his feet, with his body stretching half across the old counter on which the instrument stood.

At length, in pity for his looks of terror and hopeless despair, we stopped the machine. His fingers immediately relaxed their terrible hold, and, dashing the cups violently on the table, he raised himself, and, with gleaming eyes, clenched teeth, and uplifted arm—shouted aloud—

"D—n you. I'll give a hundred dollars for a *feet* of that d—d wire!"

Boozy could not be prevailed with to touch "*that wire*" again. We are sorry to add—he is yet a drunkard.

PROOF OF A CIVILIZED COUNTRY.—The writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of being cast away, thus concludes: "After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet. My pleasure at this cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a civilized country, there being no such things among savages."

THE HEART.—The human heart, in its weakness and noble sympathies, resembles a broken harp, which never plays a perfect tune, but mingles strains of the sweetest melody with many discords.

A gentleman espying a number of little rogues stealing fruit from his orchard, bawled out very lustily—"What are you about, you rascals?" "*About going!*" said one, and scampered off at double quick time.

A PIECE OF MACHINE POETRY.

From the Sunday Mercury.

At dawn my Betsey gaily wakes,
In all her loose attire,
For 'tis the day her mammy bakes,
And she must make the fire;
The puppy barks to welcome down,
The blooming maid of morn,
And rooster with the day begins
To blow his bugle horn!

AUTUMN.

Old autumn comes with gorgeous dyes,
To stain the woods, and scare the flies
Away, and *sketers* too:
The skies are *mellow*, now, I see,—
They seem as if they're on a spree,
Because they look quite *blue*.

Now, Nimrod, let's see what the machine will do towards grinding out something like the commencement of the 'Exile of Erin.'

There came to the bar a poor broken down dandy.
With rags on his robe, and with dirt on his frill;
For a sixpence he sighed when he tho't of the brandy,
And how he should manage to get him a gill:
But a jack tar attracted his eye's glad devotion,
To whom, for the moment he took quite a notion,
And got him to treat—then with heartfelt emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of brandy go bragh!

Try yourself, Nimrod, without my feeding the machine, and perhaps it may produce something better:—

Clickerty clackerty,
Whickerty whackerty
Off we go:
Ripping and tearing
Cursing and swearing—
Fire below! r s n
Thumping and th a i g
Tearing a clash n in
n g.

Hold up! hold up! I thought so—another smash! Now, ye see, Nimrod,—when we have a plain, common job of doggerel on hand you may possibly mannage it yourself without my assistance; but when we come to the fine, fancy touches, 'It takes *me*—and I can't, hardly.'

LUCY.

O! she was beautiful!—she had
Two large bright eyes of softest brown—
So soft, they oftentimes look'd sad—
And when she gently droop'd them down,
Her face would wear a look so mild,
So sweetly calm, that one might gaze
And dream she was some angel-child!—
So saitlike soft were all her ways.

Could you but see her cheek, you'd swear
'Twas made of *cream*, it looked so white,
But that at times was mantling there
The *veriest* tinge of rosy light!
And then—those two dear dimples—ah!
To sing her charms, 'tis vain to try—
You cannot paint the evening star,
The silver moon, or rainbow sky.
But this I know—before we met,
A happier man was I, than now;
My eyes with tears were never wet,
And smiles were oftener on my brow.
We were good friends, and oft in June,
Mid meadows green, she stray'd with me,
And gaz'd upon the gentle moon,
And talk of soul and poetry.
I loved her—yes, I love her still—
For changed indeed this heart must be,
If years could throw a cloud or chill,
On that lov'd, hallowed memory.
And yet no word I ever said,
Which might my soft attachment show—
And why—her hair was carrot red,
And that, by Jove, I coul'd n't go!

Here is a delicate new version of the first stanza of 'Alice Gray.'

She's all my fancy painted her,
Each cheek proclaims carmine!
Her tin, although I dote on it,
Will ne'er, I fear, be mine!
I've woo'd her, as men often woo
Who will not take a 'nay;'
Oh! my purse, my purse is empty,
And I sigh for Alice Gray!

Ladies too often attempt to gain husbands as anglers catch fish—by drawing the bait as he approaches it, till he is impelled to grasp at every hazard; but she who angles for a husband may find too late, that she has gained the man at the expense of the husband's confidence in her principles and heart.



HEAVING THE LEAD....POOR JACK, Chep. XXVI.

For the Daily Message.

"FOR THIS DO I LOVE THEE."

BY E. M. S.

I love thee not for that dark eye,
That rolls in liquid light,
I care not for that forehead high,
Or smiles so sweet, so bright,
But from that soul so void from care,
From sorrow's tumult free,
Proclaims contentment reigning there,
"For this do I love thee."

I love thee not for that fair brow,
Youth's sweet and winning way,
For age's cold and wintry snow,
May blast them in a day;
But for that heart, so gentle, meek,
So filled with merry glee,
Unchanged by Fortune's changing freak,
"For this do I love thee."

I love thee not for beauties fair,
Of form and grace combined,
There is a beauty still more rare,
The beauty of the mind!
And through life's dark and stormy hour,
May this my object be,
When Youth has lost its pleasing power,
"For this will I love thee."

A RICH SCENE.—A day or two since, a countryman walked into an office on Main street, and without taking any particular notice of his whereabonts, he took off his coat and handkerchief—threw them on a chair—set down—crossed his legs, and in an authoritative tone, called out, 'is that water hot?' 'Water sir!' said the clerk, who had been watching his movements with some little curiosity. 'What water? You must be under a mistake.' 'Mistake the devil, sir, I want to get shaved, why don't you get things in readiness, I'm in a hurry!' I beg pardon sir, but this is not the *barber's shop*, this is an *exchange office!*' 'An exchange office! there must be something wrong by the hokey; I asked a person on the street, where I could get *shaved* and he directed me to come here.' The clerk looked daggers, and the customer put on his coat and sloped.—[N. O. Paper.

Robert Tannehill, a Scotch poet, is the author of a pretty little epigram on woman:

"Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.—The following strange advertisement is copied from a recent London paper: 'Matrimony.—A lady of a pleasing countenance, who resides in the country, and who possesses more than an ordinary judgment for managing household affairs, is now desirous of becoming known to some nobleman of property, or to some gentleman of wealth, for the purpose of entering into the matrimonial state.—Address by letter (post paid) to—(somewhere in Finsbury.)

THREE HORSES AND ONE HUSBAND.—A reverend minister of the Kirk of Scotland, sympathized deeply with one of his parishioners, who, in the course of a few weeks, was reduced to poverty by the death of three horses, and to add to the trial, her husband took ill and died. The minister wrote a petition for her, soliciting her neighbors' support in the following manner: 'The bearer, Widow ———, has met with a severe loss by the death of three Horses and her Husband, making in all four, since May, and on that account I would recommend her to your support.'

A HARD NAME.—A man named Stone exclaimed in a bar-room, 'I'll bet a wager I have the hardest name in the company.' 'Done!' said a person present. 'What's your name?' 'Stone,' cried the first. 'Hand me the money,' said the other; 'my name is Harder.'

☞ He, who tells a lie is not insensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

☞ Giving advice, is, many times, only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

☞ There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

☞ What is generally accepted as virtue in women is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would but make a paltry man.

☞ Honor in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever still most used, as their truth is most questioned.

EDDICATION'S RIZ.—A precious youth in a country town in Massachusetts had arrived at the age of nine years, when his father sent him to a school. He stood beside his teacher to repeat the letters of the alphabet.

"What's that?" says the master.

"Harrow," vociferated the urchin.

"No, that's A. Well what is the next?"

"Ox yoke."

"No, that's B."

"'Taint B neither; it's an ox yoke, crotch all hemlock—gosh a mighty, think I don't know!"

☞ The peace of every man dependeth on justice, and his happiness on the enjoyment of his possessions.

The poor man repineth at his own lot, because he seeth not the troubles and anxieties of riches, or the wearisomness of leisure.

Perils, misfortunes, want, pain, and injury, are the lot of every man that cometh into the world.

☞ Under the Salique law, a judge who had given an iniqnitous judgment was obliged to fight a duel with the party wronged, if the latter chose to challenge him; and the law, therefore, ordained that a judge on giving sentence should put a buckler on his arm.

☞ A western editor, describing the bursting of a cannon, by which several persons were badly wounded, says, "Our reporter, who had his hand blown off, was FORTUNATELY on the spot, and has narrated to us the full particulars of the catastrophe."

☞ "I say, Tom, don't you think this snow will go off soon?"

"Yes, I think it quite likely; for you see it is already on the road."

THE MOTHER'S PRIDE.—A girl of fifteen who knows how to make a noise on the piano, who wears more on her head than she ever earned, and has a bale of cotton on her back, with which she makes a bustle.

EXCELLENT.—Mr. Jamison has united himself in holy wedlock to Anne Ville, in Georgetown. As Jamison is by profession a blacksmith, he has made a most happy and appropriate selection. He has now a ANN VILLE for life.

☞ A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to injury; and whether it belongs to an individual, or to a community, of independence and of safety! Private credit is wealth!—public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth.

☞ I would have every one consider, says Addison, that he is in this life, nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be forever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

☞ The atheist bids men take comfort, because there is no God in existence. Pray, what would be the great harm if there was one? Is it a matter for triumph that there is no arm to save—no higher destiny to which we can aspire—no source of consolation in the hour of adversity?

☞ Education is a companion which no misfortune can repress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no disposition enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament; it chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once a grace and ornament to genius. Without it what is man? A slave!

☞ The editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate is out against the use of tobacco by the clergy. He inquires, "how would it have looked to see Paul with a quid, Peter with a pipe, or John with a snuff box?

☞ When it was mentioned to Baron J. D Rothschild, of Paris, that Aguado, his fellow financier, died worth about six millions of dollars, he observed, "Poor man, I thought he was in better circumstances."

☞ A candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself into a fever, from his incapacity for answering the questions, was asked by one of the professors, "how would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

NUF SED.—"I would advise you to put your head into a *dye tub*," said a joker to a red haired girl.

"In return, sir, I would advise you to put yours in *an oven*," was the reply.

☞ As handsome children are more a dishonor to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself—so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones.

☞ Women, as they are like riddles, in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

☞ The longer we live, the more shall we be convinced that it is reasonable to love God and despise man, as far as we know either.

A MEMBER OF THE BLUES.—"Where do you belong?" said a watchman last week, as authoritatively as a sentinel of Napoleon's body guard would have challenged a person approaching the entrance to the Palace of St. Cloud.

He addressed a used up looking covey in a dilapidated wardrobe, who appeared to entertain a most affectionate regard for the lamp post, for he grasped it with peculiar warmth.

"Where—hic—hiccup—where do I belong! that—that's an impertinent question to ask me, Cha—Charles. But I have no objection to answer it—none in life. I belong to the Independent Blues, old feller! That's the way to tell it, my sleeping beauty—aint it, I say?"

"Yes," said the watchman; "I see you belong to the BLUES! You is blue now, buster; but it don't seem as if you was very independent, else you wouldn't hold on to that 'ere lamp post the way you does. Why, you seem to depend on it altogether for your standin' in society—you does."

They discussed the matter farther on their way to the watch house.—*N. O Pic.*

MACHINERY OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.—What mechanical means had the ancient Egyptians to raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their temples at Karnac? Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical powers. Those means must, therefore, be put to the account of "lost arts." That they were familiar with the principle of Artesian wells has been lately proved by engineering investigations, carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is obvious; that is to say, they had artificial causeways, levelled, direct and grooved, for the conveyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stone, entire stone temples, and colossal statues half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron have lately been found in these grooves. It has been argued, that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their pagan freemasonry, (the oldest in the world, of which pyramids were the lodges,) but that the modern steam engine is derived, through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptian engineer.

ABSENCES OF MIND.—This wet weather, people generally feel too lazy to do much in this line; but there have been one or two enterprizing individuals who have been able to eke out a little of this work.

A man intending to scratch a cat, put his hand into a batch of dough and said his prayers backward. He did not perceive his mistake until his daughter came down stairs with a candle in her hand.

An oysterman, of Cape Cod, intending to open oysters for his customers, opened the bible by mistake—and did not discover his error until he was half converted.

A resurrectionist going to take up a dead boy, dug up his own wife by mistake, and fearing she would come to life, he fled and left her to be covered up by those whom it might concern.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY."—This phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages.

"John," said the publisher to the book keeper, "how stands the cash account?"

"Small balance on hand, sir."

"Let's see," rejoins the publisher, "how far will that go towards satisfying the hands?"

John begins to figure arithmetically; so much due to Noggs—so much to William—so much to Shadeye—and so on, through a dozen dittos. The publisher stands aghast.

"Here is not money enough, by a jug full."

"No, sir—and besides, there is *the devil to pay*."—*Nantucket Enquirer.*

☞ The first time we kissed a girl our heart knocked and thumped so that it smashed the thick silver case of our old bull's eye watch, and so alarmed the old folks, that they thought somebody was throwing stones against a door. And the smack we gave! ah, ah! what a smack was that! A neighbor thought the greater part of the eggs and crockery in the neighborhood were broken.

SIMPLE TRUTH.—The following ludicrous mistake recently occurred at a funeral:—The clergyman had proceeded with the service until he came to that part which says, "Our departed brother or sister;" he then turned to the mourner who stood nearest to him, and asked whether it was a brother or sister? The man, imagining it referred to the relationship to himself, very innocently replied, "No relation at all, sir—only an acquaintance."

☞ A thief, a few days ago, picked the pocket of a preacher in New York, of his license to preach. Whether the scamp will avail himself of the license to preach morals to the community or not, remains to be seen.

☞ A gentleman's lady's bustle was lost.—One day, sauntering along with D., he saw the missing article.

'It strikes me,' said the gentleman, 'that I've seen that before.'

'No,' said D., 'you've probably seen it behind.'

"I'll give you a *scent* if you'll let me come in," as the skunk said to the landlord.

"I'm going to *see*," as the sailor said when his eye sight was restored.

The

Deacon Snowball's
THIRTY-FOURTH SERMON.



BELUBBED BRUDDREN.—I 'peak to you at dis time 'bout de wonders ob Providence, dat happen in de sullar lass night. I spose de public like to have creckt 'count ob it, as de warious reports is not creckt 'bout de 'fair ob your 'spected preacher. I went in dar to get somethin' warm for de 'tomach. I seed nobody dar but Massa Widgeon and Phillis Joy dat was takin' a bit ob gin. So I made my obedience to Miss Phillis and ax her how she do to-day, and she tell me dat she in berry good health, and hab been rather dellikitt dis season. Den I begin to converse wid her, and presently cums in dat big niggar dat keeps store, and sell gingerbread and cracker and cheese. He roll up de wite ob his eye at me and Phillis, and presently he charge me wid getting away his custom and he tell me dat I hab took off dis gal and got her away from his shop, bekase she was an old customer ob his. Dis was berry disrespectable language to use to your spected preacher, and I ax Massa Widgeon to turn de big brack niggar out ob de house. But he tell me dat he was a non-resistance and he couldn't lay violent hands on noboddy, for he would get turned out of de non-resistant society and he should lose dar custom rite off. Den I ax Phillis to order him off de place for 'sulting your preacher; but I find dat she was 'sposed to favor dat brack rascal and den I rip out agin Phillis too, and tell her dat she was a strump and go wid disrespectable niggar. Den dat brack rascal take it up and threaten to flog me for 'sulting de fair sect. I 'mediately quotes scriptur to him to put him down, and he got mad as a parched pea, and I 'bleeve he wood hab lickt your 'spected preacher, only Massa Garrison happen to cum into de sullar jest at dat minnit, and he 'suade de niggar to be quiet and make it up, and Massa Garrison call for a bowl ob whiskey punch, and we all sot down and drunk it up togedder, and Massa Garrison gib dis toast: 'Blessed are de peace makers for dey shall be filled wid clam soup.' Den he tell dis big niggar and me to shake hand and jine de non-resistance society rite off. So we put down our names for de Non-Resistance, which is Bobbolition biled down to an essence and strained out clear.

Dis is de facts in de case, and now I hope I hear no more 'bout de subjeck, and hope de principal papers will publish dis creckt 'count ob de affair.

We take our text dis time from de follerin' text:

'He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.'

De reason ob dis text is for de purpose ob raising subscription for some ob our friends in Road Island, dat belong to de patriotic army ob gubernor King. We wish to raise 'scription to buy some plasters for de shins ob twelve vartuous niggars dat was wounded in de wars. Dese gemmen went up to Burrillville to 'tack de house ob a white rebel dat stands on a hlll dar, and to captur his sons dat was in dat house. Dey got pretty near de place and begun to 'scend de hill whar was grate menny bushes and rocks and trees.—Dese sable heroes flurish dar brite swords and call upon de house to surrender. Dey get almost to de top ob de hill, when a big fat woman cum out wid a pitch-fork and she use such language dat dese colored sogers feel berry much surprised. Dey nebber hear such language before and dey blieve dat de woman meant to be sassy to dem. Dey didn t speck dis. Dey 'spected dat de flag would be respected, and dey call upon de woman to lay down her arms and surrender to de Captin of de army. Den she 'proach dem wid de pitch-fork, and dey conclude dat dey get hurt if dey stay dar enny longer. So de colored hero, wave his long sword and gib de command to retreat.—Dey begin to retreat and dey run so fast down dat hill, among de bushes, dat dey get dar shins berry badly scratched by de bushes, and dey return to dar seberal homes kivered wid de honorable wounds ob glory all over de shin whar dey were scratched by de bushes. Dem glorious heroes hab sent special inwitation to dis congregation to take up collection to 'fray de axpence ob de doctor's bill in gettin' dar wounds healed, and put plasters on dar shins. Your 'spected preacher hope you won't delay one minnit to hab recourse to your puss and pull out quarter dollar apiece in de cause ob colored walor and discretion!

I 'peal to your patriotism on dis 'portant 'casion, and sound de tocsin ob liberty over dis land, and call upon de colored poppylation to slay de enemy dat rise up agin de poppylation ob color; bekase dis is de time ob wars and rumors ob wars when de sword shall be beat into ploughs and de spear shall be made into pot-hooks, and dis brings us to de forty-fifth diwision ob our subjeck! Now I'm gwoine to prove upon de hole.

De glorious independence ob liberty was declared on Bunker Hill on de 4th ob July. Dey pledge dar life and secret honor to fight for de country, and doctor Franklin was put into de command ob de armies ob de United tates. General Cornwallis was took in Lexington and ebber sense den we hab had a free country, and de colored poppylation was allowed to wote. De enemy ob de country broke out afresh in Rhode Island Gubbernor Dorr come to fite agin liberty and let loose de wild wolf upon de people. Den de colored people riz up like one man, bekase we always fite for liberty, and so dese poor colored rebolutionary heroes I tell you 'bout get dar shins scratched. Brudder Cole will hab de goodness to hand round de hat. Dat is de sebenth diwision ob our subjeck.

De prayers ob dis meetin' is quested for Love Snuffle dat hab got a little baby, and wants to name it arter Massa Garrison.

Your 'spected preacher hab on hand a pair ob white-topped boot dat he would like to sell. Dey will want new souls and de tops is pretty much wore out, and dey will be sold reasonable, and is just de ting to wear to de Bobbolition meetin'!—AMEN.



Star.

WHALING IN THE PACIFIC.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WHITE WHALE.

The ship was fanning along with a light breeze, courses hauled up, whole topsails and top-gallant sails, when a fellow on the forecastle cried out, 'Here is a whale close to the ship!'

'Where!' said Mr. Hussey, eagerly. The object was pointed out to the mate, whose countenance fell in a moment. There lay a large whale, within a cable's length of the stern, and Hussey showed no enthusiasm—no ambition—no wish to encounter him. But now, the captain and Swain perceive the object.

'Lines in the boats!' vociferated the captain.

'Captain Coffin!' said the mate,' 'did you ever lower away for a white whale?'

'What signifies white or black?' said the impatient commander. 'Get your boat ready, sir!'

'Captain Coffin,' said Hussey calmly, 'I have followed this business a great many years, and you may depend upon it, that a whale, like the one yonder, makes but little oil, and is very dangerous to go alongside of.'

'We did not come here to talk of danger,' said the Captan—'I came for whales, and whales I'll have, when they are to be got.'

'You never saw a white whale before,' said Hussey, but I know what they are.'

'That's true,' said the captain thoughtfully, 'I never saw a white whale; but this fellow is as white as chalk—but no matter, get your boat ready, and we'll talk more about it when we come on board.'

'Some of us,' said the mate, 'may never come on board again.'

'You are enough to frighten the whole ship's company,' said the captain; 'I hope you are not afraid of a whale.'

'Perhaps so,' answered the mate, with a glowing cheek, 'but you will soon know whether I am afraid of a whale or not.'

With intemperate haste the mate flew to his boat; he called aloud for his crew—tore off the tarpaulin, and seizing the line-tub in his powerful grasp, placed it, without assistance, in the boat. His boat s crew were assembled, and, for once, Mr. Hussey's boat was manned and lowered before Mr. Swain had got his tub in the boat.

A new hand presented himself to Mr. Swain—that was Ben, the ship-keeper.

While the ship was on her passage to Woahoo, the ship's company had little more to do than to talk over the recent events on the off-shore ground; and while every one boasted of his own achievements, and deeds of noble daring in the encounters with whales, broad hints were hove at the ship-keeper, that he would not have shown himself so gallant and so brave, if he had been in the boats. Ben, who had breathed in sulphurous atmospheres when iron hail flew thick around him, and had faced the roar of British cannon, felt hurt at these allusions, and had asked the captain's permission to go in the boats when they should be again lowered, and prove that he was not afraid of a whale.

The captain made answer, that in case the boats should be lowered in a still time, and all things agreeing, he would permit Ben to go in the boats. Such a time, the captain imagined the present to be; but he erred, wofully erred, as the reader shall presently perceive. Ben was ordered to take the place of Mr. Swain's tub-oarsman, who was a native and inhabitant of Nantucket, by name Nicodemus Biddy.

Biddy was to stand ship-keeper for this time; and such a man was Biddy—as shall straightway be made apparent.

Biddy was a long, lean, lank creature, about six feet two inches from the saw-teeth junction of the frontal and parietal bones, to the tough extremity of his feet. The reader has already concluded that Biddy's person was tall and commanding, but he was never more mistaken in his life. Biddy had a stoop in his gait, which prevented the spectator from forming an accurate estimate of his altitude. His head was small, and round as an apple-doughboy. His forehead and face were narrow, and the hair inserted at the top of his nose. His whole carcass was dry and sallow. Hips, he had none. His thighs were a noble pair of bones, and his calves had gone to grass. His ancles were very portly; and his feet, prodigious monopolisers of leather. He had been married twenty-five years, but had no children. His loving spouse had for many years held him in check with the crack of the door. But I perceive the reader does not understand me—I will explain.

The crack of Biddy's back door, when opened, was just a fit for the end of his nose. Now whenever he was refractory, or disputed the mandates of his wife, she pointed to the door, when Biddy would run and thrust his nose in the crack. His wife then would close the door within a few inches, which pinched the member terribly, and made Biddy roar aloud and promise obedience for the future. Thus could Biddy's wife handle him as she thought proper—and the nose is, therefore, not unaptly termed the handle of the face. Biddy was completely hen-pecked, and his wife led him by the nose as easily as she could wish.

Nicodemus Biddy had been several voyages round Cape Horn, and had not yet attained to any higher grade than that of a commen sailor. The fact is this: Biddy was deficient in stamina, and wanting in every requisite for a seaman. He had, during the early part of his wedded life, lived altogether upon his wife; who, growing weary of such a burthen, becoming disgusted at his pusillanimity, and disheartened at the barren prospects before her, grew gradually stern and severe; and thinking there ought to be at least one *man* in the family, drew on the breeches herself, and made her husband subservient to her commands. Her tongue was his scourge; the door-crack, his pillory; and a hungry belly his penance.

When power meets with no check, it is always sure to become absolute. The sceptre was fairly wrested from Biddy's hand, he grew more servile every day; until at length his wife resolved to put in execution a project which she had long nourished in her *soft* bosom. She packed him off to sea. In vain he remonstrated, in vain he clasped her knees, and begged her to spare his life—assuring her that he should not survive the first month of the cruise. She was callous to his miseries, and immediately went to a ship-owner's office and procured him a berth! He was gone from home three years, and in that time he learned to scrape top-masts and clean up after the pigs.

When he returned to his loving wife, cheered by the prospect of spending his future days in peaceful security beneath his homely domicil, the worthy dame thus accosted him: 'So, Nicodemus,—you have got home. I have heard a strange story; they say that you are afraid of a whale! A pretty fellow you, to bring disgrace upon your family! I heard of your arrival at Old Town, and immediately spoke for a new berth for you.—The ship will sail in a fortnight, and you may prepare yourself for another voyage!

Thus had his wife kept him moving for the last fifteen years. As fast as he returned, he was shipped off again—and if he showed the least repugnance at having his nose thus continually kept to the grindstone, the crack of the door was always ready to receive it; and when thus *pressed* by argument, a great revolution was sure to take place in his ideas. He cried out 'peccavi!' and promised implicit obedience. This was the man who acted ship-keeper on the present occasion, in the place of Ben.

Ben presented himself to Mr. Swain, and the latter cheerfully consented to receive him into his boat in place of Biddy, who was never known to be very 'fierce after a whale.' As Mr. Swain put off from the ship, he started upon seeing Hussey already half way to the whale, heaving on the after oar, and vociferating like a madman.

Hussey urged on his oarsmen with quick and sudden shouts, and acted, in every instance, so different from his usual manner, that his boat's crew looked at him with undisguised astonishment. Hussey had always appeared eager when in pursuit of whales; but at this time there was a recklessness and frenzy in his manner, for which they could not account. He ran the boat directly on the whale before he spoke to Coffin, and when he did speak, he cried in a loud and harsh voice, 'Come aft here, you Coffin—Shiver you! come aft.' But Coffin did not move quick enough for him; and springing into the head, he caught up the boat-steerer, and after throwing him headlong into the stern, seized the irons, and buried them up to the sockets in the body of the whale. The wounded animal gave one bound, and completely cleared the wave, falling back with a tremendous splash into the boiling sea; he then ran a short distance to windward, and hove to, but used his jaw and flukes in such a terrific manner, and continued the exertion so long, that the boat could not approach him. At length, he lay still upon the water, as if exhausted and worn out by the violence of his motions.

By this time Swain was come up, and the starboard boat was not far behind.

The two officers commenced the onset; but before they got within dart of the fish, he began to run again; he drew Hussey's boat about two miles, directly to windward, and then hove to, and commenced thrashing the waves with his flukes, and snapping his jaws with inconceivable fury. The three boats kept a respectful distance, until he became quiet again.

No sooner had he relaxed his exertions, than Mr. Hussey carried his boat up to him, and darted his lance. The whale writhed a little and sunk slowly under water, but emerged directly under Swain's boat with expanded jaws. In a moment, the boat was observed to be in the mouth of the whale, his lower jaw towering over one side, and his junk standing against the other.

'Take care, Mr. Swain!' cried the Captain—but in vain. One loud crash, and one scream of agony announced the catastrophy. The whale sunk, and blood, *human* blood, crimsoned the wave!

First, Starbuck was observed buffeting the red billow, and struggling amid the pieces of the broken boat; then the bowman came up, gasping for breath; and after the lapse of a few moments, Mr. Swain shot out of the water several feet, and then lay motionless on the water, the blood oozing from his temples. The remainder of the boat's crew were never seen more.

Hussey and the Captain hastened to the relief of the three survivors; but suddenly the whale presented himself, between the boats and the sufferers. 'Pull round the whale!' cried the captain. But that was not so easily done; for the enraged animal now assailed Mr. Hussey's boat, and ere the danger could be avoided, he seized the frail vessel with his jaws, and ground it to atoms! The principal part of the boat's crew jumped overboard in good time, but Mr. Hussey was observed struggling in the water with blood gushing from his nostrils, eyes, and ears. He turned his face toward the Captain—his eyes glared like a meteor—he stretched out his hands, gave one loud yell, and sunk forever! His bowman was never seen after the destruction of the boat, but the remaining four were taken into the Captain's boat unhurt; with Mr. Swain, his bowman, and Starbuck. The ship was about two miles to leeward. A little breeze filled her sails, and the Captain hoped to reach her safely with his desponding men.

Swain was badly wounded, and faint from loss of blood.

Just as the swimmers had been taken in, and disposed to advantage, one of the men exclaimed, 'There comes the whale again!'

The Captain turned, and beheld the fierce animal driving madly at the boat.

Ere he could give any directions, the whale struck the boat with his jaw, dashed her all to pieces, and killed two men, viz., Inott and Gardner, the Captain's boat-steerer.

Inott's brains bespattered Starbuck from head to foot, who was soon washed clean in the surrounding flood.

Now, all the survivors of the boats' crews are lying at the mercy of the waves, on oars, pieces of the stoven boats, and whatever floating articles they can procure. Mr. Swain was placed on a slight raft and assisted by two men. The day was far spent, and all hands anxiously awaited the approach of the ship, when, to their surprise and consternation, they saw that the ship was lying with the main-top-sail aback, and no attempt made to put her about.

'Oh Biddy! Biddy!' cried the captain, 'but for you we might be saved—now all hope is madness!'

'No so!' cried Swain's bowman, who was a Nantucket lad by the name of Joseph Barnard—'Not so, sir; I will swin to the ship and show that nincumpoop how to beat to windward.' Barnard left the fragments of boards and oars and struck off toward the ship.

Alas!' said the Captain;' 'he will never reach the ship; night is coming on, and we shall all perish!'

'Despair not,' said the suffering Swain, 'Barnard never yet undertook anything without success He will reach the ship, but he has a long distance to swim, and night will set in before the ship reaches us.'

The ship continued lying aback. The silly wretch who had been entrusted with the snip did not possess sufficient sagacity to put her about, and eleven men would inevitably have perished, but for the intrepidity of Joseph Barnard, who swam two miles, reached the ship in safety, and put her about.

Ere the ship reached the tragical spot, four men had, one by one, become exhausted, and yielded to their fate. The remaining six were taken on board the ship, consisting of 1. Captain Coffin.—2. Mr. Swain. 3. Starbuck. 4. A Cape-Cod-man. 5 and 6. Two Nantucket boys.

The Cape-Cod-man died in one hour after his return to the ship. Mr. Swain was taken below in a very exhausted state; and the other survivors were scarcely able to work the ship.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—unscapable presence!—lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathy of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years. While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations.—The chains which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure and angelic communion; linked by a thousand tender associations to the paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect, a being, whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike the earth. Yet was she not proud of her high gift. With the brightest capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentred in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I love her deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion; it was avowed underneath the bending heaven, when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship, my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears she besought me to speak no more of love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly, and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams. She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasping her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart.

'Henry,' she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—'I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry had it been permitted—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!'

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green, young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amid the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence, in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of Earth.

SILENCE.—There are few things more conducive to the health of the mind than occasional solitude and silence. If the conscience be unsullied, silence will be a season of enjoyment; if the recollection of crime weigh on the mind, in silence resolutions of amendment are more usually formed, than amid the tumult and confusion of the world. The man who habituates himself to spend an hour, every day, in silence and seclusion, can scarcely become depraved; he who never withdraws himself from the busy throng of selfish men can hardly be otherwise. The army that is always marching cannot act with energy in cases of emergency; and the mind that never halts and reposes from the labor of artificial excitement, will be but ill qualified to grapple with violent temptation. Silence is to the mind what the bottom of a river is to a swimmer; when he can rest his feet upon the solid ground, he can look around him and see where he is. He can mark out his course, and start anew. To the religious man, silence is in the throne of Deity. For when the world is shut out—when the passions are stilled, and the wandering thoughts are curbed, his soul is in the presence of his Maker. To those who have never habituated themselves to silent reflection, these things may sound like a dull sermon on morality. Those who have tried the experiment will confess that the soul is the most truly alive, when the animal man is restrained, and the redundancy of aimless thoughts is pruned. The stiller a clock stands, the better time it will keep; and an hour-glass runs the faster, the less it is disturbed.

A MOTHER.

The following fine passsge, as true as it is beautiful, is from James' novel *The Gypsey*: 'Round the idea of one's mother, the mind of man clings with a fond affection. It is the first thought stamped upon our infant heart, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her councils or opposition: but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to re-capitulate her good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.'

Deacon Snowball's
THIRTY-THIRD SERMON.



BETUBBED BRUDDREN.—We shall 'prove de present 'casion by takin' de follerin' text at dis time:

'Cross patch, draw the latch,
And sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup and drink it up,
And call the neighbors in.'

Dis represent de 'tickler state ob de mind when one hab been in a passion wid somebody. De cross patch is diwided into 'tree description ob people. In de fust place de colored cross patch and den de white cross patch. Den dar is de cross patch ob de animal specie. De fust diwision ob our subjeck is de fuss ting to look at.—Dem is de cross patch ob de people ob color. Dar is some ob dem in dis congregation. Dey come heah to listen to de preachin' ob de word—dey suck in de word ob life, and den dey fuse to put any ting in de hat. Den your preacher meet some ob dem in de sullar, and dey set dar on de bench like a sick monkey, and nebber ax your preacher to take glass ob bitters. Dar is Nikolas Dump and Peter Blue was in de sullar todder day when I went dar, and dey joy dar seff wid fried fish and glass ob sling and nebber ax your 'spected preacher to hab somethin'. Anodder cross patch was de fair sect. I go to see Chloe Stratton todder day, and she was washin' some white shirts for my 'spected friend de edditor ob de Post, and she starch up de collar. Dar am seven niggar 'ployed all de time to take keer ob de close ob dat edditor—one black de boot, one starch de linen—one brush de coat and pantaloon—one brush de hat—one wash de 'tockin'—one smooth de neckcloth—and one help him put on de coat. So Chloe was 'ployed upon de linen. I goes in and ax her how she feel dis morning. She stick out her big brack lips and pout like a muffin when it crack open in de middle. I see she hab de sulks—it was a case ob cross patch. Den your 'spected preacher take her hand and ax her if she rackolleck de time when she went down in a clam boat wid me and Sam Jonson, and pay a wisit to de glories ob Nahant; and she stick out her lip wuss dan ebber and make no answer to your 'spected preacher. Dat was case ob cross patch, and dis is de same ting as givin' de bag, and your preacher shake de dust from his feet and leave dat gal and hab nossin more to do wid her. De text say dat cross patch sit by de fire and spin. Dis mean dat dey sat by de fire and spin long yarns and call de neighbors in—according to de text—to heah de long yarns and hab mug ob cider to drink at de same time.

Dis lass consideration lead us to de consideration ob de Croton water dat is proposed to be bro't to dis city from New York in Massa Harnden's 'spress carriage, to supply de city. De colored poppylashun hab held a meetin' on dis subjeck and Peter Wipgeon was 'pointed President, and a committee of seventeen 'spectable niggers was 'pointed to go on to New York and insult de Mare on de subjeck.

I hab called on Massa Garrison to settle dat little 'count for grog, and he say he blieve he shall go through de bankrupt law on 'count of dis debt; so I hope you take up collection for pay 'em. De 'proachin cold weddar require stove for warm dis buildin', and Cæser Widgeon hab inwented a patent stove dat I tink, I will patronize on dis portant 'casion. De stove is made of 'trong hickory plank, and is cheaper dan iron and de price ob it is ten dollar for de congregation and five dollar to your 'spected preacher.

De seventh diwision ob our subjeck is de great progression dey hab in New York lately bekase de Queen Wictory hab been insultin' gineral Jackson. Dis melancholy transaction hab called forth de surprise and saxifaction ob de civilized world and de poppylation ob color. Dey had a dinner in New York whar dis ting was done, and dey hab some *preserved fish* dat dey find berry hard ob digestion. I 'speck dis fish was berry full ob bones and Queen Wictory couldn't swallow it. De colored poppylation will form progression to celebrate dis insult in de follerin manner. Dey will meet on Monday arternoon at de sullar of de late illustrious Sam Johnson. Tree boltle of root-beer will be prowided for de 'casion—two of dem will be drank by your 'spected preacher, and de odder will be uncorked for de rest ob de company. Dey will den take up dar march in de follerin order:

Your 'spected preacher dressed in new green breeches and white stockin.

A truck containing Chloe Stratton, Phillis Guess, Jane Blue and Massa Garrison—wid a banner described in dese words—'*De Union, it must be dissolved.*'

Arter dem will follow Cæsar Widgeon on a white hoss, and a big white bowl filled with clam soup, wid an umbrella to keep off de sun.

Seven ladies ob color will follow next on foot, dressed in white, wid turban on dar head, and broom in dar hand.

De next will be de ladies ob de Woman's Rights Society, wid boots and spurs on, and carry a banner wid dese words: 'De gray mare is de better hoss.'

Arter dese will foller de white Bobbolitioners dressed in linen breeches, and de non-resistants dressed in straight-jackets wid pewter buttons.

A Professor of Animal Magnetism will foller wid a banner and a picktur of de Sleeping Beauty.

De colored poppylation will follow dese in ranks of ten fokes; and arter dem will come de white fokes and de wulgar. Dey will march up 'Tate 'treet, down Washington 'treet, and up School 'treet, till day turn round and come back to de Bobbolition store, whar dey will hab a cold decollation ob hot corn, pea soup and gingerbread—to be furnished at de axpense ob de Society for de proppogation ob de human species. AMEN.

REVOLUTIONS.—Great revolutions have usually been achieved by men of great abilities; but their success in turbulent periods is to be imputed to previous circumstances, and those circumstances gradually arise from the want of wisdom in persons who have directed the affairs of government in seasons of apparent tranquility.

☞Jean Paul has many fine thoughts. Here is one—'Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies. Bnt the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the end of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.'

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A person intending to open a large oyster and swallow the fish, was suddenly seized with absence of mind, when he set the oyster up in the easy chair, opened the dressing-room door, and swallowed his wife. He did not perceive his mistake until he missed the regular scolding when he brought home company the next day.

☞'Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?' 'Oh, yes, massy be berry good farmer—he makes two crops in one year.' 'How is that, Sambo?' 'Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once—den in de spring, he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice.'

☞There is a man in Virginia so tall that he is obliged to stoop when he walks under the rainbow. Another is so short that when he walks on the earth he is down in a hole, beneath the level of the ground. Another is so fat that his shadow is an inch thick. But the largest fellow of all is in Passamaquoddy whom the Millerites undertook to convert; but he was so big that they could only convert him a half at a time.

☞ Friendship requires actions; love requires not so much proofs, as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.

Pictures of the French.



THE FASHIONABLE LADY.



THE ACTRESS.

WHAT DOES THAT YOUNG MAN DO FOR A LIVING?

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

'What does that young man do for a living?'—is the common inquiry, as some foppish, well-dressed individual passes by. 'Nothing—nothing at all,' is the frequent reply. 'But what supports him in his extravagance?' None can tell—but we, being a Yankee, have the privilege of guessing. That young man, who dresses in fine broadcloth, carries a cane, and is so extremely polite to all his acquaintance—especially the ladies—is the son of a man in moderate circumstances, who finds it difficult to sustain himself with a moderate income. His son wishes to be a gentleman, and to live without labor. The father, in his folly, refuses to put him to a trade, or send him to work on a farm, hoping that something may turn up, by and by, when business will be better, for his son to obtain a good living without work. He is now obliged to dispense with the luxuries of life—perhaps with some of its comforts—for his son to keep up appearances, and go into good society, as that kind of company is termed, where young men have nothing to do but dress according to the latest fashions. He is quite independent, and uses language to his seniors that might be considered uncourteous in a king. He faces all classes and conditions without a blush, and dares to look with contempt on the honest apprentice, whose generous soul would outweigh a thousand as light as his own. The companions he chooses are like himself, puffed up with vanity, swelling with importance, and who make a pretence of doing something, by occasionally visiting a lawyer's office, to read a page or two of Blackstone. The end of such a youth it needs no prophetic vision to see. 'It is as plain as the way to market,' as Dr. Franklin would say, that he will turn out a low, despised, and miserable tool. Perhaps the Penitentiary will bring him up—perhaps the gallows. But if he escapes these, it will be to hang like an incubus on those of his friends who for pity's sake have not the heart to send him where he deserves.

The above is a true picture of many of the young men who may be seen daily in our streets. You meet them at every corner, in all public resorts, at all parties of pleasure—riding, sailing, talking, laughing, joking eternally—apparently with money enough, more impudence, and less brains. But how they all contrive to keep body and soul together, without work, always spending, and never earning, we confess is sometimes a mystery to us. When a project of pleasure is talked of, the expenses are last thought of and the least considered. Of one thing we are certain, that we are fast verging to a nation of paupers. It is impossible for a people to live long in idleness, enjoying the luxuries and the blessings of life, without greatly diminishing the resources of comfort and wealth. To be prosperous as a people, each must do his part—at least do sufficient labor to gain his own support.

Parents are verily guilty in this matter. They should not permit their great lubberly boys to hang on them for a support, when they are well able to labor, and when to work would promote their health, and make them cheerful and happy. You do them a mighty wrong, while you dandle them in folly and nurture them in extravagance, and tell them how manly they appear, when you know—you must know—the deleterious consequences. If your great boys will not work, you should not support them; drive them away, if they are lazy, and it will be for their good and your glory in the end. Let them see that they must depend upon themselves, as you have done before. It is a burning shame for aged parents to be burthened with the support of stout, rugged boys—men in size, but pigmies in knowledge, sense and manners—at that time of life when their children should take them under their protection and care, and provide for their health, comfort and happiness.

☞Ignorance is the fruitful parent of much evil. An illerate person is generally a pest to society, especially if such person strenuously insist upon remaining ignorant. There are some adults—we trust the numher is few—who cannot read at all, who defend this ignorance, saying triumphantly that those who are educated are no better off than themselves! Let some discreet individual mark the daily walk of these persons, and he will learn something that will be of use to him. If you do not wish your family to be ignorant, take some newspaper. Periodical literature is cheap enough in thesa times.

"I can boast of *rank*," as the butter said to the cheese. "And I am *strong* and *mite-y*," as the cheese replied to the butter.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

Reader gentle, pleasant, kind,
Of a gay or sober mind—
Famed for wisdom or for wit
Or for either, not a bit,—
Reader young and reader old,
Tender, timid, rough and bold:
Gentlemen with whiskers trim,
Nabobs fat and dandies slim,
Ladies short and ladies tall,
Happiest luck attend you all!

May the year, the coming year
Bring bright smiles and merry cheer—
Joyous be your winter hearth,
Summer days be full of mirth;
Not one shadow dim the hours,
Every path be heaped with flowers,
And, at last when Sexton Time,
Friendly to the sons of Rhyme,
Digs the grave of Forty-one
And its final race is run—
May fresh blessings be your due
In the lapse of Forty-two.

"Short and sweet," 's an adage old,
In small parcels cometh gold;
So good wishes, when cxpressed,
In few words are deemed the best;
Take our greeting then, dear reader,
After having conned our "leader"—
And send off thy DOLLARS THREE
That "the WORLD" may come to thee!

Oh, a sweet and pleasant thing
Is "the posy of a ring"
When its simple phrase imparts
Sentiments of constant hearts;
So may our brief speech appear—
Wishing all a HAPPY YEAR!

A SIGN.—An exchange paper says that the best sign a dry goods merchant can raise in the west, in order to make a ready sale for his goods in the west is, "NOT MARRIED."

A lawyer was once accused of *disgracing the bar*, by taking silver of a client. "I took silver," replied he, "because I could not get gold; but I took *every farthing* the fellow had in the world, and I hope you do n't call that disgracing the profession.

The family of the pigs has produced two great authors' Lord Bacon and James Hogg.

And a third—Sir Roger Bacon.

"I shake off the dust of my feet against you," as the jackass said to the man when he kicked him.

PROPRIETY—Getting into a passion with the printer, because he prefers his own mode of doing his own business, and wont let you arrange it to suit yourself. It is preposterous to suppose, that you have not an entire right to tell the printer that he ought to do this and do that, to suit your own taste, or pocket. If he asks cash and you want credit, insist upon having it. If he says he would prefer you would keep out, or else pay down, fly into a passion and complain of imposition, by all means. It is monstrous for any newspaper man to tell a customer that his terms are thus and so; for it is the clear right of the customer to say what he desires; and what he says the newspaper man ought to be compelled to follow. It is very strange, that some of this class are so presumptuous, as to claim the *right* to fix and enforce their own terms; but such conduct should be put down forthwith; it is a dangerous assumption of power and invasion of other's rights. *Patrons* of papers ought always to direct what its terms should be.

HOLD ON.—These are dull times. Business is done up, pretty much, and transactions are nearly at a pause. But "hold on." You may feel inclined to despond, and think there is no use in struggling farther—but "hold on." The man who abandons the ship when there is a bright streak in the horizon to the windwind, is no true buffeter of life, and if he is of the true grit, he will not do so, but while there is even a plank left he will "hold on." If things are desperate with you meet the crisis like a man, and close up carefully and calmly and prepare for a fresh start in better times. But if you can see a tolerably clear path, to be reached by hard struggling, then abandon the thought of yielding, even for a moment, and "hold on," lustily. We see before us a clear spot in the sky; the mists are lifting and we have promise of a bright sun once more. True we do not believe that the good old times are coming soon, but better ones are not far off, or we are greatly mistaken. Clear your decks. Put every things in taut and trig order and be ready again to take the fresh breeze when it comes, and be off again merrily, on the voyage. Above all, press no one. If a debtor is in trouble and can't pay, wait for him, and by doing so he will be enabled to "hold on," and finally pay you all he owes. These are times to try you, but look ahead—it looks promising—there is light in the sky—take fresh spirit and be resolved to "hold on" like a man of courage, good and true. "Hold on," is the word.

"Nabby—where's the children's bed?"

"Ar'nt it *thar*, mam?"

"No—nor the bolster, neither."

"What!—O! now I think on't mam, I guess Miss Susan put the bolster on for a bustle—and now I think on't agin, I reckon Miss Jane wore'd out the bed, too, kase she had on an awful big hump this mornin'. O! these gals, mam—never seed noth'n like 'em."

"Hush! Nabby."

☞A discovery of much importance has just been made by Dr. Snob. He has satisfied himself, by close and extensive observation, that the night mare is produced, in nine cases out of ten, from *owing a bill to the newspaper man*. The discovery is important; and if you ever chance to have the night mare, reflect, when you wake, upon this fact, and as soon as morning breaks, go to the poor, unfortunate printer and pay his account. By so doing you will give joy to his lacerated spirit and spread a peace, like new oil, over your own troubled buzzim.—Try it.

BUSINESS.—An exchange paper tells of an old gentleman who met a pretty chamber-maid in the entry, took a fancy, popped the question instanter, was accepted, got his certificate, went to the parson's, and in two hours they were man and wife. There, you miserable Bachelors, chew that cud.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.



Patch-work.

"Scraps old and new pasted together."

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his own passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

'Young men *taken in and done for*,' as the shark said to the ship's crew.

'I'm particularly uneasy on this *point*,' as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a pin.

'You can't come too often,' as the cab driver said to the thunder shower.

Jury—A happy institution by which frequently, for one fool that tampers with blood illegally, there are a dozen empannelled to spill it accord. to law.

'Squally with showers,' as the wet nurse said to the infant.

'I'm behind my time,' as the man said when carrying home his clock.

Why is money like a whip? Because it makes the *mare* go.

Why do we all go to bed? Because the bed wont come to us.

Who is that lady whose visits nobody wishes though her mother is welcomed by every body? *Miss Fortune.*

A modest little girl fainted in church, because the minister happened to say that 'young ladies are apt to have too much carnal *stuff* in their bosoms.'

We heard of a polite Frenchman one time, who carried his ideas of gallantry to such a pitch of sublimity, as to run round the other side of a lady when her shadow fell so that he couldn't avoid stepping on it.

Why is a room full of married folks like an empty room? Because there's not a *single* person in it.

What snuff is that the more of which is taken the fuller the box is? The snuff of a candle.

'I'm in the *melting* mood,' as the butter said to the fire.'

'I see them on their *winding* way,' as the fellow said when he saw a party descending Bunker Hill Monument.

'When shall we three *meat* again,' as the footpad remarked to his two comrades, when partaking of a good dinner.

''Tis *false*,' as the girl said when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

'I wish to introduce a *bill* for the prevention of worms,' as the wood-pecker said to theapple-tree

An old bachelor, who has travelled in Vermont, thus speaks of the Green Mountain girls: 'They are as plump as a pippin, round as a ring, sweet as a rose; their glowing cheeks are but an index of their warm, ardent, lively, determined dispositions. One embrace; one real clincher, is enough to cause a general rush in the icy veins of an old bachelor, or set on fire the purple channels in a man of sensibility. They are giants in intellect, soft and enchanting as the snowy couch on which old Sol sinks to rest—bold as a lion—easily won—once gained, always faithful.'

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

'Paddy, my jewel, why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!' 'And yours,' replied Paddy, 'are too short for an ass.

A young scapegrace, wishing to rally a friend who had a morbid horror of death, asked him, as they were passing a country church during the performance of a funeral, whether the tolling bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. 'No, but the rope does of yours,' was the caustic reply.

'Where have you been this week? 'Me! I've been fishing.' 'Catch anything?' 'Yes.' 'What?' 'I caught a cold.' 'Where were you last night?' '*Ducking*.' 'Got any?' 'Yes.' 'How many?' 'One.' 'Where?' 'In the river.' 'How?'—'Tumbled in!' 'Nuf sed.

A 'stuck up' sort of a genius entered a shop in Baltimore, and, turning up his nose at some peaches in the window, exclaimed, 'Are these peaches fit for a hog to eat?' 'I don't know, *try them and see*,' was the instant reply of the shop keeper.

A Dutch Advertisement.—Sothering—I dakes dis vay to inform de bublic vot I can do—dat I can make stove Bipes, Brass, Copper and Tin

The following letter was received by the editor of the Kentucky Yeoman, through the post office: 'Mr. Editor: Kin you tell how a feller is to get along tnese times, what's in debt, and who aint got any money, no friends; and who are too honest to work, and too lazy to steel? If you kin, I will subscribe for your paper.

Poets are not a-*verse* to a-*muse*-ments.

A grave digger once objected to pay for his newspaper on the ground that he meant to work it out in professional services for the editor and his family.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

When we see worth clothed in rags respected and honored, and scoundrelism clothed in scarlet and gold despised, we shall say the world is honest.

An Irishman and a negro were fighting a few days since in Philadelpia, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed: 'You black vagabond, holler enuff!—I'll fight till I die!' 'So will I!' sung out the darkey, 'I *always does!*'

The last Snake Story—'I reckon this 'ere part is pretty considerably productive, stranger, is n't it,' said a squatter, who had just arrived in one of the new Mississippi settlements, to a person whom he met, one of the regular meat-axe breed.

'There's not such another country between this and the State of Buncombe, in North Carolina,' replied the Mississippi settler.

'Raise a good deal of cotting, eh?'

'Lots of it.'

'All-fired quantities of game in this section, I 'spose.'

'Considerable of a sprinkling. More 'specially snakes.'

'What sort of snakes?'

'Rattlesnakes and copperheads.

'Oh! git out! du tell! I want to know if they are so almighty thick.'

'Raythe. Dad and I went out this morning snake-hunting—killed only a cord and a quarter—but then it was a bad snake morning, and you must make some allowances.'

'Oh! I'll make any 'lowances and track out of the settlement at the same time. But say, jest 'tween ourselves, if it had raly been a good morning, how many cords do you 'magine you'd a killed?'

'Five is about an average.'

'Five! You don't say so!'

'Yes I do though.'

'Which is the shortest way out of this 'ere settlement? I've strong ideas of sloping forthwith.'

'Keep right straight ahead.'

'Well, I wish you a good day. Give my best 'spects to your dad, and tell him I hope he'll have better snake weather next time he goes. I'm off.

☞A dandy, whose countenance was so ugly that he did not dare to sleep alone, was giving some of his extra flourishes, in a public house, the other day, when he was observed by a Yankee, who walking up, asked him if he did not fall into a brook when young? 'Why, what do you mean you impertinent scoundrel?' said the fop. 'Well, now, I didn't mean no harm, nor nothin'; only you've got such an allfired crooked mouth, I thought you might have fallen into a brook, when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry.'

☞A princely mind will ruin a private fortune. Keep the rank in which Providence hath placed you; and do not make yourself unhappy, because you cannot afford whatever a wild fancy might suggest. The revenues of all the kingdoms of the world would not be equal to the expense of one extravagant person.

A Heavy Pun.—A Western paper speaks of a man from Connecticut, whose wife is so fat that he was obliged to make two loads of her when he emigrated.

The following are right in the teeth of the "dignity" definition of "humor." But as they are out of the rather celebrated "Knickerbocker," perhaps they will be allowed "to pass."

Definitions.

Original. Go to the Devil and shake yourself.

Improved. Proceed to the arch-enemy of man and agitate your person.

Or. Of one who squints. He looks two ways for Sunday.

Imp. One who by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics—a natal defect, is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

Or. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Imp. The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, may be relished, also, with the masculine adult of the same species.

Or. Let well enough alone.

Imp. Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

Or. Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil.

Imp. Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apolyon.

Or. The least said the soonest mended.

Imp. The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

Or. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Imp. That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity.

Or. A barking dog seldom bites.

Imp. An animal of the canine species that spendeth all its corporeal energy in the exercise of its vocal organs, is seldom dangerous with its dental ossifications.

"I'm almost discouraged,"

Said a young man in our presence, the other day, while speaking of his future prospects; and how often of late do similar remarks come to our ears. When one's prospects are dark—when trouble thickens around him, do such acknowledgments mend the matter? On the contrary, then is the time for exertion. Only by battling manfully with the obstacles around us can we hope to overcome them and win our way to prosperity. If we supinely sit down and bewail the gloomy prospects that may lower in our future paths, we may always expect to be surrounded by gloomy prospects. Suppose the sailor, when the sea begins to heave into mountain billows, and the clouds foretell the approach of the tempest, should sit down and exclaim, "I'm discouraged," what would become of his ship? Suppose the pilgrim fathers, when surrounded by peril, famine and death, had exclaimed, "we are discouraged," and given up all exertion, where would now have been the glory of New England? Would she have been the centre of enterprize and energy she now is—the most enlightened spot on the face of the globe? Or suppose that Washington, when begirt with perils and trials such as no man ever knew, had given way to despondency and retired from his station, is it probable that this great republic would ever have arisen to show to the world that man is capable of governing himself? And are our petty trials to be compared with theirs? A young man should glory in meeting the vicissitudes of life with an unflinching front. Ten to one, but that the apparently insurmountable obstacles that lie in the way to the attainment of his aims, will turn out to be nothing but mists and shadows—like the fog banks which the mariner sometimes mistakes for land—or at least, if they really prove too much for him to overcome, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty.

By the way, we hear of these bustles on every side, or rather we should say on every back, but we have never yet seen one.—What on earth do they look like.

Oxford Mercury.

La! what an ignoramus. Take a sheet, hang it over a piece of tape one yard long, pucker it up, put a bolster underneath, and sling it behind like a knap-sack low down—then put another sheet on yourself, tie a string round your waist, and look in the glass sideways, and you'll see one of the most elegant and fashionable bustles of the day.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MERMAIDS.

As much sensation and discussion has been caused by the exhibition of a Mermaid, caught near the Fejee Islands, we thought a list of former well authenticated instances of their having been seen or captured, might prove interesting to our readers:

In the year 1187, as Laray informs us, a merman was caught on the coast of Suffolk, and was in the governor's possession for six months. But eventually it escaped into the sea.

In the year 1430, after a huge tempest, which broke down the dikes in Holland, and made way for the sea into the meadows, &c., some girls of the town of Edam, in West Friesland, going in a boat to milk their cows, perceived a mermaid entangled in the mud. It was brought to Harlem, where it lived for some years.

Another creature of a like kind was in possession of Sigismond, king of Poland, in 1531.

We have the testimony of several missionaries that seven mermen and mermaids were taken on the western coast of Ceylon, in the year 1560.

Several persons gave a precise description, before a notary, of a merman they had seen on the coast of Martinico.

Norwegian history contains many accounts of mermaids having been caught, and exhibited in that country.

In 1713 a mermaid was taken alive in one of the French harbors, and sent as a present to the king

In 1758, a mermaid was exhibited at the fair of St. Germain's in France. It was about two feet long, very active, sporting about in the water in which it was kept, with astonishing agility.

Another mermaid, which was exhibited in London, in 1775, was said to have been taken in the gulf of Stanchio, in the Egean Sea, by a merchantman, trading to Natolia, in August 1774. It is thus described: 'The face is like that of a young female; its eyes a fine light blue; its nose small and handsome; its mouth small; its lips thin, and the edges of them round like that of the codfish; its teeth are small, regular and white; its chin well-shaped, and its neck full. Its ears are like those of the eel, but placed like those of the human species, and behind them are the gills for respiration, which appear like curls. Some are said to have hair upon their head; but this has only rolls instead of hair, which, at a distance, might be taken for short curls. Its breasts are fair and full; the arms and hands are well proportioned, but without nails on the fingers; the belly is round and swelling, but there is no navel. From the waist downwards, the body is in all respects like the codfish; it has three sets of fins, one above another, below the waist, which enable it to swim erect on the sea.'

In the year 1794, a mermaid was shown in London, it was taken in the North Seas, and resembled a woman from the head down to the lower part of the waist, and a fish from thence downwards.

At Sandside, Scotland, there was seen on the 12th of January, 1809, an animal supposed to be a mermaid The head and chest, being all that was visible, exactly resembled those of a full grown young woman. The breasts were perfectly formed. When the waves dashed the hair over the face, the hands immediately replaced it. It was seen by four or five individuals, of unquestionable veracity, at the same time, who were within twenty yards distance.

Mr. Toupin, a gentleman of Exmouth, in England, published an account of a mermaid, which was seen by himself and several other persons, on the 11th of August, 1812.

In Foutain's 'Varieties of Men,' we find the following statement, sworn to by Jean Peter and Bartholomew Thenot, and by Jean Hugo and Gregory Montaigne, before Anthony Latrobe, Mayor of Havre, on the 14th of July, 1710: 'We were, fishing off the banks on the 9th instant, when we were driven to sea by a squall, until we were between ten and twelve miles from the land. The weather then clearing up, we threw out our lines and caught a great many fish, but suddenly we were greatly frightened at the appearance of what we took to be a human being, sporting about within a few rods of us. For a time we saw no tail, and hence our impression that it was something supernatural, as we could not imagine of a human being darting about through the water as it did; but when it had been in sight about five minutes it plunged, turning, as it did so a complete somerset, and then having perceived its fishy extremity, we knew that it was a mermaid. In a few minutes it arose again to the surface, and came so near the boat that we might have struck it with an oar, so that we had a full and perfect view of it. Its body was of flesh, of a brunette complexion, nor darker than a Spaniard's and was precisely like that of a human being—altogether uncovered with down, hair, scales, or feathers. It had large and well-rounded breasts—full even to voluptuousness, and, therefore, we concluded it was a female. We could perceive no navel, but it had a well-developed waist from which it sloped out gradually to the hips, where it was united with its fishy termination. Altogether it was about five feet long, the fish and flesh forming about equal proportions; and its arms seemed rather short for the body, but not so much so as to amount to a deformity. The creature had long hair, which it occasionally parted on its forehead. Its neck was of the average length in young females, and it had no fins connected with its fleshy part, but several very large ones in its fishy extremity, which it spread out, and contracted at pleasure. The forehead was low, the eyes rather sunk, and the nose short, so as to leave a much greater distance between the nostrils and the upper lip than is usually seen in the human countenance. Its face was rather handsome than otherwise, and had a melancholy, languid, and even thoughtful air. Its lips and chin were perfectly those of a human being in shape; but the former were rather blue than red. This singular animal remained sporting about us for upwards of half an hour, occasionally making a melancholy musical sound, as if it was humming a tune, and showing by its looks and actions that it noticed us, and felt about as much interest in us as we did in it. And it even seemed to have cognizance of our thoughts, or at least to suspect them; for when having gazed at it for the half hour, we began to hold council amongst each other as to the best means of endeavoring to catch it, it stared eagerly at us for a few moments, and then uttering a few notes of its melancholy music, plunged beneath the waves and was seen no more.'

These are but a few of the many well-attested instances of this strange creature having been seen, but our space will not allow us to extend this notice further than to give a short description of the Mermaid recently brought to this country from the Feejee Islands. This creature is about three feet long, and the lower part of its body is a perfectly formed fish, but from the breast upwards it nearly approaches the human form. It has a pair of well-formed breasts, arms, and hands. The top of the head is bald, but the sides are covered with hair, which extends down upon the neck, like the ringlets of a girl. The cheeks, eyes, and lips, all bear a semblance to humanity, but the chin is deficient. It is certainly one of the greatest curiosities of the day, and was purchased, for the British Museum, by a gentleman named Griffin. It was caught on one of the Feejee Islands by a sailor, who had been cast away, and compelled to live there many dreary years.

LIKENESS OF THE MERMAID OWNED BY J. GRIFFIN, ESQ.,

AND NOW EXHIBITING AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.



AN ILLINOIS WEDDING.—'Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?' said a magistrate who was placing the indissoluble knot of matrimony on a couple mutually attached to each other, in Illinois. 'Well, I swar, squire,' said the male partner to the contract—a wolfish looking customer by the way—'Well, I swar, squire, you must be a green one to ask such a qnestion as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plaguey fool, old feller, as to lose the sport of the *bar* hunt, and take this gal off from the quilting frolic, if I wa'nt *conscriptiously* sartin and detarmined to hitch on to her? Drive on now with the business, squire, and ask me no more such darn'd foolish questions as that.'

Why is the wind like a soldier? Because it goes where it *listeth*.

CLOSE SHAVING.—This expression needs a definition. When a man gets up so long after the first breakfast bell that he can *barely* reap his chin in time to hear the last, the thing may be called *close shaving*.

☞ In Greene county, on the 28th ult., Mr. John Small was married to Miss Rebecca Jolly. In the course of human events, we may expect to hear of a *small jollification* in those parts before long.

Miscellany.

Moustaches.

His tawney beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face.
HUDIBRAS.

"WHAT's them are things growing out on your upper lip, Mister?" asked a country Yankee of a coxcomb whom he met the other day.

"Sar!" exclaimed the dandy fiercely, raising his rattan, and bristling up to the interrogation ——"what business is that to you, sar?"

"Oh, no business of any consequence, to speak on," replied the Yankee, "I jest axed for information not being much acquainted with them are things."

"Well, sar!" returned the gallant, angrily, "what if you ain't acquainted with 'em?—Must a fellow of your cloth have the impudence to question a gentleman of mine?"

"Is that really your cloth, Mister, or the tailor's?" asked the countryman.

"The tailor's!" exclaimed the coxcomb, fiercely—"what do you mean by that? Do you intend to insinuate that I—s'death! sar, I'll not—

"Well, I thought as much," returned the Yankee, carelessly striking his hands in his breeches pockets, and standing stiff before the dandy—"I thought you never intended to pay for it."

"What is that to you, whether I pay for it or not? Haven't I a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him or to let it alone?"

"Why, Mister, that depends greatly on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why that's his look out, not mine. But you haven't told me yet what you call them are things on your upper lip."

"Sar, you're an impertinent puppy, sar."

"I heard you say. Now father he's got a tarryer dog—but he don't tarry much, I can tell you—he'll kill three rats in two seconds—but as I was saying, father, he's got a tarryer dog that's darned rough and hairy about the mouth—but, Lord! he ain't a carcumstance to you. He'd cling his tail between his legs, if he was to see you, and cry ti-i! ti-i! and run to the eend of the world without ever stopping. My gracious! how like the devil you do look with them are things."

"Look! why, say, they are all the go now—there's no finished gentleman now but what wears moustaches."

"Mustychers, do you call 'em? Well by hokey, they are musty and rusty too. They look very much like the latter eend of our dogs tail where he brushes it on the floor. Faugh! I wouldn't touch 'em no more than—"

"Touch 'em! sar, if you offer to put a finger on them, I'll cane you within an inch of your life—I will, sar."

"What, with that are switch, Mister? I shouldn't mind it no more than I should an oat-straw."

"Well sar, you offer to touch my moustaches, and see if you don't get it."

"Touch your mustychers! why I had as lieves touch two old chaws of tobacker, that have been jest spit out. Touch 'em indeed! Why, Mister, I wouldn't touch 'em with the tongs. I can't conceive for my life, what induces any human critter to wear such darned nasty looking things as them."

"Nasty looking! do you call them? Sar, you have no taste. Nasty looking, indeed! Why, sar, they are all the admiration of the ladies."

"Ladies! ha, ha, ha, Ladies! they must have a queer notion any how. But there are some women who are unaccountable fond of puppies, and kiss 'em, as if they were human critters. But Lord! I don't see how any woman could ever let her lips come within gunshot of your'n. Admiration of the ladies!"

"Do you qnestion what I say, sar?"

"Why Mister, I don't know what kind of ladies you have in the city here. But one thing I can tell you—our country gals wouldn't no more let you touch 'em than they would a toad;—they're very particular what comes in contact with their lips. But, Mister, how in the name of hair and bristles do you eat? How do you go to work to get the victuals into your mouth, with them are things hanging over it like a hedge fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat meat and such like, or do you live upon spoon victuals?"

"It's none of your business, sar, what I live on. I board at seven dollars a week; and I eat what I please, sar, and I drink what I please."

"Seven dollars a week! my gracious we git board and washing, and all, in the country for a dollar and a half—but I spose they charge you five dollars and a half extra, for them are mustychers. Faugh! I wouldn't have 'em at the table for ten dollars."

"D——n it! what a fool I am to stand here talking with a fellow of your cloth." Thus saying, the man with the moustaches flourished his dandy switch, wheeled about, and walked on. He had gone but a few steps, when the Yankee bawled after him—

"Hulloa! Mister—don't you want a curry-comb? I've got some raal fine ones, with teeth on both sides: they're bang-up I can tell you."

"Curse your currycombs! and you too."

"Don't swear, Mister—nor go of in a passion. I meant no offence in what I've said. But I must declare you're the darn'dest ugly looking man in the face, I ever see in my life."

N. Y. Constellation.

Newspapers.

The following article on the subject of "Newspapers and their advantages," was published originally in the Long Island Star, some fifteen or twenty years ago. It is so full of good sense, that we beg our subscribers, if they have a neighbor able to take a paper, and does not, to lend him this number of our paper to read. The perusal of it, by such men, may add some fifty or a hundred to our list, but we will endeavor to bear such an affliction with becoming fortitude:

"A newspaper is a school in a family of children worth *ten dollars a year*. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read or hear the contents, become intelligent of the affairs of the world, and acquire a store of useful knowledge of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the *vast*—we say with confidence the *vast* importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and we repeat it, that take two families of children equally smart and both going to the same school; let one of them have the free use of the newspaper, and let the other be deprived of the use of it, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one half and an important half of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it—is derived from newspapers. What parent would not wish his children respectable? Who would be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own? and yet how trifling is the sum a paper costs? It is even in these hard times absolutely contemptible in amount, and no man ever felt it, except in its beneficial consequence, who paid his subscription once a year.

Truly we should suppose that if a young man goes a courting, and his sweetheart finds out that he reads no newspaper, she would, if she thought much of herself, send him away, as one uninformed of his political rights—ignorant of a thousand things which every young American ought to know, and therefore unfit to be the husband of an intelligent girl.

Fashion Plates.—The editor of the Bucyrus Democrat makes some very sensible observations on the ridiculous and distorted *things* which appear in our popular magazines under the title of fashion plates. "Women die soon enough," says he, "without being taught a refined mode of slaughtering themselves, by compressing the body into a less space than designed by nature. For drunkenness there is an excuse, when compared to folly, wickedness, and delusion of lacing one's self to death, merely to keep the waist and adjacent parts from getting as large as nature designed them. The pernicious tendency of the Fashion Plates is seen and *felt* wherever these books circulate. They have become the standard by which every lady must dress herself, and as the fashions change every month, a store bill is made as often. Even in this little village, a female can scarcely be found whose bonnet, capes, collars, chemise, petticoat, corset, lacing strings, garters, stockings, and all the other little items, including two or three hickory boards, must not be made exactly after the model of these fashion plates. It is said—and we believe with truth—that a lady within a mile of our office, who devotes much of her time in rigging herself according to these plates, swooned a short time ago for want of breath. The women sprinkled water, got the camphor bottle, &c.—but a gentleman present had a better remedy. He applied his pocket knife to her jacket, ripped it from bottom to top, and the lungs expanded—she was soon restored by this sovereign remedy to life and animation. Men kill themselves by drinking—women by the foolishness of fashion in dress.

Col. Webb received a *bull*-et in his *calf*.
Statesman.

But it did n't *cow* him.—*Richmond Star.*

Yet it left him in-*kneed*—*Statesman.*

Still he can *steer* his way, even in spite of such n-*ox*.—*Star.*

Quite *Webb-steerian*.—*Statesman.*

But more e-*pistol*-ary.

"I've *crossed the line*," as the shirt said to the washerwoman.



THE RAPIN.



THE PARISIAN LADY.

QDDS AND ENDS.

Sir Isaac Newton, when he had any mathematical problems or solutions in his mind, would never quit the subject on any account; dinner was often known to be three hours ready for him before he could be brought to the table His man often said, when he was getting up in the morning, and began to dress, he would, with one leg in his small clothes, sit down on the bed and remain there for hours before he came down to breakfast.

"How can you, my dear, prefer punch to wine?" "Because, my love, 'tis so like matrimony, such a charming compound of opposite qualities?" "Ay, my lord, I am the *weak* part, I suppose." "No, my love, you are the *sweet*, with a dish of the *acid*, and no small portion of the *spirit*."

The meaning of the word "Pew" is thus given by the Philadelphia Journal, 'a place of comfortable repose on the Sabbath, where warnings are heard only to be disregarded, and where people are the least anxious to obtain an equivalent for the money they have expended.'

If you wish a pig to go forwards, pull him backwards by the tail. For the same reason, when dealing with an obstinate person, persuade him to do just the reverse of what you want, and you will gain your end.

When Stella was extremely ill, her physician said to her. "Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavor to get you up again." She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get to the top."

An eastern paper, speaking of one of their railroads, says it is good for the surgeons and turners. Before it was started, there wasn't a wooden leg in Lunkumville, and now there's a matter of two dozen.

One of our celebrated dandies was in company with a young lady the other evening, and observed her kiss her favorite poodle. He advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to a dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog while he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint and sloped.

There is nothing so contemptible, says Fontenelle, as to see see one man imitating the manners of another.

Why is a dwarf like a book? Because he is often looked over.

An electric shock is what some people deem a "thrilling" incident.

Ladies' bustles are sometimes called "*stern* realities." Not ours.

If the world is to be held together by lies, the old which are already current are just as good as the new.

A little man observed that he had two negative qualities—he never laid *long* in bed—he never wanted a *great* coat.

Why is a young lady, like the foundation timber of a mill dam? D'ye give it up? Because she is a *dam-sill*.

A princely mind will ruin a private fortune. Keep the rank in which providence hath placed you, and do not make yourself unhappy, because you cannot afford whatever a wild fancy might suggest. The revenues of all the kingdoms of the world would not be equal to the expenses of one extravagant person.

A man without secrets is like an open letter that ever body may read.

"Let us lay no temptation in the path of youth," as the frog said when he popped his head under water on seeing a boy pick up a stone.

The emblem of justice is a female—probably because she is so capricious in bestowing her awards.

"How can you suppose," said a sexton's wife to a market man, "that I can afford to buy ducks, when my husband has not *buried a living soul* for three months past?"

I lay it down as a sacred maxim, that every man is wretched in proportion to his vices, and affirm the noblest ornament of a young, generous mind, and the surest source of pleasure, profit, and reputation in life to be an unreserved acceptance of virtue.

Imagination is a bank on which we can draw at will.

It is said that old age is honor, and that grey hairs are revered. Virtue can add reference to the bloom of youth, but without it age makes more wrinkles on the soul than on the forehead.

It is astonishing, even in the spring tide of success, how the most trivial circumstances will damp the courage of the bravest, and check the most desperate in their career.

An ancient writer, speaking of such as are enemies to innocent amusements, says: "Had these people the government of the world, they would deprive the year of spring, and life of youth."

Bank notes being made of rags, it has been remarked as singular, that poor folks, who furnish so much of the "raw material," so seldom come in for a share in their manufactured condition.

A complimentary *ball* was lately given to a large hog out west, which *elated* him so that he fell as if it came from a rifle.

An exchange paper says that Gov. King, of Rhode Island, is a sanguinary man, for when he could not *hang* Dorr he *suspended* martial law.

"I'm well puffed," as the bladder said when filled with wind.

"I'll let you off this time," as the horse said when he capsized his rider in the mud.

"My tail is ended," as the tad-pole reflected when he turned into a bull-frog.

"Ah! there's the rub," as Cuff said to the boot as he put on an extra polish.

"You are sucked in this time," as the gosling observed to the tad-pole, when he swallowed him.

Talking of Women and Dancing.—"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are immensely fond of saltatory motion. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she was invited to a ball there, and confided to me she had no silk stockings to appear in, and without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint to you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No—you're out," said Growling. "She knew I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit on the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed *painting her legs!*"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir" said the doctor, "and she relied on me for telling her if the cheat was successful—"

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition—namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" cried Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Tom Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jinny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded," added Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them—so you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jinny!—she was a merry minx—by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jinny,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you're dancing, hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?'"

Marrying Editors.—The gentlemen of the quill, determined to make the "advertising facilities" of their respective journals available in some way, are advertising in all directions for wives. One of our Pennsylvania brethren goes into the business in this wise:—

"She must be a gal whose eyes beam with love, tenderness, and pity, twinkle with fun, frolic, and mischief; and lighten up the flash with the immortal part of its frail tenement; whose countenance is illuminated by virgin innocence and purity, chastened by a humility, and happy from the practice of every homely virtue; with a heart to feel, a hand to relieve, and a bosom to sympathise with misfortune; one who can mend breeches, make shirts, scrub floors, peal taters, and cook dinner."

Very modest, in truth! We hope he may marry a vixen, for his impertinence.

"These are *domestic* items," as the printer's wife said, as she presented him with a pair of twins. "Are they duly *credited?*" was the response.

The papers are talking about the best remedy for a mob. Bonaparte's was the only sure remedy—cold lead and grape shot.

as a rose; their glowing cheeks are but an index

does!"



THE PHYSICIAN.



THE FIGURANTE.

GIMCRACKS.

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods. and becks, and wreathed smiles;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

TRIANGULAR POETRY.

I
Try
To do
Like you,
Great Snooks! and
'Come it grand,'
In hopes to gain
Immortal fame!
But I find it tough
To get from 'the rough,'
Verses enough to hope
To fill the Microscope:—
So I'll 'give it up' at once,
And allow myself a dunce,
For trying thus to imitate
The rhymes that flow from *such* a pate!
And now, dearest Snooks, you must excuse
This *desperate* flight of my poor muse:—
'Tis a first attempt. and I plainly see
There's diff'rence 'tween tweedle *dum* and *dee*—
Aye, as much as there is between Snooks and Swipes,
Or the rheumatism and a fit of the gripes;
Or your dark color'd William and Alfred B. Street;
There, I am into you, Snooks, from *one* to *twelve* feet!—Albany Microscope.

New Baltimore, June, 24th 1842.

A Wolf caught,
How long ago I cannot tell,
It is since the Wolves could read and spell;
At any rate they walked on four legs,
But now it seems some have two pegs;
Then, too, I've heard from many a chap,
They were caught only with a trap.
Now they venture in full view,
And instead of lurking in the shade,
Crawl in a Park to promenade.
May this fine Park, with Johny's help,
Produce each year a *bouncin' Whelp*.

MARRIED, on the 22d instant, Mr. John H. Wolf of New Baltimore, Green county, to Miss Ann Parks, of New Scotland. Albany county.

PATHETIC.

'Now oft the simple country folk
To this sad spot repiar,
When wearied with their weekly yoke
They steal an hour of care:
And they that have a pipe to smoke,
They go and smoke it there.'

The following sign was hung out at a shop in 3d street, near the Post Office,

"Stranger, stop,
And take a drop
Of first rate Pop."

Shubael met Enoch in front of the market yesterday. 'Did you know,' said Enoch, 'that the women are at the bottom of the fuss in this State.'

'By no means,' replied Shubael, 'there's not a soul among the ladies but has gone the whole figure with us.'

'Well,' said Enoch, 'all I know about it is, I heard somebody say the whole thing was nothing but an attempt to bring *An*-archy and Miss-*rule* among'—

Shube walked right into the market.—*Providence Chronicle.*

BAREFACED COURTSHIP.—We met a merry old bachelor friend of ours yesterday who has sported a princely pair of whiskers for the last six years, and, to our consternation we found 'his chin new reaped.' In reply to our anxious inquiry, he stated that he had made up his mind to go a courting, and he deemed it expedient to conform his appearance to such a *barefaced* proceeding.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A GROSS MISTAKE.—It has been reported that a man in Bangor, had a telescope of such immense power, that he had actually discovered a *wart* on the face of a man in the moon. It has since been ascertained, however, to be nothing but a pimple.

OH, PSHAW!—Mr. Owen Shaugh, of Pottsville, Ohio, threatened to beat his wife, instead of doing which he was soundly thrashed by his better half.

'Though some black eyes have led to rings,
Some rings have led to black eyes.'

Said a fond lover yesterday to his friend, 'Well, Jim, I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it *electrified* me.'

'No wonder,' said Jim, 'It was a *galvanic* battery.'

Says Bill to Jack, 'how many legs would a calf have, calling the tail one?'

'Five,' answered Jack.

'No 'twouldn't neither,' says Bill, 'because, *calling* the tail one leg wouldn't make it so—would it?'

Jack mizzled.

Bill never permits his equanimity to be disturbed by a passionate woman.

'I will kill myself,' said a lady, in rage, to him one day; 'I am ready to die, and don't believe I ever shall be any *redder!*'

'I hopes not,' replied Bill, looking her in the face.

She didn't know which part of her sentence he meant to reply to.

CHIPS A POET.— When Chips' friend Robert Short died, the poor man was so afflicted that he took to drinking and poetry, and produced the following epitaph.

Bobby Short lies buried there,
He's left this world and gone to that are.

At a late Bible class examination, the master having asked, 'what is said of John the Baptist?' received the following answer:

'And this ere John came out of the wilderness, and he was clothed in cammomiles hair, and he was girt about the neck with a leather bridle, and his meat was locos and wild onions,'

There is a man down east whose teeth are so long, that he has been advised to sell them to the turners to make walking canes of.

A 'hard case' was interrogated the other a Sunday by a friend who had just seen him in church, but whom he now found swallowing a glass of brandy and water at a public bar room. 'I saw you in church this morning, listning very attentively to a discourse upon righteousness and temperance—how comes it that I now see you here drinking?'

'I always thirst *after* righteousness,' was the answer.

The following is a Yorkshire courtship in leap-year:—

Molly.—"Whoy doesn't thee spake, John?"

John.—"Whoy, what shud I say Molly?"

Molly.—"Whoy doesn't thee zay as thee do love me, John?"

John.—"Zo I does."

Molly.—"Whoy doesn't thee kiss me then?"

John.—"Zo I wool straight, Molly."

Extremes of Fashion.

A he friend, who would make a good man-miliner, threatens to take up the cause of Bustles, if we don't let the girls alone. He may do so as soon as he chooses, and bring all Bustledom at his back, and yet we shall continue to make light of bustles, and heavy of them—to make sport of them, and earnest of them—to make editorials of them, and *haters* of them, whenever we think proper. That word has "the bark on it," and if any one can knock it off he is at liberty to do so. We have been rather *funning* heretofore; but if our friend, or any body else, thinks we are meddling with what does not concern us as editors of a public journal, we shall strike up a different tune, and show him that it is chiefly as editors that it does concern us. He says there is neither gallantry, nor politeness, in attacking any portion of a lady's dress.—Better men and teachers than either he or ourselves, have entertained a different opinion.—He thinks that females are themselves the best judges of what is consistent with female modesty and beauty. A similar opinion was doubtless entertained in England in the reign of Queen Anne, when the bosoms of the ladies were either entirely exposed, or only covered by a thin shading of gause; and in France in the reign of Francis First, when ant-like waists and tub-hoops were in vogue, causing a satirist to remark, in a company of ladies, that their "*petticoats were no more petticoats than Dogene's tub was his breeches!*" He is of the opinion that fashions are seldom *ridiculous*, but merely *novel*—that they do not offend *good* taste, but only *previously formed* taste. This is a very common opinion: let us see, now, how it will stand the test of two or three examples. More than this will not be necessary to explode it. And that these examples may be *good* ones, we will go at once to France, called "the head-quarters of Fashion," and draw from her past.

In the thirteenth century, we learn from history, the daughters of the princes and nobles wore dresses of such prodigious length, that they were compelled to hold them up before whenever they walked. Suppose such dresses should be introduced now, say in the Queen city, among our own beautiful buckeye lasses, would they be merely *novel?* or would they not in reality, be *ridiculous?*

In the fourteenth century, the French ladies wore bonnets out of the sides of each of which protruded an immense pair of *horns!* And it has descended to us as matter of history, that the carpenters of that era were compelled to widen the doors of the houses, in order that the ladies might pass out and in without going sideways, or knocking their horns against the frames! When this head-dress was thrown aside, the ladies adopted a sugar-loaf hat, the height of which history places at an ell, or a yard and a quarter! And to the peak of this, we are told, were attached a couple of yards of lace-ribbon, which was left to float loose in the air. Were this hat to come into vogue now, would it be merely *novel?* Who will say that it would not be *ridiculous*, and outrageously so, too?

Again; should the bare bosoms of Queen Anne's time be met at fashionable parties next winter, would they only offend taste previously formed? or would they be offensive to *good* taste at all times? Were the exposures of Fanny Ellsler's limbs in this country in themselves offensive to good taste formed before she came among us? But this matter admits of no argument.

We class the bustle with the extremes of fashion which we have instanced, in kind only, not in degree. But its degree is bad enough, and we go dead against it. It may answer for such a monster as Richard Third to have a hump upon his back, but not for a lovely woman. God intended that the camel should carry one, and gave it to him. But to woman he gave symmetry, and when she destroys this, by hoops, bustles, or any thing of

the kind, she "deforms his work," and is amenable to ridicule, satire homily, or any other weapon of the press. In the language of Confucius, then—

"Strike to the hilt, McSwib! lay on, McDuff!
And damn'd be he who first cries, 'hold! enough!'
The day-star rages, and 'tis past a doubt
All Bustledom or Bedlam is let out!
Charge, Hong-a-ho ti, charge! On Kwang-fee, on!
And soon the Bustle's humpie reign is done."

GIMCRACKS.

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

A Dycing Puff.

Oh! think not my trousers were always as bad
As these at the moment upon me you see,
For age, on their beauty, has influence had—
Time whitens not only the head, but the knee.
Then turn not aside with derision and scorn;
They're seedy, I own, both behind and before:
Like the heart of the wearer, 'tis true they are torn—
Like his bosom, they've suffered full many a gore.

'But never despair,' says the confident sage,
And I, even I, am encouraged to hope;
For I found by the paper's advertisement page,
There's something still left us on earth besides soap.
Yes, here is the balsam that gladdens my eye—
Oh! can the alluring announcement be true?
A patent reviver, a species of dye,
Which makes an old coat look quite equal to new!

Oh, why in the world should we further go on,
When the lights are all out, that illumin'd our way,
When the tailors who trusted, are bankrupts and gone,
And cold ones insist upon punctual pay?
No, rather the garments I have, I'll still wear,
Than ask of the 'cold ones' a boon they'd deny;
They will not give credit!—at once I'll repair
To the mart for the patent reviver—and DYE!

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MATRIMONY.—An honest old fashioned gentlemen, of the Franklin school of philosophers, who wishes wives to be useful rather than merely ornamental appendages of a household, gives the following advice, which we commend to the particular attention of the fashionable young ladies of our day, who are candidates for the important state and condition of matrimony.

'No woman ought to be permitted to enter upon the duties of connubiality, without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, seat unwhisables; bake a loaf of bread, roast a joint of meat, broil a steak, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks, etcetera, for little responsibilities.'

In the upper part of the city of New York is the following curious sign, 'Washing, ironing, and going out to day's work, *done in the back room.*'

☞The Vermont Statesman says that a fellow in that neighborhood, commonly called the Little Beau," has been indicted for seducing three girls and a widow. The e should be two strings to that beau: one across his back and the other around his neck.

☞Frazer says—I certainly blame no lady who has been accustomed to the ordinary elegancies of life, for refusing to marry a poor man; but must beg my sweet friends to recollect, that though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Speaking in a hurry.—A messenger arrived in great haste, his eyes staring and his hair streaming in the wind—at an eastern city some years since—exclaiming at the top of his voice, "The Eliver Olsworth has b'iled her bu'ster,

Pass it Round.—"Indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest," was the sage advice of Washington. Pass round the sentiment, and with it the blessings upon the memory of its author.



THE GRISETTE.



THE DILETTANTI.

KISSING THE BRIDE.—Some thirty years ago, when the custom of kissing the bride was more in vogue among the ministers than at the present day, the congregation of old Mr. W., in one of our Western towns were much excited about their parson, on account of his indulging in such practices. They considered it unbecoming in their spiritual guide, and the deacons of the church were finally appointed to wait upon Mr. W. and remonstrate with him on his conduct in the particular referred to. They accordingly called at the house of the parson, and were received very kindly by the old gentleman, who listened patiently to their reasons why he should desist, but he told them that it was part of the ceremony, which he had rarely omitted, and one which he viewed as perfectly innocent, both in its perormance and its tendency. After discussing the subject for a length of time, the deacons, finding their arguments unavailing, attempted the force of ridicule. The parson bore it all very patiently, without making much reply, when one of the "commissioners," in reply to Mr. W., who said he always had and should "kiss the bride," asked him whether, in case the parties were colored, he would adhere to that rule. "No, no," said Mr. W., "whenever that occurs, I shall send for my deacons." The meeting was dissolved, and nothing more was ever heard against old Parson W's. saluting the bride.

THE PRESS.—Mighty in its influence over the minds of men, it should ever seek to improve and elevate society by the promulgation of truth in every form and under every circumstance. It wields a power above and beyond any other institution in this country.

☞They do say there's nothing new under the sun, but if there aint a new pair of stockings," said an old woman, as she took the last stitch, "then I'm mistaken, that's all."

INTERESTING ITEM.—Under this head a western editor informs his readers that his wife has presented him with twins, that his devil's got the measles, and that his press is to be sold by the sheriff.

☞He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for his bed-fellow.

☞"Two heads are better than one," as the cabbage head said to the lawyer.

His Principles.—"Feller citizens," said a stump orator lately, in Wisconsin, who was running for office, in the territorial legislature—feller citizens," if you elect me, my opposition to all sorts of banks shall be so strong that it will break the track of a large herd of Buffaloes! Volcanoes may pour out lava, reducing cities to smouldering ruins—earthquakes may engulph, in the vortex of premature destruction, large and populous Islands—cataracts may disgorge their aqueous contents, making nature tremble with the continuous effort—the thunder's stroke may prostrate the mightiest monuments ever raised by the combined aid of art and labor—the vivid and glaring flash of lightning may rend the sturdy oak of the forest, and make the lion-souled and iron-hearted quake with fear; but do you think, feller citizens, that all this would make me vote in favor of a bank?"

Every substance which *swims* on water displaces as much of the water as is exactly equal to its own *weight;* but when a substance *sinks* in water, it displaces water equal to its *bulk.*—*Ex. paper.*

When a substance *absorbs* water, what does it do?—*Wash. Index.*

It does perfectly right, according to strict temperance principles.—*Picayune.*

Mr. Index, how do you feel, "about now?"

'ALL FOR LOVE."—The strongest case of love and devotion of which we recollect to have heard, is that of a Kentucky gallant, who got into a hollow tree, where he lived a whole week, peeping through a knot hole at his true love, as she sat sewing bear-skin petticoats at her window.

"SOVEREIGN REMEDIES."—For the gout, toast and water; hooping cough, ipecacuanha; bile, exercise; corns, easy shoes; blue devils, employment; rheumatism, new flannel and patience; toothache, extraction; debt, retrenchment; love, matrimony.

"I enter into your feelings," as the tad-pole replied to the gosling.

"I should like to get a peep," as the setting hen remarked to her eggs.

"I must present my bill first," as the chicken replied to the setting hen.

"Wait till I'm ready to shell out," replied the old hen to the chicken.

"A *tear* of affection," as the husband said when his wife tore his coat off.

"Do leave me *a loan*," as the merchant said to the shaver.

"Oh! what a *fall* was there, my countrymen," as John Bull exclaimed when he got home after visiting Niagara.

RABID CANINE ANIMALS—"Hydrophobia!" said a well-known and very eccentric cry worthy—"well, they talk a great deal about this disease, and now they have sent out a man and a cart to catch dogs and kill them; but I never saw a mad dog put into the cart. They don't touch the dangerous dogs, but they pick up such as are sure to be paid for and redeemed. The dog catchers idea is not what dog is dangerous, but what dog is profitable. A vagabond cur may run along in freedom, while innocent little lap-dogs are dragged out of hall doors and open windows. The ladies must have their favorites back, and the fine is readily paid. But another thing I have observed: In spite of all this outcry, I doubt whether dogs go mad at all, and if they do, whether they are at all dangerous. You will never see a fine, well kept dog go mad; no, it is only the *rabid* animals that are ever troubled with hydrophobia!"

We may not name the worthy individual who uttered these words, but they are set down *verbatim.*—*Picayune.*

A BAD COLD.—The following dialogue positively occurred as stated. The cold weather had stopped up the nasal orifices of the parties, we suppose, and made them speak just as all of us would actually have to, were we deprived of the respitary use of our noses in speaking.

"I sgv-er, bister, car jew tell-er, fellow, what that boath ith, cubbing dowd yudder?" yawed a 'soaplock to a flat boatman, at our landing, on Monday.

"Ye-as, fellow, dab be," replied the imitative boatman, "that ar's-er the-er a-er steabboat, fellow, pod-odah."

"Quoit likely, iddevidual. I didit take it-er for a flat boat. But-er, I say-er, do you or dow who cobbands it, ad-er where it's goig?"

"Yes-ar, it's cobbaded by-er the-r cabtig, ad is goig dowd-er the river."

"Goo dite, iddevidual, Oi thank you for the-r id-forbashed," concluded soaplock, as, he waddled un-

DISHING UP THE WORLD.—It was, we think, the celebrated Corporal Streeter, who flourished coeval with Josephus, that pointed a moral in the following way. "A plate was placed before a Pig and a young Dog, well loaded with savory scraps and sweet bones, for their mutual solace. The pig, with a mild and benignant aspect, approached the repast, and with a polite grunt to his croney, at once thrust his snout into the very midst of the abundance before them. Not so the dog. He began to snap at his sedate friend and growled fiercely instead of entering directly into the grateful competition. But never a moment stopped the pig—not he. The dog bit his ears and he squealed, *but he kept his jaws at work.* If the dog hurt him, he acknowledged the notice with a proportionate squeak; but if he only growled and snapped, he only grunted a complacent reply—as much as to say 'go ahead you little fool—you make a fuss while I make a full dinner.'"

Every time we look straight ahead, and take a survey of the past, we think if there is no future world there is little use of living in this. If there be not something gained by bearing "ills that flesh is heir to" beyond all earthly enjoyment, we would advise our fellow mortals to patronise the rope factories.—*Wheeling Argus.*

Here's a fellow, now! When he looks *straight ahead* he takes a survey of the *past,* and sees nothing in perspective but—a rope! Exquisite!

CAPTURE OF GEN. PRESCOTT.

In the month of November, 1776, Major Gen. Lee was surprised and taken prisoner, by a detachment of British troops. With a view to procure the exchange of that valuable officer, William Barton, then a Major in the Rhode Island line, in the service of the continental Congress, and one of the most daring and patriotic soldiers of the revolution, projected the bold and adventurous expedition which is the subject of the following narrative.

Some months elapsed after the capture of Gen. Lee, before an opportunity offered of effecting the object which Major Barton had in view. In the month following that of the capture of Gen. Lee, the enemy took possession of the islands of Rhode Island, Canonicut, and Prudence. Major Barton was then stationed at Tiverton, and for some months anxiously watched the motions of the enemy, with but feeble prospect of obtaining the opportunity he desired.

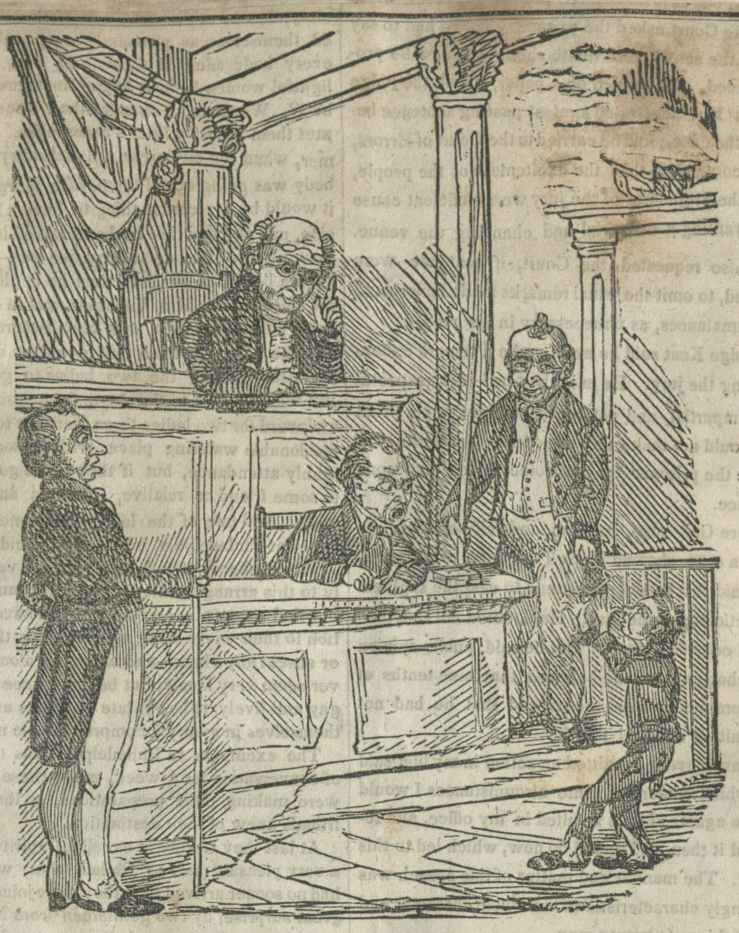
At length, on the 20th June, 1777, a man by the name of Coffin, who made his escape from the British, was seized by some of the American troops and carried to Major Barton's quarters.—**Major Barton availed himself of the opportunity to inquire respecting the disposition of the British forces. Coffin on examination,** stated that Major General Richard Prescott had established his head quarters on the west side of Rhode Island, and described minutely the situation of the house in which he resided, which he said was owned by a Mr. Pering. His account was a few days after corroborated by a deserter from the ranks of the enemy. Major Barton was now confirmed in his belief of the practicability of effecting his favorite object:—but serious obstacles were first to be encountered and removed. Neither his troops, nor their commander, had been long inured to service; and the intended enterprize was of a nature so novel as it was hazardous. Besides, Major Barton was aware that the undertaking, should it prove unsuccessful, would be pronounced rash and unadvised, and, in its consequences, though his life might be preserved, be followed by degredation and disgrace. Moreover, to involve in the consequences of an enterprize, devised and undertaken without previous consultation with his superiors in rank, the interest and perhaps the lives of a portion of his brave countrymen, was a subject that excited reflections calculated to damp the ardor and appal the courage of the bravest minds. Still, however, upon mature reflection, aided by a consciousness that its only motive was the interest of his country, he resolved to hazard his reputation and his life in the attempt.

The regiment to which Major Barton was attached, was commanded by Col. Stanton, a respectable and wealthy farmer in Rhode Island, who, in the spirit of the times, had abandoned the culture of his farm and the care of his family, and put at hazard his property and his life in defence of his country. To this gentleman, Major Barton communicated his plan, and solicited permission to carry it into execution. Col. Stanton readily authorized him 'to attack the enemy when and where he pleased.' Several officers in the confidence of Major Barton, were then selected from the regiment for the intended expedition, on whose abilities and bravery he could rely. These gentlemen were informed by Major Barton, that he had in contemplation an enterprize which would be attended with great personal hazard to himself and his associates; but which, if success attended it, would be productive of much advantage to the country. Its particular object, he stated, would be seasonably disclosed to them. It was at their option to accept or decline his invitation to share with him in the dangers, and, as he trusted, in the glory that would attend the undertaking. The personal bravery of Major Barton had been previously tested; and such was the confidence and esteem which he had acquired among the officers under his command, that without insisting upon a previous development of his plans, his proposal was immediately accepted. Major Barton experienced more difficulty in obtaining the necessary number of boats, as there were but two in the vicinity. But this difficulty, though it caused a few day's delay, was at length obviated, and five whale boats were procured and fitted for service. Major Barton had purposely postponed procuring the necessary number of men until the last moment, from an apprehension that their earlier selection might excite suspicion, and defeat the object of their enterprize. Desirous that this little band might be composed entirely of volunteers, the whole regiment was now ordered upon parade. In a short, but animated address, Major Barton informed the soldiers that he projected an expedition against the enemy, which could be effected only by the heroism and bravery of those who should attend him; that he desired the voluntary assistance of about forty of their number, and directed those 'who would hazard their lives in the enterprize, to advance two paces in front.' Without one exception, or a moment's hesitation, the whole regiment advanced. Major Barton, after bestowing upon the troops the applause they merited, and stating that he required the aid of but a small portion of their number, commenced upon the right, and passing along the lines, selected from the regiment to the number of thirty-six, those who united to bravery and discipline a competent knowledge of seamanship, for the mananement of the boats. Having thus obtained an adequate number of officers and men, and every thing being ready, the party on the 4th of July, 1777, embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. While crossing Mount Hope Bay, there arose a severe storm of thunder and rain, which seprrated three boats from that of their commander. The boat containing Major Barton, and one other, arrived at Bristol soon after midnight Major Barton proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he found a deserter who had just made his escape from the enemy at Rhode Island. From this man he learned that there had been no alteration for the last few days in the position of the British. On the morning of the fifth, the remaining boats having arrived, Major Barton, with his officers, went to Hog Island, not far distant from Bristol, and within view of the British encampment and shipping. It was at this place that he disclosed to his officers the particular object of the enterprize, his reasons for attempting it, and the part each was to perform. Upon reconnoitering the position of the enemy, it was thought impracticable, without great hazard of capture, to proceed directly from Bristol to the head-quarters of the British General. It was determined, therefore, to make Warwick Neck, a place opposite to the British encampment, but at a greater distance than Bristol, the point from which they should depart immediately for Rhode Island. The most inviolable secrecy was enjoined upon his officers by Major Barton, and they returned to Bristol.

On the evening of the 6th, about 9 o'clock, the little squadron again sailed, and crossing Narraganset Bay, landed on Warwick Neck. On the 7th, the wind changing to E N. E. brought on a storm, and retarded their plan. On the 9th, the weather being pleasant, it was determined to embark for the island. The boats were now numbered, and the place of every officer and soldier assigned. At 9 o'clock in the evening, Major Barton assembled his little party around him, and in a short but spirited address, in which were mingled the feelings of the soldier and the man, he disclosed to them the object of the enterprize.—He did not attempt to conceal the danger and difficulties that would inevitably attend the undertaking; nor did he forget to remind them, that should their efforts be followed by success, they would be entitled to, and would receive, the grateful acknowledgment of their country. 'It is probable,' said he, 'that some of us may not survive the daring attempt; but I ask you to hazard no dangers which will not be shared with you by your commander; and I pledge to you my honor, that in every difficulty and danger I will take the lead.' He received the immediate and unanimous assurance of the whole party, that they would follow wherever their beloved commander should lead them. Major Barton then reminding them how much the success of the enterprize depended upon their strict attention to orders, directed that each individual should confine himself to his particular seat in the boat assigned him, and that not a syllable should be uttered by any one. He instructed them, as they regarded their character as patriots and soldiers, that in the hour of danger they should be firm, collected, and resolved fearlessly to encounter the dangers and difficulties that might assail them He concluded by offering his earnest petition to the Great King of Armies, that he would smile upon their intended enterprize, and crown it with success. The whole party now proceeded to the shore —Major Barton had reason to apprehend that he might be discovered in his passage from the main to Rhode Island, by some of the ships of war that lay at a small distance from shore. He therefore directed the commanding officer at Warwick Neck, that if he heard the report of three distinct muskets, to send boats to the north end of Prudence Island to his aid. The whole party now took possession of the boats in the manner directed. That which contained Major Barton was posted in front, with a pole about ten feet long fixed in her stern, to the end of which was attached a handkerchief, in order that his boat might be distinguished from the others, and that none might go before it. In this manner they proceeded between the Islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that they might not be seen by the shipping of the enemy that lay off against Hope Island. While passing, the north end of Prudence Island, they heard from the sentinel on board the shipping of the enemy, the cry of 'all's well.' As they approached the shore of Rhode Island, a noise like the running of horses was heard, which threw a momentary consternation over the minds of the whole party; but in strict conformity to the orders issued, not a word was spoken by any one. A moment's reflection satisfied Major Barton of the utter impossibility that his designs could be known by the enemy, and *he pushed boldly for the shore.* Apprehensive that if discovered, the enemy might attempt to cut off his retreat, Major Barton ordered one man to remain in each boat, and be prepared to depart at a moment's warning. The reflections of Major Barton at this interesting moment, were of a nature the most painful. The lapse of a few hours would place him in a situation in the highest degree gratifying to his ambition, or overwhelm him in the ruin in which his rashness would involve him. In the solemn silence of night, and on the shores of the enemy, he paused a moment to consider a plan which had been projected and matured amidst the bustle of a camp and in a place of safety. The night was excessively dark, and a stranger to the country, his sole reliance upon a direct and expeditious movement to the head-quarters of a British General, so essential to success, rested upon the imperfect information he had acquired from deserters from the enemy! Should he surprise and secure General Prescott, he was aware of the difficulties that would attend his conveyance to the boat; the probability of an early and fatal discovery of his design by the troops upon the island; and even if he should succeed in reaching the boats, it was by no means improbable that the alarm might be seasonably given to the shipping, to prevent his retreat to the main. But regardless of circumstances, which even then would have afforded an apology for a hasty retreat, he resolved at all hazards to attempt the accomplishment of his designs.

To the head-quarters of General Prescott, about a mile from the shore, a party in five divisions now proceeded in silence. There was a door on the south, the east and west sides of the house in which he resided. The first division was ordered to advance upon the south door, the second the west, and the third the east, the fourth to guard the road, and the fifth to act on emergencies. In their march, they passed the guard house of the enemy, on their left, and on their right a house occupied by a company of cavalry, for the purpose of carrying with expedition the orders of the General to remote parts of the island. On arriving at the head-quarters of the enemy, as the gate of the front yard was opened, they were challenged by a sentinel on guard. The party was at the distance of twenty-five yards from the sentinel, but a row of trees partially concealed them from his view, and prevented him from determining their number. No reply was made to the challenge of the sentinel, and the party proceeded on in silence. The sentinel again demanded, 'Who comes there.' 'Friends,' replied Barton, 'Friends,' says the sentinel, 'advance and give the countersign.'

Major Barton affecting to be angry, said to the sentinel who was now near him, 'Damn you, we have no countersign—have you seen any rascals



THE NEWSBOY AND THE MAGISTRATE.

A more sturdy, uncompromising, spirited, independent, and unmanageable set of fellows do not exist, than the New York news-boys. Their determination to be dealt with justly is as strong as their sense of right, and the consequence is, that they are hard customers. When an effort was made to stop the sale of Sunday papers, they were threatened without the slightest effect, for the number, respectability, and eagerness of their customers, was the only proof they wanted, that the sale could not be stopped.

The only law they regarded was public opinion, and that was clearly in their favor, as the result has shown.

Whatever annoyance the news-boys may have been in certain cases, and the young gentlemen do sometimes go for the largest liberty, who would be in favor of dispensing with them altogether? Few, we imagine, for New York would seem dull enough without them, and we should lose one of the strongest features of its society.

We see a news-boy every day, in Ann street, who, if there is any thing in the common indications of character, will die worth a million of dollars. There is another that bids fair to be a sporting man of the first water, and make a splendid dash in the world of fashion—another, a handsome black-eyed little fello r, is certainly destined to be another Don Giovanni, making love to all the ladies—and a fourth will either be a great philosopher, or a very great rascal, we can't make up our mind which.

to-night?' and before the sentinel could determine the character of those who approached him, Major Barton had seized his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and threatened, in case of noise or resistance, to put him to instant death. The poor fellow was so terrified, that upon being demanded if his General was in the house, he was for some time unable to give any answer. At length in a faltering voice, he replied that he was. By this time each division having taken its station, the south door was burst open by the direction of Major Barton, and the division there stationed, with their commander at their head, rushed into the head-quarters of the General.—At this critical moment, one of the British soldiers effected his escape, and fled to the quarters of the main guard. This man had no article of clothing upon him but a shirt; and having given the alarm to the sentinel on duty passed on to the quarters of the cavalry which was more remote from the head-quarters of the general. The sentinel roused the main guard who were instantly in arms, and demanded the cause of alarm. He tated the information which had been given him by the soldier, which appeared so incredible to the sergeant of the guard that he insisted that he had seen a ghost. The sentinel, to whom the account of the General's capture appeared quite as incredible as to his commanding officer, admitted that the messenger was clothed in white; and after submitting to the jokes of his companions, as a punishment for his credulity, was ordered to resume his station, while the remainder of the guard retired to their quarters. It was fortunate for Major Barton and his brave followers, that the alarm given by the soldier was considered groundless. Had the main-guard proceeded without delay to the relief of their commanding General, his rescue certainly, and probably the destruction of the party, would have been the consequence.

The first room Major Barton entered was occupied by Mr. Pering, who positively denied that Gen. Prescott was in the house. He next entered the room of his son, who was equally obstinate with his father in denying that the General was there. Major Barton then proceeded to other apartments, but was still disappointed in the object of his search. Aware that longer delay might defeat the object of his enterprize, Major Barton resorted to stratagem to facilitate his search. Placing himself at the head of the stairway, and declaring his resolution to secure the General dead or alive, he ordered his soldiers to set fire to the house. The soldiers were preparing to execute his orders, when a voice, which Major Barton at once suspected to be the General's demanded what's the matter? Major Barton rushed to the apartment from whence the voice proceeded, and discovered an elderly man just rising from his bed, and clapping his hand upon his shoulder, demanded of him if he was General Prescott. He answered 'Yes, sir' 'You are my prisoner, then,' said Major Barton. 'I acknowledge that I am,' said the General. In a moment, General Prescott found himself half dressed, in the arms of the soldiers, who hurried him from the house. In the mean time Major Barrington, the Aid to General Prescott, discovering that the house was attacked by the Rebels, as the enemy termed them, leaped from the window of his bed-chamber, and was immediately secured a prisoner. General Prescott, supported by Major Barton and one of his officers, and attended by Major Barrington and the sentinel, proceeded, by the soldiery, to the shore. Upon seeing the five little boats, General Prescott, who knew the position of the British shipping, appeared much confused, and turning to Major Barton, inquired if he commanded the party. On being informed that he did, he expressed a hope that no personal injury was intended him; and Major Barton assured the General of his protection, while he remained under his control.

The General had travelled from head-quarters to the shore in his waistcoat, small-clothes and slippers. A moment was now allowed him to complete his dress, while the party were taking possession of the boats. The General was placed in the boat with Major Barton, and they proceeded for the main.

They had not got far from the island, when the discharge of cannon and three sky-rockets gave the signal for alarm. It was fortunate for the party that the enemy on board the shipping were ignorant of the cause of it, who might have easily cut off their retreat. The signal of alarm excited the apprehensions of Major Barton and his brave associates, and redoubled their exertions to reach the point of their destination before they could be discovered. They succeeded, and soon after daybreak landed at Warwick Neck, near the point of their departure, after an absence of six hours and a half.

General Prescott turned towards the island, and observing the ships of war, remarked to Major Barton, 'Sir, you have made a damn'd bold push to-night. 'We have been fortunate,' replied the hero. An express was immediately sent forward to Major-General Spencer, at Providence, communicating the success which had attended the enterprize. Not long afterwards a coach arrived, which had been dispatched by General Spencer, to convey General Prescott and his Aid-de-camp prisoners to Providence. They were accompanied by Major Barton, who related to General Spencer, on their arrival, the particulars of the enterprize. and received from that officer the most grateful acknowledgments for the signal services he had rendered to his country.

Poetry.

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost grey;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she looks as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip, it smiles,—
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
'Two towels and a spoon.'

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed up it with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;)
'Ah!' said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
'What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!?

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME

Farewell to the home of my childhood,
Farewell to the cottage and vine;
I can go to the land of the stranger,
When pleasure alone will be mine.
When life's fleeting journey is over,
And earth again mingles with earth,
I can rest in the land of the stranger
As well as in that of my birth.

Yes these were my feelings at parting,
But absence soon altered their tone,
The cold hand of sickness came o'er me,
And I wept o'er my sorrows alone.
No friend came round me to cheer me,
No parents to soften my grief,
No brother nor sister were near me,
And strangers could give no relief.

'Tis true that it matters but little,
Though living the thought makes me pine,
Whatever befals the poor relic,
When the spirit hath flown from its shrine.
But oh! when life's journey is over,
And earth again mingles with earth,
Lamented or not still my wish is
To rest in the land of my birth.

GIMCRACKS.

THE LAND OF THE FREE.

Faix I'm out of concait, wid rulers and spakers,
Who grab every fardin you save from de hod;
So hooray! for de land of de bowld fightin quakers,
Where ye turn up de goold dust by spadin de sod.
Ther's no ailen, or wailen—no hangin for stailen,
But whiskey like milk from their birth to de grave:
No humbuggin bread pill—no murderin tread mills,
In de land of de free, an de home of de brave.

It's there ye'll behowld de famed mines of Golcondy,
Wid diamonds an rubies, an imiralds grane,
All guarded an kept, by a fierce Anny condy;
But when he's aslape can't ye pocket de same.
Should you stale, or go furder, wid a bit of rough murder,
No harrum but sport, will de jury concaive,
They'll bring ye in crazy, and lit ye aff aisy,
In de land of de free, an de home of de brave.

Ye may go to de President's house wihout letthers,
And exclaim "faugh a ballock" to all in de way,
He'll immediately ax ye to dine wid ye'r betters,
Or insist upon havin ye'r company for tay.
Bloody nouns! but de girrels, wid dere black eyes an currels,
If dey wink at ye once, burnint brandy won't save,
Ye may snaik from de Sheriffs, but beware of de seraphs,
In de land of de free, an de home of de brave.

Somebody has written a very clever little thing about a *dreaming Editor*—alias "*Genuine Slumbering.*" We have often slumbered and dreamed and dashed off editortals at an amazing rate, "little dreaming" that "'twas all a dream!"

GENIUS SLUMBERING."

Long o'er his papers the editor poured:
Exchanges were dull—and the editor snored;
Soft as the June breezes played in his hair,
He dreamed of that land where the earth-quakers are;
And swift as the deaths of the hurricane come,
The paragraphs flew from his finger and thumb;
Fair cities he sank in the bottomless sea,
And toppled down mountains in glorious glee,
Volcanoes were raging—he stood on the brink,
And dipped his steel pen in their lava for ink;
On the valleys that slumbered in beauty below,
He wrote down the curses that stamped them with woe.
O little he needed of others to borrow,
As he murmured in sleep, "What a paper to-morrow!"

Robert Tannehill, a Scotch poet, is the author of pretty little epigram on woman:

"Nature impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice then to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

WILL YOU TAKE A SHEEP.—A valuable friend, and an able farmer, about the time that temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly-hired man,

"Jonathan, I did not mention to you when I hired you, that I think of doing my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Joathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said "Father, will you give me a sheep, if I do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep, if you do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep, if I will do without it too."

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep, if you do without rum.

Presently Chandler speaks again—

"Father hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" yet; but the appeal was from a source not to be disregarded. The result was, the demon was henceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

"I should like to get a peep," as the setting hen remarked to her eggs.

"I must present my bill first," as the chicken replied to the setting hen.

"Wait till I'm ready to shell out," replied the old hen to the chicken.

A young sprig from New York visited the Shakers at Lebanon the other day, and as he was wandering through the village, encountered a stout heavy specimen of the sect, and thus accosted him: "Well, broad brim, are you much of a *Shaker?*" "Nay," said the other, "not overmuch, but I can do a little that way." So he seized the astonished Gothamite by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.—*N. Y. Au.*

"Good morning, Toby; where do you come from? "I've just been to witness the trial of Miss Hamblin, the celebrated actress, who has been *starring* it at the South lately, charged with having shot 'a gentleman of the boards.'"

"Ay! I understand; she is a *shooting star*, then!" "Yes; but she is in rather 'a bad fix' at present." "You're right there; she's a fixed tar now."

AA! HA! EA!—"Is he alive," inquired a little boy the other day as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a resturat.

"Alive!" exclaimed a fat man, who was also looking at the fat monster with intense interest, "sartingly boy; He acts like a live turtle don't he?"

"Why, yes; he acts like one," answered the little querist; "but I didn't know but be might be *makin' b'lieve.*"—*Phil. Chron.*

VIRTUE OF THE SPRINGS.—A lady took a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he *did* think the springs would be useful? "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he looked at the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs, and the sooner you apply the remedy the better, "You really think it would be good for the dear little things don't you? "Upon my word, it is the best remedy I know of." "What springs would you recommend doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water."

☞ "You seem to be full of the milk of human kindness," as the monkey said when he sucked the cocoa nut.

MOVING.—"I move to remove the available moveables!" was the moving expression of the removing bank cashier.

☞ "I wish to introduce a *bill* for the prevention of worms," as the red-headed woodpecker said to the apple tree.

☞ It is better to mind one's own concerns than to be concerned about the concerns that concern others.

☞ Avxzlmruxdinwrogel, a Dutch Prince, has arrived at Chicago. Streeter says that he split two pens in writing his name. We do not perceive, however, that the Corporal has lost a *pinion.*

WILD GIRLS.—Girls run wild in the woods of Michigan, says the Sunday Mercury. They live on browse and pigeon berries; and when they are caught in the fall they are as fat and plump as partridges.

☞ One editor says he has "*no ideas to conceal!*" an assertion which his contemporary observes he is not disposed to dispute!

☞ Du Solle says that he never knew a public festival of any importance in this country, at which *the women* were not *drunk!*

"Daddy is you got much bank stock?"

"No, Tom, not a bit."

"Well, then, is bank stock got any father, hey!"

"Fudge! boy, what nonsense."

"Nonsense! you be darn'd—arn't this paper go sum'thn, ast says the Virginia Bank stock won't go for *par*, no how you can fix it? Fury and scissors! don't I know what *par* is."

MERMAID SEEN NEAR EXMOUTH, ENGLAND, BY A LARGE PARTY.



ANTICIPATION.

This cold world of ours, amidst its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over man the hoar frosts of a soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering oasis in the drear wilderness of sorrows. A ray of heavenly sunshine that gleams occasionally thro' the woe beclouded darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted from those we love—love dearer, oh! dearer than life itself? And has the separation insulated us, cut us off from every other facility, and left us sad and alone, though in the midst of cheerful faces. Has it made us aliens and srrangers amidst the crowd that surrounds us; with no other hold upon its good feeling than the stranger's kindness? There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene, for the isolated heart has found in every acquaintance a friend, in every heart evidence of kind feeling! but above all, there is, in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in the rainbow of hope, which naught but despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again the object of all that the heart prizes in its affections! Anticipation! Thou art the sweetener of this bitter life. 'Tis thou that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart and chasest away the sorrows that intrude themselves upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest 'the sting from adieu;' that learnest us to forget the burning bitterness of the last 'farewell, and God bless you,' in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory, 'we shall meet ere long.'

'Tis thou that learns the heart its flight
From present woe to hoped delight.'

There is not in human sensibility, so bright a ministration of happiness as this. To be assured amid the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there is one who thinks of you; one who communes with your sorrows and weeps over them though distant; and who will shortly hover over you with the consolation which affection can alone impart, is an emotion which no one can appreciate, but he who has felt it.

A LOVE LETTER.

PETTINGILLTOWN, June tu, 1842.

Dear Josier—It's now goin on three long and dreery years sense you've been out there in Lucyana among Injins, musketeers, yaller fever and other heathens, and I really du believe I shall have to cum out and see you if you don't cum and see me—I can't stand it much longer no how. I shouldn't know you was in the land of the livin at all if it wasn't for the newspapers you sumtimes send to me—they don't do a bit of good only I don't want you to stop sending on 'em. Now you must cum home this summer and ease my mind, 'cause Liddy Bigerlow is goin to git married in Orgust and I olwers said I should be married fust. I would send out some shirts and a pair of nankeen trowsers Ive been a making for you, only there's no chance. You haint forgot that airly apple tree right behind the barn have you? It hangs this year fuller than ever, and they'll be as meller as meal in six weeks—jest about the time you arrive.

Your affeckshunate
RUTH PETTINGILL.

P. S. There's bin grate changes here. Our old cider mill is tore down and they're building a new one, besides we've dismissed our minister and Nancy Tuttle has married Jack Stairns. You cant have no ideer what changes there has been, and in addishun we have already commenced fat-in the old gobbler agin you git hum.

☞ False happiness is like false money: it passes for the time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasion; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

THE SAILOR'S VOW.

The winds may blow their fiercest blast
And loud may peal the thunder,
Split may be our very mast,
And all our sails asunder.
The sea may roll like mountsins high,
And shoot their vengeance to the sky,
Our bark a helmless wreck may be,
Yet, then, my love, I'll think on thee,—
Thee, only, I'll remember.

When blood and carnage stalk around,
And death-fraught cannons rattle,
Thy parting vows shall heal each wound,
And soothe the rage of battle;
Though foe on foe, like wave on wave,
May hem me round, no life I'll crave,
But with my life in jeopardy,
I'll think my love alone on thee,—
Thee, only, I'll remember.

Had I now wealth at my command,
If beauty fluttered round me,
Thy charms should be my magic wand,
No other should confound me.
In burning clime or icy pole,
My thoughts towards thee still will roll;
Thou shalt my soul's bright pole-star be,
My heart will ever turn to thee,—
Thee, only, I'll remember.'

THE PRESS.

This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence,
To chain, is treason against sense;
And Liberty, thy thousand tongues,
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those who use the gag's restraint,
First rob before they stop complaint.

A BURST UP.—A young lady named Betsey Ann, recently went to a ball with a bladder tightly blown up, for a bustle. A gentleman accidentally ran against her and burst the bladder, restoring her charotic form to its usual proportions. The report was heard all over town.

Excitement.

The season of political excitement is again upon us. The great leaders of the great parties are already marshalling their forces for the conflict, and we shall have exciting times, perhaps, until the next Presidential election. We are in favor of excitements, whether partial or general. They tend to the accomplishment of purposes which might otherwise remain unaffected—keep the physical and intellectual energies in a healthy action, and prevent a stupifying dormancy from fastening upon the mind. By constant action the flowing fountain is rendered and kept pure: without excitement the ocean itself would become stagnant. Tempests, tornadoes and thunder storms are but the excitement of the elements, arousing them from a sickening stupor, and giving new purity to the atmosphere. Occasional excitement is not only natural but absolutely necessary to man. When his spirits become so weighed down by sorrow, sickness, or embarrassment, as to be no longer susceptible of excitement, he gradually decays, and finally dies, like a cup of water taken from a living spring. It is to drive away the occasional monotomy of the mind, that men frequently court the pleasures of the inebriating bowl, and thus keep themselves continually excited, which is as bad and indeed much worse than no relief whatever.

A young man in health, with the blood coursing rapidly through his veins, is naturally fired with sufficient ambition to be subject to moments of mirth an merriment, without having recourse to artificial stimulants; and if he meddles with them he may rest assured that he is snapping links from the farther extremity of life's chain. But if, on the contrary, he should disdain them, and let natural excitements perform their offices, till he shall have arrived at that period when they begin to fail—when earthly pleasures decay—when the soul grows weary of an unbroken dulness—then, perhaps, "a drop of something now and then" would remove the goal of life's pilgrimage to a desirable distance beyond the limits of manhood. It is said of the famous Indian chief Red Jacket, that he lived to be a hundred years old, and yet for the last twenty years of his life he was almost continually in a state of intoxication; but he was temperate in his earlier days. At the age of eighty, he thought the body too sound to be thrown away, although the spirit had almost flown, and by this method of excitement he firmly believed that he rendered it a fit dwelling of the soul for twenty years longer.

Excitements should take their free and natural course. If they prematurely fail to operate, and an alternative is resorted to, be guided by moderation—beware of excess!

SOLDIER AND THE INDIAN.

A soldier in the American army, belonging to Weston, N. Y. about the time Gen. Brock was killed in battle, was on a scouting party one day. Being a man of courage, enterprize, and sagacity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy For this purpose he ventured to separate from his companions. In the course of his reconnoitering alone, in the open field, he approached a wood, the under brush of which was very thick. His watchful eye discovered what he supposed to be some animal among the bushes. He immediately saw his mistake—it was an Indian crawling on his hands and feet, with his rifle in his hand, and watching the soldier, evidently with the intention of advancing sufficiently near to make him a sure mark. For the soldier to retreat was now impossible; he thought he could not escape, and he remembered too, that his father had told him never to return with a *backside wound*. He pretended not to see the Indian, and walked slowly towards him, with his gun cocked by his side, carefully observing all his movements. They approached nearer and nearer; at length he saw the Indian bringing the gun to his shoulder—at that instant the soldier fell to the ground—the ball whistled its deadly music over his head. The soldier lay motionless. The Indian uttered the dreadful yell which signifies the death of an enemy, and drawing the bloody scalping knife, (but forgetting to re-load his piece,) advanced with hasty strides, thirsting for murder, and anticipating the reward for the scalp. The soldier, motionless permitted him to approach within ten paces, he then with the utmost composure sprung upon his feet. The savage stood aghast! The soldier with deliberate aim, put two balls directly through his heart. A hoarse groan was the only sound that issued from the fallen savage. This son of the forest was at least six feet, five inches in height. The soldier took the Indian's rifle, returned to the camp, and sold it for 25 dollars.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as the creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects and aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outlines of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world with all its pageantry of pomp and power, is crumbling into dust—that the present life is scarcely deserving of a single thought excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts either a prudent or a rational part, who frames his plans with a direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and perverted the will, and debased the affections that man never fails to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desire and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit. Vain thought! How little they know themselves! The soul is not of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, its purity tarnished and its 'glory changed,' it will always be a prisoner here. Send it forth if you will, to range through the whole material universe; and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place of rest—for it has no resting place but the *bosom of God*.

HARD TIMES.—'Well, Joe, what luck?' inquired a boy the other day of a little shaver, who was coming up from the wharf with an angle over his shoulders and an empty basket by his side.—'Oh, bad enough; such desperate hard times the fish won't bite.' We came away with the impression if the bad times have got down to the fish, we must be pretty near the bottom of them.

Why is a certain popular belle like the hub of a cart wheel? Because she is surrounded by felloes.

"Walk in and be *shaved*," as the broker said to the man who was reading his sign.

Greenlanders suppose that thunder is caused by two old women flapping seal skins in the moon; and the Aurora Borealis owing to the spirits of their fathers frisking at the foot ball.

"I would rather not take a horn now," said the loafer to the mad bull—but the bull insisted on treating, and the loafer got quite high.

to night?' and before the sentinel could deter-

The



GIMCRACKS.

A PICTURE.

Twas in the early morning
When dews were glittering bright and fai
And some, the leaves adorning,
Fell sparkling in her hair,
O, gems of morning, far more bright
Than jewels worn to shine in night!
And so the maiden tripp'd to fill
The pig trough with a pail of swill!

INDEPENDENCE.

"Place me on Scotland's bleakest hill,
Provided I can pay my bill,
Stay every thought of sorrow;
There falling sleet, or frost or rain
Attack a soul resolved, in vain—
It may be fair tomorrow,

MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGES.—A London pape gives the followiug review of the matrimoni market:

The demand for hands has been flat. Ring have been heavy, and so were not fingered. Ac ceptances were at a discount—offers fluctua ting. "Yes's" were in plenty, but no takers Kisses were literally showered on new visiters Hearts that were to be had for love went off un steadily, and, in some cases, at considerable risk; those with high interest eagerly sought for, though in many cases, at a great risk of happiness.

Banns might have been had by asking for but licences kept their prices—there were very few transactions in this stock. Smiles and squeezes were unchangeable at par, and one gentleman who speculated boldly in foot touches, met with favorable returns. Sighs latterly were heavy, but small-talk continued throughout the season. Bright eyes looked up occasionally, but soon fell again, though business continued to be done in blushes, silly looks were not in demand, but free-and-easies rose to a high premium, and drove genuine modesty almost out of the market.

Maternal frowns were in considerable quantities, and prevented, it is thought, many imprudent bargains from being settled. Scandal kept its usual high ground; and more transactions occurred in that line than in the three others put together. Serenades—particularly of wind instruments, were in great demand during the equinox.

Slights were complained of by many dealers. On the whole, at the close of the session and markets, the single per cents were not much reduced, as compared with proceedings of former years; and there was a sluggishness in even improper flirtations, which had no doubt its share in casting a gloom and monotony over the general course of the Exchange.

If a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the highest way is just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

She who makes her husband and her children happy; who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose only ocaupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

THE COQUETTE.

There's fair Eugenia, laughing, young,
The theme and praise of every tongue;
I've worshipp'd at her shrine, and now
She turns a deaf ear to my vow!

In truth she is a flirting queen,
As ever yet on earth was seen!
The veriest jilt, I e'er did see;
The very soul of coquettry.

I've sat by her, and sang her charms!
In hopes she'd take me to her arms;
I've said her eye was azure blue,
I've said her teeth were ivory, too.

I've said her lips were rubies bright,
Her skin, like snow, so passing white!
I've said her cheeks look'd like the rose!
Her flowing locks, as black as sloes.

In vain I every art essay'd,
To gain the fickle, beauteous maid,
And, as I'd overrate each grace,
She'd raise her arm,—and slap my fac!

[From the Lincoln Jornal.]

TO MARY.

Oh! say not my charming Miss,
True love can cease to burn;
Or that a day like this,
To us can ever return.

Oh! say not my only dear,
That we are bound to part—
At the thought flows a tear,
That melts my iron heart.

Say not 'tis our doom,
Another time to sever;
Over my soul it throws a gloom
Like hopes—gone forever!

Say not parting is no pain,
For there's no assurance given,
That we two can meet again,
Unless perchance in heaven.

'Tis like pleasure pass'd away,
And seems like coming sorrow;
To smile with those we love to-day,
And sigh alone to-morrow.

I'd rather endure the wintry wind,
Or in the wild woods dwell,
Where all are strange and unkind,
Than to hear you say "Farewell."

LINES

WRITTEN UPON SEEING THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF A VERY BEATIFUL GIRL.

The smile is on her lip,
And the brightness in her eye;
Her bosom seems to swell
With a soft and gentle sigh;
Like some blissful vision,
She is shadowed forth a grace;
While the heart's affection
Seems to lighten o'er her face.

Must the dark world change thee,
All beauteous as thou'rt now?
Must time plant its wrinkles
On that fair and placid brow?
Yet my spirit whispers,
From amid life's fading scene,
Some fond heart will cherish
What thy beauty once has been.

[From the Uncle Sam.]

THE WEEPING WIFE.

When feyther talked with old Zeke Butters about my havin' his daughter, he took to it very kind. So when I went over to see her, they let down the bars for me, and I went in to her. She knowed what I had come arter, and so as we sot before the old folks, and I was swinging my hat in my hand between my knees, she snickered and I snickered, and then she blushed and I blushed, and so we kept it up till tea time. We had toast and sausage for tea, but I couldn't eat a mouthful; so Thankful put a sausage into her bosom to keep it warm for me till the courtin' begun. When the old folks had gone to bed I talked to Thankful. She was as tender hearted as a weeping willow, and when ever I said anything fine she would shed tears like a rain-water spout. So I thought she would be easy managed. Finally we got published, and then we got married. So, one day I come home and finds the dinner wasn't done, and I jest said "it was a great pity, as I was very hungry, and in a great hurry too—I was cradling oats." On that, if you'd seed how the tears began to run and how she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and come and put her arms round my neck, and said she was so sorry to think she had 'casioned me a minnit's pain, and I was so struck all of a heap that, I swow, I thought I should have cried too. So I took the bellusses to blow the fire. At last I got it to burnin', and finally we had dinner, but I lost an arternoon's work by this job. When I went to go to bed at night, the bed wan't made, but I couldn't bear to say nothing, for fear I should hurt the feelings of the tender-hearted critter. So I went to bed just as 'twas, and slept so bad my bones aked all the nixt day. She didn't get up time enuff for breakfast, and I jest insinnivated when she got down to table arter I had got the mealfreddy, that I should be glad she would try to get up a leetle arlier. Then she began to cry agin, and such a dolerous fuss she made with her handkercher, and begging my pardon and all that, that I intarmined never to say the like agin as long as I lived. So I let everything go, and I thought I wouldn't say nothin', till one Sabbath day, I went to pull on my new trousers, and found a hole in 'em, that I'd told Thankful to mend a week before. So I seed I couldn't go to meetin', and then I did jest say, "I'm sorry for this, Thankful—it's too bad, by Gosh!" Then she looked right at me and busted into tears like a melted snowball, and says she—"Oh! my dear! how sorry I am that you should be offended with me; and she came and threw her arms around me, and her hands had just been among the pots, and she blacked my clean starched collar all over. Then I did feel worse than ever, and before I thought, I ripped out: "Dam it! stand off! see what you've done!" When I said that—all of a sudden she left off crying, and I seed there wasn't a tear in her eyes, but they looked like two cat's eyes glaring at me, and says she: "who cares for your old collar? I'll have you know I didn't come here to be your slave, and I've got a father's house that I can go to if I like, as my sister did before me, when her husband told her she was too extravagant. Heigh dey! it's pretty work if I come here to be jawed and dogged round by one of your sect!" All this time she looked at me like a wild cow when she is pointing her horns to run you through the gizzard. My stars! how 'stonished I was to see this tender-hearted critter changed so, all of a sudden like! I stepped back into the bed room and shut the door, for I couldn't say a word. So, a day or two afterwards I found fault with somethin', and she begun her crying, and being sorry, and putting her arms around me; and so she kept it up—sometimes calling me all the hard names that the old Scratch is called by, and sometimes having her cryings, just as suited her.

About a week arterward I came home and found her setting down and reading' a book, while the house laid all sixes and sevens, and not a breakfast dish had been washed, and I slipped down in a puddle of greasy water. So I jest said it was too bad, and then she began to shed tears and be flatterin' like—but I said I'd rather she'd wash the dishes than talk soft speeches to me; and then she flew out like a tiger, and begun to call me a brute and a hog, and all that air compliments.

So I waited till she got done, and then I turns to her and says: "Now, Thankful, I've got a word to say to you, and in right down arnest—so mind me. You must jest do one thing or the other, hereafter. You must either fight with your tongue or your tears, for I won't be fout with two weppons. So you needn't never cry to me no more; but you may scold and I will scold. But I can't have both, bekase that makes us oneven. If enny one can jaw like you, they needn't cry too—and if they cry, they musn't jaw.

So I cured her of cryin', for she seed she was found out, and we've lived as peaceable as two eats in a bag ever sense.

FREE THOUGHT.—It is written, says Carlyle, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Surely the plain rule is, "let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to" For not this man and that man, but all men, make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. Wise man was he, who counselled that speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly toward all the thirty two points of the compass, whithersoever it listed.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.—'Were you ever in Greece?' said one to another, both of whom were engaged in discussive conversation.

'Never,' said the other; 'but I once fell into a cussed large tub of soap lees

☞ There is a man down east so *green*, that the fruit in the neighborhood never gets ripe.

☞ "Go on, I'll follow thee," as the thunder said to the lightning.



BELUBBED BRUDDREN.—De text dat we shall induce at dis time may be found in de thirteenth chapter ob de dictionary, thirteenth varse, witch read on dis wise, though I don't think him *wise* at all, but berry foolish:

HAND-CUFF—*v. a* to confine the hands of prisoners with irons—*s.* the instrument.'

Dis is de larned meaning ob de word hand-cuff. De christian name is Hand, and de sirname is Cuff. What you spose Is de reason dat dey gib him dis name. It is bekase it 'lude to slavery — De poor nigger hab chain on him limb and so dey remember poor Cuff when dey name dese ting, and dey gib him de surname ob Cuff. Dat is de hole business. Den dar am de letters in de text ob *v. a.* What you 'spose dem mean? Can't you tink you stupid brack niggar you? Don't you know dat Va. tand for ole Wirginny. So it 'lude to poor Cuff ob ole Wirginny; and it show dat dey gib de name ob poor niggar to dem iron ting. In de last part ob our text is de letter *s.*— What you 'spose dat mean, eh? I 'spose dat stand for *slavery*, and den whar it speak ob de instrument, it mean a fiddle, and lude to dem nigga dat dance Juba. So de hand-cuff was invented by de white people a-proppus to confine de hands ob Cuff, and dat is de reason dey gib em de sirname ob Cuff. In de fuss place de iron am a tree. It am wood in de fuss place, and it grow up into a big tree, and den it get old an tuff tell at lass it grow to iron. Den dese iron trees blow down and is chopt up into peaces dat is called pig ob iron, and den de pigs is made into warious iron 'tensils. De fruit dat grows on dese iron trees is cannon balls and grape shot—bullets and shot is dis fruit picked off before it am got ripe.— Bombshell is de fruit, arter de worms hab eat out all de inside.

Dis is de history ob iron works, and it am de wonderful works ob Providence, as de Sammist tell you—'Dem dat go down to de sea in ship see de grate whales ob de mighty deep.' De whale is a animal dat hab no legs like a snake. He lib in de water like a duck, and spirt water out ob his nose like a engine. Dey get ile out ob dis quadruped; dey find it in his bones when dey bile out de marrow, and dis is de way dat dey get de tallow for sperm candle. Dis marvellous fish am one ob de works ob Providence, and he am de big fish dat swallow Jonah: and he hab prayer meetin' all to heseff in de belly ob de fish. Dis was a werry wonderful fack, and I spose when Jonah was cast up on de shore, de newspapers announce dis distinguished arrival of de whale, wid Jonah as de only passenger.

Dar was a icester boat overset in de harbor lass Monday, on which account de price ob clam-soup is riz, and it will be necessary to 'crease de price



ob clam. Dis is de season ob de year when de noct rnal gale prevails, and de public is 'quested to supply darseff wid clam before accident happ n to de botes.

I hab 'casion to say to de juvenile young niggars and odders, dat follers de 'lasses bizziness on de wharf, dat dar is a fresh supply ob stick, for de purposs ob sopping out ob de spile-holes, now on hand at de sullar. At de present time dis bizziness is berry good, and Brudder Widgeon, at de sullar, will gib two cents a quart for de 'lasses dat is brought to him, to make 'lasses candy and cake. Dar is a berry 'juryous report got abroad, dat my friend Widgeon bile de puddin' at de late public dinner, in his night-cap. I am request to 'tate, on dis 'portant 'casion, dat dis is a false untruth, bekase it was not de night-cap ob Cæsar.—It belong to your 'spected preacher, and was leff dar in spawn for two glass ob beer and somethin' to bite. I hab de saxifaction to say dat de cap was parfeckly clean, as I only had him on my head once arter it was washed. It was washed by Phillis Jackson and she will warrant him clean. I tink if dar is any complaint, dat I ought to be allowed to complain, for de puddin' stuck to de cap in a berry disgraceful manner, and hab almost *spiled* it, so dat de top ob my head 'tick out de top ob de cap. I hope darfore dat I hear no more grumblin' 'bout de puddin' for I has been de chieff sufferer on dis 'casion. AMEN.

DOGS FOR SMUGGLING.—In Belgium they use dogs to smuggle with, and it is computed that no less than eighty thousand of these animals are employed in running contraband goods from that country into France, notwithstanding all the efforts of the donaniers, who have a premium upon the death of each canine contrabandist. The homes of the animals are in France, where they are well fed and kindly treated, and their education consists in sending them from time to time into Belgium, where they are nearly starved and severely flogged by men dressed as French Custom House officers; so that they have the uniform in horror, and in the course homeward, take a circuitous route as soon as they catch sight of it. They carry about twelve pounds of merchandize, and naturally enough make all speed home, where they are sure of good treatment on their arrival. Roguery is usually ingenious.

ANECDOTE.—As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—'Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica, this morning?' 'Thank you, kindly,' said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, 'don't care if I do.' 'Ah! don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon,' said the wag, 'I merely asked for information—we haven't a drop in the house.'

☞A man just married, having discovered that his bride was in the habit of shedding her teeth and curls whenever it pleased her, swore if ever he married again the lady should have black teeth and red hair, as he could then be *sure* they were not false.

☞ "Who you looking at?" as the comet said to the moon and stars, when he shot along between them.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.—LORD ASHBURTON.—We have this moment received the following important private despatch, by the hands of a special messenger, arrived from Boston, on the late Mr. Celeste's horse Trifle, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste." As the fate of two powerful nations hangs, as it were, upon a thread, we hasten to lay this important communication before our readers, in advance of all our contemporaries. Our seventy-six thousand readers will of course appreciate the tremendous efforts we are making to render our paper worthy of their exclusive support.

My Dear Aurora:

I was shocked beyond measure to see a pretended programme of my proceedings published in a little dirty-nosed newspaper of your city, called the Herald. The fact is, that the fellow was found snooping round my bed-room, at the Astor House, one night, and trying to get into conversation with my valet. I came in, just as the old rascal, having failed to get any thing out of my servant, was poking his nose about to see what he could discover. On hearing the footsteps of myself and two or three gentlemen I had invited home with me, for a game of brag, he sneaked under the bed in a hurry, turning every thing upside down in his haste. He was dragged out by the servants, in a most sweet pickle, and quietly ejected from the premises, somewhat after this fashion:



I beg you to give this note to the public in your sparkling Yankee paper, and to assure the Americans that the only thing I have ever seen about them that astonished me is that they permit such an old scamp as this Scotch vagabond to live and thrive upon their patronage.

With great respect,
I am yours,
ASHBURTON.

GETTING ALONG.—The grand trouble among the crowding population of our cities is, how they shall get along, and upon the brow of each the wrinkle of care is plainly legible. As we write, a busy crowd is passing our door, whose clouded countenances betray the trouble within. There goes a merchant, with a more than usual anxious air; in his mind he is counting his chances for getting along. After a survey of the past, he finds that during the seasons of prosperity he could get along without much trouble; but now, high rents, high licenses, and no business, are fast eating up the profits of prosperous seasons, and his chance of getting along is slim. The small dealer is conveying his goods with an anxious get along haste to the steamboat, finding it impossible to live in St. Louis and pay its exorbitant charges for license, and he is resolved to try getting along at some other spot. Yonder saunters a mechanic, his brow clouded indeed, for his business is at a stand still, the future prospect gloomy, and he is almost forced to despair at getting along. Around him are many seeking employment, and those who have it are forced to a reduction, not that their labor is worth less than formerly, but because there is less to do. Thus to enable the employer to get along a little faster, the journeyman has to suffer.

There goes a brow unclouded by care, and from the owner's lips bursts forth a laugh that tells you in an instant he is not troubled about getting along, and though a *slave*, he is more free than many who make that *freedom* a boast. It matters little to him how the world wags, or who is President, he is sure of a living, cares for naught beyond that, and while corroding care is gnawing at the hearts of those that surround him, his cheerful laugh rings out upon the air, saying as plain as words can, that he is getting along without any trouble.—*St. Louis Organ.*

Love, is said to enter a man's heart through his eyes, and passing thence through his lips, enters a woman's heart through her ears, and thence passes to her eyes.

Some wag, says that a person who is choaked with a potatoe, may find relief by swallowing a pumpkin. That is like paying a debt with money hired of a broker.

Poetry.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To marry or not to marry? that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The wants and miseries of a lonely bachelor.
Or to declare against these vexing evils,
And by marrying, end them? To love—to wed—
No more;—and, by this act, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand other ills
The lover is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To love—to wed—
To wed perchance a shrew? Ay, there's the rub;
For in our married state what woes may come.
When we've renounced our single blessedness.
Must give us pause. This is the thing,
That makes calamity of married life.
For who would bear the sneers and jests of girls,
The beau's contempt, old woman's contumely,
The misery of sleepless nights and sighing days,
That he who wants a wife is doomed to suffer.
When so quickly might deliverance gain
By a mere wedding! who would wifeless be,
And pine and murmur in a single life.
But that the dread of something after marriage.
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus scolding wives make cowards of us all:
And thus our natural love of making matches
Is damped and frozen by the fear of vixens;
And many a hen-pecked husband's pains do warn us
To shun the fatal step which ruined him,
And thus we go unmarried.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! and I have school'd my heart
At last to say farewell to thee;
Now I can bear to look on death,
It's bitterness is passed to me.

The faded brow, the pallid cheek,,
Proclaim what soon my fate will be;
And welcome is their tale of death,
For I have said farewell to thee.

When first we met I saw thee all
A girl's imagining could feign,
I did not dream of loving thee,
Much less of being loved again.

I felt it not, till round my heart
Link after link the chain was wove;
Then burst at once upon my brain
The maddening thought—I love, I love!

We then were parting, others wept,
But I let not one tear-drop fall,
And when each kind farewell was said,
Mine was the coldest of them all;

But mine the ear that strain'd to hear
Thy latest step, and mine the eye
That watch'd thy distant shape, till none
But me its shadow could descry.

And when the circle, in its mirth,
Had quite forgot farewell and thee,
I went to my own room and wept
The tears I would not let thee see.

And time passed on, but not with time
Did thoughts of thee and thine depart—
The lesson of forgetfulness
Was what I could not teach my heart.

Again we met, and woman's pride
Nerv'd me to all I had to bear;
I would not, though my heart had broke,
Have had thee seen thine image there.

I saw thine eyes gazing on mine,
I felt my hand within thy hold,
I heard my name spoke by thy voice,
And I was calm, and I was cold.

I knew the day, the very hour,
That you was wed, and heard your vow;
I heard the wedding bells, O God!
Mine ear rings with them even now.

I may not say that you were false,
You never vowed a vow to me;
But yet I thought you sometimes look'd
As though you lov'd to look on me.

And when you spoke to me, your voice
Would always take a softer tone:
And surely that last night your cheek
Was almost pallid as my own.

But this is worse than vain,—farewell!
Of heaven now I only crave—
For thee all of life's happiness,
And for myself an early grave.

'What animal is it that never becomes old?' The '*Gnu*.'

'Is your business so very *press*-ing?' exclaimed a fair damsel to the wooing printer, as he embraced her.

KISSING.—This is a most mysterious subject; quite equal to animal magnetics. Indeed, it is more marvelous to comprehend; for we are favored with an explanation, such as it is, of magnetics, but we are yet to learn the philosophy, the mysterious impulse that leads two mouths to come together, *smack*, when the bosom is heaving with emotion.—Son meets parent, after years of painful separation, and rush together come the lips, like two magnets. Husband leaves wife a day (if young) a month (if old) and as they meet the arms are entwined and the faithful lips do their wonted duty. Lover parts from his mistress at "the witching hour," and as pale Luna goes on her melancholy way, in the cold, blue heavens of another night, the low whisper in the bower tells of the sweeter greeting, and the slight *snap*, like the extraction of a vial cork, signifies that dewy lips have begun their honey music. An ardent youth, in whose bosom Cupid is sticking a slender dart, enjoys the extacy of a seat upon the sofa, beside the rising star of his happiness. Time wears; considerate parents retire; a hitch, nearer and nearer, brings them side by side—sighs coming thick and fast; the arm steals round the gentle one's waist—a word is whispered—a low, hesitating, half heard reply—and the lips at once close the scene, with six consecutive unions, at the smallest calculation. Maiden ladies kiss their poodles, and little girls kiss their dolls, and such is the power of this instinct, that veritable tradition testifies that a kissing old lady once kissed her cow—a fact less to be regretted that the kiss was thus wasted by an *old* lady.

But of all the varieties of kissing, and one which serves but to increase the thickness of the veil that lies over this instinct, the habit which beautiful damsels have of putting up their rosy bills to each other when they meet, is the strangest. It is a most extravagant waste of precious ammunition; and no young gentleman, whose education has been the least attended to, would hesitate, either to endorse this our solemn opinion, or, with us, express the most sincere willingness to volunteer on such interesting occasions, to do the business regularly, and according to the best received notions of what should be "what," at such thrilling seasons. Saving in the dear relations of parent and child, it is clear that nature never designed two feminines or two masculines to put their mouths close together. But let the arrangement run the *other* way, and an anchorite's mouth would water at the contemplation. Speaking of vegetables—some inspired genius has talked upon this topic in this way:—

To a Kiss.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss!
Dearest tie of young connexions,
Love's first snow-drop, Virgin kiss!
Speaking silence! dumb confession!
Passion's birth! and infant's play!
Dove-like fondness! chaste concession:
Glowing dawn of brighter day!
Sorrowing joy! adieu's last action!
When lingering lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine!

Good. That has jumbled the whole matter into a nut shell—all except the "why and wherefore." Upon this head much light is wanted; and in the spirit of an eager philosopher, we propose, to any ardent searcher after the "wheels within wheels," wherewith Mrs. Nature spins out the curious yarns of her household, to go through a series of experiments on this subject, he furnishing the right sort of materiel, and we operating while he observes and studies. Perhaps "the Faculty" would like to see a "course" of trials. It really has an importance about it worthy a Newton and several others. Who can explain? Shall it be tried? Do you believe in Mesmerics? What's the price of putty?

A CYPHER.—One *Cypher*, in company with one Smith—*John* Smith—has been sent to the Boston House of Correction. Of course Mr. *Cypher* adds *nothing* to the number of inmates, now there.



THE OLD MAID.

Strangely acquainted with human nature must that man be, who would throw all Old Maids into one class, and with sweeping, indiscriminate praise o censure, pass judgment on the whole, like the petty auctioneers who jumble together watch-keys, chopping-trays, gridirons, and strips of flannel, and knock down the lot for so much a piece. Know all men by these presents, that there is a difference in Old Maids. There is your *clever* old maid who loves to take childeren to board, and whose solicitude for their health induces her to deny them all luxuries, and every thing which looks like *stuffocation*. There is your sour Old Maid whose every look and action partakes of acidity, like your eye-stone, which, if it crawls at all, must crawl in sharp vinegar. There are your Old Maids who cannot help being so, and there are those who could have helped it *once*, but they can't help it *now*. We shall examine one of this latter class, and if the others complain of our neglect, we can only say that such complaint is very natural in those who have been neglected from their youth down.

Flowers, pinks, and sweet apples stand back! for sweetier, prettier, more gay, more luscious than ye all, is she who trips forward in the joyous bloom of young maidenhood. The blossoming trees smile; the lilachs send out sweeter odors, and the violets peep forth as if emulous of being trodden upon by so fair a foot. See its tiny proportions encassed in a delicate slipper, while rounding above the instep, the sweet flesh seems ready to burst through the snow white net work. But foot alone attracts not our attention. It is not alone the elastic step; the delicate hinge of the well turned ancle, and the lower part of the limb just swelling into view, which meet our gaze. We lift our eyes to the countenance, to the eyes, all poetry, all full of fire and softness, taking as it were the whole expression of the soul's mirror, "from the lowest note to the top of the compass," so innocent, and yet so full of weakness and lone. We feel that anger there could hotly beam; that pride could triumph; disdain, lofty as an emperor, look down from its high throne; that there, too, more sweetly, more congenially, love, fond affection, reverence, and all emotions that in the young, the pure, the innocent, are holy; and make their possessors, as it is our pride to call them, *angels*, could brightly shine.

See the mouth, just parted; lips of the purest red, over which passes the fragrance of ambrosia; the dimpled cheeks so smooth and soft that no lips which come in contact with them may feel abrasion; the neck, which has the honor of joining so glorious a head to so glorious a trunk, and which is alone "worth a whole year's subscription price," as the newspapers say.

We look upon this sweet creature, and do not wonder that the sons of God took to themselves wives of mortal clay; we only wonder that the practice has not been continued. This young spring blossom has been moved by many an amorous zephyr. Many a fond bee has sought to nestle there.

She has now many admirers. Some few love the young May blossom for her sweetness, as poets are enamored of the beautiful which lives forever in their hearts, these give expression to their thoughts, and the young creature smiles, others, more worldly, approach her, and they praise her too, but with a glibness of studied compliment that throws the former into the shade. She is delighted. Unfortunately she possesses not yet the art of discrimination, and mistakes flippancy for feeling. Setting out with this mistake, she lets slip a fine opportunity to marry. A worthy youth, full of generous sentiments, and ambitious of honorable distinction, is smitten with the elegance of her manners and the loveliness of her form. She takes him in as another incense contributor. He strives to please her, but very naturally expects something in return. This cannot be endured a moment. She is a sovereign, born to command; she has a right to exact everything and yield nothing, like farmer Dobb's cow, who ate up all his hay but gave no milk. Once she might have listened to an honorable proposal, but since she has fairly *set up*, and has found out what a fine thing it is to be courted and never won, she imagines that it is more delightful to tread upon necks than to tread upon paving stones. She, however, intends to get married, but any other time will do as well. Her lover has vielded her his heart; she knows it, and is content. He asks for her's in return, and she turns him off. One good turn deserves another, she thinks, as she returns him into the mass of the community, out of which he unfortunately stepped to become her slave.

What may be done once may be done again, and accordingly several consecutive wooers are set adrift with the utmost *nonchalance*, and our young lady, in the selfishness and pride which have stained her nature, wonders that none of the disappointed swains have shown the strength of their passion and the power of her charms by dying for her.

We cannot blame her for turning off her last lover, though it was done more summarily than any previous performance. The fact is, that though he was not deficient in property, his nose was large and wonderfully red, and his love letters were written by another hand for a con-sid-er-a-tion. Indeed, there seems to be a trifling falling off in the character of her beaux, which might be partly attributed to the fact that her charms at twenty-four are not quite so attractive as they were at eighteen.

But our heroine's case is not desperate. By the use of false hair, two or three teeth, even better than their illustrious predecessors, and sundry other "means and appliances," she can still keep a good appearance; and if nature is not quite so favorable as of yore, she must only make use of more exertion. The beaux have chased her until they grew weary, and now she must chase them. After fainting three or four times at a party, and falling into the arms of a desirable young bachelor, giving one or two parties with special reference to the necessities of the case, dropping her scented kerchief at the feet of an elegant stranger who has not paid his respects, she enters her thirtieth year, an absolute drug in the market. "Thirty years old, and not married! I, who have so many beaux! What can be the reason?"

Her prudent mother-in-law now suggests to her that she has made an excellent escape, that these young flirts and soaplocks are not worth having, that she is now old enough to make a judicious selection.

"Y, my dear, I was thirty-seven before I was ed!"

"es," cries the daughter, mortified by a late peep in the mirror, "but you married an old married man!" "My dear child, I married your father, and certainly your natural feelings will prompt you to decide that I could not have done better."

"He is very well for a father," cried the vexed candidate.

"Well, Miss, only do as well as I have done, and you need not repent your bargain. You certainly cannot expect a young man at your age." (Oh, awful word, but too true; while she has coquetted, the grass has grown, and old Time has removed her from the arena of her triumphs.) "And now is a proper time for me to reveal a little secret. Mr. Goodenough, the eminent hard bread baker, was closeted with your father nearly all the afternoon yesterday"—

"Why, madam, it is but three months since we followed his wife to the grave, and his eight children made the air vocal with their lamentations."

Well, well, my dear, he is a man of experience and of wealth. He knows that you are now of a ripe age, and will make him a good housekeeper, and"——

"But I know nothing of housekeeping, and with respect to children, I never could endure the noisy, filthy creatures. Besides, Mr. G. is gray-headed, and old enough to be my father."

"My dear, I believe it is your best chance. You had better provide yourself with a comfortable home; for your father's business is in a very complicated condition, and he even talks of—but enough."

This conversation sends the young lady weeping to her chamber, where she consults her glass, and finds that the inroads of time are fearful indeed She rolls and rolls her blue orbs, in order to give them the languishing expression which they once were, but she has lost the expression. She endeavors to arrange her lips into a voluptuous smile; but the charm is gone. She twists and aggrandizes every feature, and finally wishes that human life was all a masked ball, that she might hide her face behind a piece of black silk. Patches and washes and paint will not now suffice to disguise the rough handling which she has endured from the old fellow with the scythe and hour-glass. In the meantime, Mr. Goodenough proposes in form, and is indignantly, or rather, pettishly refused. On the next day, her father fails in business, and she must work for her maintenance. A school is the natural resource. Once on a winter's day, as she was trudging home from her school through the snow, Mr. Goodenough seemed to take particular pains to drive past her with his span of handsome greys, and the bells had a most triumphant jingle to the ears of the revengeful hard bread baker. But she lived to see her aged suitor decently covered up in the ground, and then, for the first time, she repented of her cruelty, for he left a snug fortune behind him.

Fifty winters have rolled over that fair brow which we introduced to the reader at the commencement of our sketch. She now lives in a little red house, under a bleak and barren hill. She can sew and she can knit, and the country round knows her by the cognomen of "old aunt Nab." She was called Nabby for a while, when she sold cakes and apples to the children; but since she has relinquished trade, her appellation has become plain Nab. She has joined the church as a matter of course, as she needs occasional assistance, and it is pleasant to receive a visit from Deacon Grunter once in a while, who drops in to tell of the last death in the parish, and listen to her complaints of the hard times. She has even thought it not impossible that the deacon might propose; but he hangs fire, although his wife has been dead a reasonable length of time. Everything in and about Aunt Nab's house bears the marks of neatness, and even her cats have the reputation of being a rare specimen of the feline race. She says that she would not be married for the world, she "has a very poor opinion of men;" and finds more serene enjoyment when with God and her cats, than is found in palaces.

Old Maids do sometimes live long, and such was the case with Aunt Nab. We find her, at the age of eighty, living on the last floor of an ancient house, within a stone's throw of the church. This retreat has been provided for her by her fellow professors, although Nab drives a trade in apples and matches, flax-colored thread and pins. She finds much fault with the people overhead, and complains to her friends that their children are noisy, that they attend the theatre, and, in short, that they are guilty of a complication of sins not usual in poor human nature. Her own noise, however, she cannot hear, her own failings she cannot see, she is partially deaf and blind, while, strange to say, her tongue retains its powers, and even improves with age.—Many have wondered, upon seeing the close proximity of her nose and chin, how so many words could find a passage between them.

Wrinkled and gray, toothless and crooked, it would seem that Nab still retains a watchful regard for decorum and the preservation of her virtue; for an ancient church member, who sometimes called to see how she did, received a reprimand for calling so often without any tangible motive. Nab thought it was improper for him to sit alone with her, and finally that her reputation was in danger of suffering, and that he had already laid himself under obligation to propose an honorable union. The poor fellow stared, stammered out an apology and fled, as if the cup of Circe had been proffered him. Aunt Nab is fond of displaying the acrostics and amatory songs which were addressed to her in the days of youth and glory, and, although few young maidens can now believe that they were appropriate, yet she does not once imagine the cause of the titter that goes round the ring when they are read aloud.

Aunt Nab is still alive. She is now ninety, and has out-lived many who were in the springtide of life when she was accounted an old lady. She is still interested in the marriage of her acquaintances, tells fortunes from a teacup, pets her cats, scolds outrageously, and has procured herself a long ear trumpet, so that she shall lose nothing for want of hearing, when the one who was destined for her shall think proper to propose.

Young ladies, beware the cheerless; comfortless fate of an Old Maid. It was not designed for you by Nature; be not unnatural to yourselves, nor let slip the golden opportunity which presents itself to secure your happiness.

☞ "You see my position!" as Fanny Elssler said to the leader of the orchestra.

CRAB AND SNAP SMITH.—"Does Mr. Smith live here?"

"Which Mr. Smith? There are many of that name in these parts."

"The man I want is a sour, crabbed chap, and they call him Crab Smith."

"O the d—l! I s'pose I'm the man."

This Crab Smith resided at one time in Fairhaven. He was always finding fault with something. "The Medusa brought in a noble cargo of oil," said I. "Yes," he would answer, "but oil is low now." At another time, the Quamphegan arrived. I met Smith. "Well," said I, "oil is enormously high." "Yes," said he, "but the Quamphegan has but 2000 barrels." When the Medusa had again arrived, she brought 3500 barrels, and oil was high. I congratulated Smith. "Ah!" said he. "if it were not for the five hundred barrels of *whale* oil, we might make something."

Crab Smith had a brother in Hyannis, who was indeed of the same kith and kin They called him Snap Smith He was the man who kept a terrapin a year, expecting to hear it sing, under the impression that he had captured what he called a "turkle dove." A neighbor of Snap had killed and dressed a hog. "If I had half of that," said Snap, "I should think myself well off." The neighbor was a good soul, and he wished to see Snap Smith easy once in his life, so he sent Snap half the hog. I met Snap a day or two after, as I was crossing over from the Port. "A valuable present," said I, "considering the hard times." "I don't know about that," said he; "come to cut it up, there was a *dreadful* little mess of it. If I'd had *t'other half* too, it might a been somethin' worth while."—*Bost. Post.*

Lines for a Lady's Album.

BY CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

Lady, I've gazed upon thy face,
'Tis "radiant beauty's own"—
Mant'ed with smiles, what witching grace
Has there built up its throne!
Thy pearly teeth!—dear heart, don't flutter—
THEY MUST BE DEATH ON BREAD AND BUTTER.

I've scanned that marble brow of thine
'Neath which those blue eyes roll—
And praised that intellectual mine
That "palace of the soul."
But say, can'st find there—nay, don't droop—
A RECIPE FOR MAKING SOUP?

And oft with beauty-loving eyes,
Upon hine arm my fond gaze lingers—
For sculptor's model what a prize!
And then thy richly tapered fingers!
Say, was it ever—CRADLE ROCKING?
Or can those fingers—DARN A STOCKING?

I've praised thy foot—and who would not,
Confined within its tiny shoe?
Like "Ellen's" fair, of Walter Scott,
A lighter one ne'er "dashed the dew."
Say, did it e'er, in bright prunella,
TREAD ON THE CORNS OF SOME POOR FELLER?

I knew within thy heart there dwells
Unbounded love for all thy kind—
And there, like living fountain, swells
The pure stream of a spotless mind.
Live ever thus—stainless and free,
SUBSCRIBE FOR—PAY FOR—READ "THE BEE."

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—The way the *editress* of the Rose Bud, knocks certain ladies knuckles in her last paper is a caution to city folks. She says:

We are extensively acquainted with female operatives; and can safely say, that, though generous, confiding and lovely, they have a great deal more respect for character, than those in the higher circles, whose fruits, if they have any, are covered with "golden tapestry" and thus hid from the vulgar gaze of the world.

In the following we entirely coincide. Mind how she hits the bachelors. There is keen sarcasm in the latter part of the following paragraph, speaking of woman she says:

Our aim now is, to defend her rights to a liberal education, and to defend the "seamstress" or the woman who "takes in work." This class of females have been imposed upon; sneered at by the senseless *elite;* and their company shunned as if a moral pestilence mingled in their breath! The fact is, this is not the most useful class of females, and to be supported and encouraged.—And instead of the poor pittance which they now receive, under the name of *wages* (?) hardly enough to keep spirit and soul in action, they should be liberally paid;—that they might have heart to work, and live comfortably, cheerfully and happy. A tailor, (may be a scamp of a bachelor too) can be paid a price and a half for undertaking a garment, which he sends to a female seamstress' whom he compels to do the work for one-half price, thus making for himself a clear profit of 100 per cent—for what? Why, forsooth, 'cutting a garment!' Are women *slaves?* If so, let's have an understanding in the matter; and let the lords of creation do the business of master and overseer as it should be done! Why let us have any money at all? won't food and'n *little* clothing do just as well?

CURIOSITY WHETTED.—Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily; and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one on which was written "*Non aperite!*" that is "Dont open!" This proposition only served to excite their curiosity, and they forthwith proceeded to disobey the injunction. On opening the door, a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces.

Take an extra hitch to your buttons, and then read the following, from the New York Aurora. There's a full team, on that Aurora.

A DUTCH JUSTICE.—A queer old Dutch Justice of the Peace out West used to be very irritable and passionate with loafers when they were brought about him as witnesses, and he would rap them on the head with the Bible and administer the oath in this wise:—

"Cum, sur; you do shw r to say de druth, de whole druth, and noth g according to de druth, sho help mine Cot! Kish te pook, t—n you, kish te pook!"

"Stick no bills here," as Quilp said, scratching his leg, and addressing himself to a musquito.—*Boston Post.*

He preferred to have that bill *Post*-ed—eh?

GIMCRACKS.

A VISION OF MIDNIGHT.

'Twas the mirk midnight, and the taper's light
Right dimly and bluely shone,
When I saw with affright a form in white
On my chamber floor alone.

He had not the bone of a skeleton,
Nor the scowl of a goblin grim,
Nor the form of a sprite in a silent night,
Who sit in that chamber dim.

He rattled no chain to scare my brain,
Nor was ghastly to my sight;
Yet who might be, so strange to see,
I could not tell for fright!

But hoarsely he cried, as he scratch'd his side,
"Od rot his body and bones!"
And he turned him oe'r, on the bare cold floor,
With terrible grunts and groans.
Then I knew with relief that he was not a thief;
Ah no! he was none of these—
But I looked again, and I found out then,
'Twas my brother—*catching fleas*!

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermons.

BY DOW, JR.

I *shall this* day discourse upon the following:

'Tis difficult to say farewell,
And hard to part with aught we love.

My hearers—there is no word in the English language so difficult to pronounce—when we have serious, solemn and earnest occasion to use it as *Farewell.* It sticks like a fish-bone in the throat; or rather it remains dead in the bosom, and makes one feel as though something needed digesting about the region of the heart. The parting pull that severs the cord of companionship is at all times painful; but when we are compelled to bid a long, and perhaps a final adieu, to fond and faithful friends, the soreness of the separation is about equal to that of ejecting an oyster from that shell-built castle of his, to which he is so remarkably attached. Those who have associated together from youth to maturity, become mentally incorporated into one soul. Their sympathies are the same—the fine threads of feeling are woven together in a fraternal loom—the vines of friendship become so entangled together and their tendrils so conjointly cling to the same object that it were folly to suppose that they can be torn asunder without stripping them of vendure, and, perchance blighting many a beautiful blossom.

My friends—my feet have not yet been bound by the fetters of wedlock, and I am still at liberty to wander at will, without having my affections brought to a focus upon any particular object; and, therefore I cannot wholly appreciate the feelings of a husband and father towards the partner of his bosom and an endearing offspring: but I can readily suppose that for him to be torn from their presence is the same as swallowing a large dose of the essential oil of agony. The pain of parting must far exceed the pleasures he experienced in the honey moon of Hymen. His little ones may grow up, like weeds by the wayside, neglected and uncultured, for the want of that paternal care so necessary to the right guidance of youth, while his better half sits weeping in sockcloth and ashes. The matrix of matrimony forms a mould into which two souls are amalgamated, and they never can be separated without serious injury to one or both. As my old friend Young says, the discontented man and wife united jar, and still they are loth to part. They had rather stick together, and put up with constant bickerings than to part—notwithstanding a separation might be effected with as little pain as a young frog parts with his tail.

My dear friends—we part with old associates, old customs, old habits, and even an old pair of boots, as reluctantly as does a schoolboy with an old and favorite jack-knife. The inebriate, who has summoned the resolution to reform, parts with his bottle as though it required a most extravagant outlay of moral strength to break the iron chain of friendship that binds it to his heart. The miser, knowing that money is the chief cause of all his misery, hates to part with a single cent; and, to probe his purse, makes him leap like a live lobster in a boiling pot. The earth dresses in mourning when the sun departs at night—Autumn looks pale and melancholy for the absence of Summer, and Winter weeps frozen tears upon its barren grave.

My hearers—when the soul bids farewell to the body, then comes the severest of struggling. Because why?—man, being made up of dirt, doubt and distrust, entertains fears for the spirit when it has left its earthly home for parts unknown to mortals. He knows that the material portion perishes like a plant; but he knows not for a certainty that the immaterial can exist forever without a carnal habitation—a medium of flesh, through which to convey its sensations of pleasure or of pain, and therefore he is filled with fear at the dreadful crisis. If the body, with its boots, breeches and beard all on, could be allowed to accompany the soul in its search for a hereafter, man would as soon die as go to dinner—especially after he had tried himself in travelling over the rough and rocky road of an unlucky existence. It is a fondness for the flesh which makes the soul feel as sore as a kicked shin, at parting. We all love our corporeal conglomeration so well, that the mere thought of its dissolving into dust on account of the absence of the spirit, makes one crawl all over, like a nest of catterpillars. We don't much relish the idea of taking a kind of spiritual *nothing* into another world, and, at the same time, leave an organized *something* to rot in this.

But, my friends, there is no necessity for being loth to leave a toiling, troublesome, wearying and wicked world like this. Corruption covers its whole surface and its sides. You can't turn round in it without getting bedaubed with sin at every circumgyration. The tree of friendship is covered with false blossoms; the leaves of love are only green in the spring and summer of life; honesty finds no home except among those who are willing to be kept poor in providing for it; virtue is a picked goose—deprived of its feathers and fed on the cold slops of conventional admiration; while vice, with stolen cloak and borrowed plumes, is courted, flattered and favored by all. Our fears are too apt to be well founded, and our hopes, for the most part, turn out to be miserable humbugs. The past is an ocean, in whose deep bosom are buried millions of valuable gems—but they are only an aggravation, since they never can be obtained; the present is a rusty treasury, containing a few coppers and any quantity of cares; and the Future is as deceiving as a painted and patched up old maid.

My friends—you need'nt be afraid to part with a dirty world like this, for you may suck the candy of consolation—you cannot possibly go to a worse one, and you may stand a chance of finding a better. I have no doubt that when you come to take a sail from eternity, you will meet with some green island in the ocean of immortality, where parting is never known, and where the word "farewell" is obsolete. So mote it be.

SENTIMENT is dead with young ladies, now a days. In our youth, when the world was sunny and bright, damsels who resolved to shufflle off mortal coils, did so with their *garters,* universally—those, we mean, who, upon mature deliberation, concluded to expire, all for love. But now it is jump into a river, and get as wet as a rat, or else, as some have done, take a nasty *pizen;* and one even was so vulgar as to clamber up to the top of a cistern, and then pop in, just as she was. This is highly improper. Love is delicious, when one has the complaint deep and overwhelming; but it is miserable nonsense to quit this place of good milk, hot rolls, sweet butter, peaches, pies, and prime papers, just because one cant get the extatic delight of being looked upon with half-closed lids, or have sighs like blacksmith's bellows puffed upon a blushing cheek, by moonlight and *after* supper. Depend upon it girls, you had better take a new lover than a leap over the *Styx.* But then if you will go, *do,* we beg of you take the *garter* turnpike. It is the only one fit for a gal of spirit.

THIS METHOD. — A New York quack commences his advertisement with

Opiferque per, orben dicor.

And then says he "takes *this* method, &c." If Latin will cure, "our Dictionary" is invaluable, for it is stuck full of the very best.

THE MOTHER'S DUTY.—"How sadly is she deficient in natural feeling who thinks her infant troublesome, and is willing to trust it to the care of hireling nurses, while she indulges in the gaieties of the ball room; and who will leave the formation of its character, as it grows up, to the ignorant or vicious, rather than watch over it with assiduous care, and direct its opening mind into right thoughts and right impressions. A mother can mould the character of a child at will; but this cannot be done by supine indulgence of self. She must make it the business of her life—her pleasure and her constant employment, to rear up her children. Then will they gather round her in mature years, and bless the hand that guided them in the right way, and taught them such precepts as now guide them safely and calmly on the troubled sea of existence."

GOING A SHOPPING.—This practice of which our ladies are so fond, is thus admirably "hit off" in an exchange—"Is there any thing else I can show you, madam?" earnestly inquired an exhausted clerk in a dry goods store, in Broadway, the other day, after he had emptied all his shelves and drawers, and strewed his goods, helter skelter, on the counter, without being able to suit the lady with a single article. "No, I thank you, I shan't purchase any thing to-day," was the consoling reply. "As it rains, Mister, I'd thank you to step down to the stand and call a cab. Well, now, I've just thought that I left my purse at home, be so kind as to pay the cab man. Oh, I'd thank you for the loan of your umbrella—as I shall want it when I get out. Good bye, stranger."

"Good bye, madam!"

RESPECT FOR THE LADIES.—"I have ever found," says a sensible writer, "that the men who are really most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for woman leads to respectful action, towards them: and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest."

QUAKER COURTSHIP.—Hum! yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, and become flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone.

Hum! truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said and inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo! and behold I will sojourn with thee; hum!

A very pleasant and quiet way of settling such matters, and we recommend it to the *serious* consideration of our young beaux and belles—the belles, particularly—hum!

A CHANCE FOR BACHELORS.—An exchange says, in reply to an advertisement recently published, a letter was received from a lady, stating—"You can have the second floor, where there is but little noise, *and a small family, which you can have on moderate terms.*

"Never come yourself, when your boy could do the errand better," as the young lady said to the old widower who was courting her.

No rogue should forget the difference in consequence between being a great rascal and a little one. One goes to the penitentiary, and the other goes to Europe.

CURIOSITY.—It is a curiesity to find a person who does not think his own children possessed of more talents and accomplishments than those of his neighbors.

A country merchant who keeps a general assortment, advertises among other things, "Black men's gloves; plain ladies' slippers; red children's stockings; new childrens' stockings; and new childrens' books."

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—Which is most miserable, a man with a note to pay and no money—a husband with a virago, tied to him for life—a father with 7 "interesting babes" yelling like blazes—or a country editor with his scissors sharpened, waiting for the mail, which he learns at last was left behind by the accommodating driver, to make room for the pursy Mrs. Blowsle?

Simon says if he was appointed to argue on the question, he should take the *affirmative.*

The Home-Bound Bark.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-fowl sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash.
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear
Hangs the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath,
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.

The sails are rent—
The stout mast's bent—
And the helm and the bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and the prayer,
And the wan despair
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard,
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh, many a sire,
By the low red fire
Will wake through this night of wo—
For those who sleep
'Neath the surges deep,
Ten thousand fathoms low!—

And many a maid
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wail
For the home-bound sail,
That will never more return!

Mourn not FOR THE DEAD,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore!

Something for the Temperance Cause.

The following was read recently at a meeting held in Wheeling, Va. It was received with great enthusiasm

Farewell, landlords, farewell Jerry;
Farewell, brandy, wine, and Sherry;
Farewell, horrors and blue-devils;
Farewell, dens of midnight revels;
Farewell, shoes that have no soles on;
Farewell, fires that have no coals on;
Farewell, sots and all sot feeders;
Farewell, rogues and all thief breeders;
Farewell, cupboards that have no meat in;
Farewell, chairs that have no seat in;
Farewell, children with wry faces;
Farewell, to those pop-shop races;
Farewell, landlords and your spouses;
Farewell, spiders and your houses;
Farewell, to your noise and rabble;
Farewell, to your foolish gabble:
Farewell, swash, and all swash venders:
Farewell, bums, and all bum senders;
Farewell, pockets that are empty,
Farewell, landlords, you have plenty

"Extremes meet, they say, Mr. *Ephraim.*"

"Yes—a pig is but a Nabob with snout and twisted tail."

"You astonish me."

"Listen. A Nabob is one who is stylish in his living—is he more *style*-ish than the pig?"

"Ooo-ph!"

"O! Mr. Slob—I do dote on that nephew John, of mine."

"Uh! an *Aunty-dote,* to John's tight pockets, Mrs. Flob. Of course he gets some of your dollars—eh?"

THE BOSTON FOLKS complain that they are watered too much. They're a *watery* set, anyhow, but then "showers make you grow" as daddy used to say.

"That's a downright *imposition,*" as the stone said to the foreman.

NEW WORLD.



THE NEWSPAPER BOYS.



THE YARN....Poor Jack, Chap. VI.



For the Picket Guard.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE OLD LOG HUT.

Give me the hut, the old log hut,
In rugged Indiana,
Where I may put my weary foot
Again, with Kate and Hannah.

I've wandered far since I was there,
I've been in many a station,
But nothing, here or anywhere,
I find but sore vexation.

If I again could but attain
The hut I left behind me,
Whose broken thatch with clods were patched
Not here again you'd find me.

I mind it well, the broken sill,
The chimney built of splinters,
The rough oak floor, the creaking door,
That swung so many winters.

The barrel stout of sour-krout,
So crispy and delicious!
Rich viands fair could not compare
With that, though more nutritious.

And then the well, so clear and full,
With broken curb about it,
I ne'er did think, when at its brink,
That I could do without it.

Alas! that e'er I should come here,
Your muddy waters drinking:
If I could but regain that spot,
I'd not come back, I'm thinking.

I hate your ways, your city's blaze,
I hate your din and rattle—
I'd rather live within a hive,
Or dwell among the cattle.

I'm dying here, by inch, I fear,
When solid comfort's pending,
In hut of logs, with hens and hogs,
That wait my careful tending.

Then give me but my old log hut,
To dwell within hereafter:
I'd freely give all else I have,
To rest beneath its rafter.

Camera Obscura Sketches, No. III.

BY QUILL.

'T was a glorious night; the white and foamy batallions of the clouds were flinging their broad pennons to the breeze, while the moon threw round their edges as she sank now and then behind their folds, a wavy streak of virgin gold. The minute hand of all the clocks in town, that were in order, were pointing towards the "witching hour," as a watchman paced his solitary round. Through the uncertain shadows of the night, he descried a dim form standing vis-a-vis to an awning post, the thumb of his left hand resting gracefully on his nose—his fingers forming an angle of forty-five degrees from one another—and his right hand performing sundry beautiful gyrations in the air. He paused a moment, when suddenly a low chuckling laugh which soon emerged into a loud ha, ha! broke upon his ear.

I knowed it—I'm death on gumnastics.—See, here my old rooster, 't aint in you to cotch me no how." And he stooped low, with his eye fixed warily on the lamp post. Suddenly he sprang to the right, then to the left, and finally brought up all lying in the middle of the street.

"I hope you aint hurt," said the watchman as he tenderly assisted to raise him.

"Hurt your granny! But it aint fair—I dodged him clean, but he tripped, and I say vent trippins. You see I was walking peaceably along, when that fellow," pointing to the lamp post, "banters me for a dodgin match, and I'm blowed if he warn't too much for me for he kept flying around so that havin to look arter him, it made me kind of giddy you see.

"Where do you hail from?" said Charley.

"No wheres. I was picked up under a chip, in the woods, and just arriv to give the Natives a sight."

"Aint you afraid o' catchin cold after your exercise?"

"Cold! cold be darned. Let's liquor."

"I'm a teetotaller," said watchy.

"Then you can go to thunder. You're no expense to yourself, nor any profit to any body else, and I shant demean you by keeping your company. Go away and dont bother me, for I'll catch that chap yet."

"Oh! I guess its about tumblin time," said the watch. So let's go to bed."

"Bed's a fool to this."

"Come ahead" said Charley. "I wants to take good care of you." And forthwith he was immured to have his quiet dodgin match all to himself.



" *She's all my fancy painted her,*

She's lovely, she's divine."

COURTSHIP.

Plain Directions for Courting the Ugly.—There is not throughout the whole range of the difficult science we are discussing a more arduous task than that of courting an ugly woman. The decided beauty attracts and exactingly demands our admiration and addresses as matters of course. The cut-and-dried compliments which were doubtless handed down to posterity by the inmates of Noah's Ark are frequently fished for and led up to by herself, and one pays them as currently as courtiers do homage to the throne—for etiquette sake. The "plain" attach to themselves a suspicion of beauty which affords sufficient foundation for a superstructure of civil things, the truth and sincerity of which they may be made most implicitly to believe. But the ugly——

Yes, to the *mere* lover the ugly present a blank. He has no cue for his sighs and tears—no excuse for his preference. Upon what text can he discourse in his first love-letter? To what reasonable cause can he refer the lighting up of his flame? To the grace of her figure?—that is almost deformed. To the fire of her eyes?—they are small, grey and lustreless. To the sweetness of her smile?—it wrinkles her face into the puckers of scorched parchment. Where there is nothing to admire, how is he to prove the integrity of his admiration?

Yet there *is* a cause for his preference; but, alas! that spring must ever remain a sealed fountain. Far from daring to hint, he must ingeniously conceal, the true origin of his tenderness.—Blighted are his hopes should she once suspect he sighs for her fortune instead of herself! And, be it remarked, *en passant*, all ugly women *have* fortunes.

Those who have not are never courted: they are either entirely passed over, or, if the windfall of a sigh should happen to alight upon them, they never lose a chance; they accept and get married as soon as possible, before there is time for the operations of courtship even to commence.

Thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the range of *materiel* for sentiment, what is to be done? Hear our plain directions—they are infallible.

You must in every case begin by using all the dowager and *passe* arguments against beauty. "Fleeting dowry!—evanescent as the summer cloud—worthless as the withered flower!—often leading its unhappy possessor into the paths of temptation—abandoning her in the depths of destruction—leaving her at last to mourn over blighted hopes"—and all that. But, on the other hand, "who can sufficiently estimate the lasting blessings of congenial sentiment—of hearts fondly beating in a blissful union?—the never-dying graces of the mind"—and so forth. But the most effectual topic of all—especially in a case where a few thousands a year are at stake—is the delights of content and love in a cottage. "With such a mind as yours, even poverty would be endurable," will always prove a clencher.

You will find that every woman who is remarkable for her ugliness is said to be also remarkable for some especial virtue, accomplishment, or specific perfection. Whenever you hear it remarked that "she certainly is very plain," there will always follow a "but," which introduces an addendum on the amiability of her disposition, the superiority of her talents, or the beauty of her foot.

The last class of ugly women require no directions for being courted, because they take the whole affair out of your hands. They make up for the want of personal attraction by a cestain forwardness of manner which occasionally gains them so called lovers, but seldom husbands. These people can only be hinted at; they may not be described.

Jefferson said—"Experience has taught us that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort."

A sceptical young man, one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."



MADEMOISELLE CELESTE.

There are some people who seem never to be happy unless they are miserable. Take away all cause of complaint, and you deprive them of their greatest comfort.

"Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?" "Why don't every stalk of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go bring in a basket of chips, child."

POETRY.

We promised "H" a word to-day. First premising that her articles show real talent, a faculty for versification and much true fancy, and that in what we add, no ridicule is intended, we proceed to embrace the opportunity to give a *little* advice on a subject we know *little* about, and which, to the world, is of *little* importance.

Newspapers are beset by clouds of poets. Every one who indulges a fancy for the fanciful and gets some lines together, of an equal number of syllables and with ends that jingle, calls it "poetry," writes it off neatly and sends it to the editor—who sends it into the barrel—and in consequence, the unknown writer at once considers himself personally slighted, and may be the editor's enemy, for life, thereafter. But then here lies the error. True poetry is like true painting—a high and a rare faculty. Any one can *daub*, but it is rare to find one who can really *paint*. Most persons can make rhyme and measure, but few have the soul gifted with high poetic attributes—and the difference between stuff and poetry, is like that between a puckery pear and a mellow, juicy, sweet peach. Both are *fruit*, but only one gives delight to the palate. Therefore the Editor should not be held obliged to take "poetry," *nolens volens*, nor should any one take umbrage if he publishes not his rhymes.

Another trouble in the disposition to *print*. If you can, or think you can write poetry, by all means avoid publishing for full five years, after you have continued to write. At the end of that time, your article *may* be judged by yourself, not before. But dont forget that even measure, euphony, mellowness, and perhaps even sweetness, will not entitle a piece to the name, or rather to more than the *name* of poetry. There must be soul, imagination, beauty or sublimity of figure, force and concentration of language. Most "poets" sit down, when "the spirit moveth them," to write something—they know not exactly what—and begin with a line to which they gradually affix other lines, leaving it to luck to make the *ideas* accord; and the result is not difficult to anticipate. We have induced *Ephraim* to write a specimen of the smooth and mellow, turned to the ludicrous, or more properly ridiculous. Here it is, by way of illustration:

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN *Impromptu*, BY *Ephraim*.

The light of a sixteenth Summer glanced
From an eye of azure blue—
A heart to Love's soft pulses throbbed
In a bosom mild and true—
A lip, in its pouting richness, red,
Gave rest to an Angel smile,
And a voice of flute-like sweetness told
Of a spirit free of guile—
A form of grace in budding bloom,
A foot like the fleet Gazelle,
A cheek like the dewy blossom's blush
Where the soul its tale WOULD tell—
A being brightly beautiful—
A maid of a sunny clime—
A creature of spirit innocent
Whom to love would not be crime.
In her father's house
One Summer morn,
When still as a mouse
Was the dewy lawn,
Sat quietly down
In a rocking chair—
In calico gown,
And with straggling hair—
At the kitchen door,
While a chattering hen,
On the old barn floor,
Scratched hard for grain.
First turning her gaze
To her stocking blue,
She stared at the place
Where the toe came through.
Then raising her eyes
She ope'd them wide—
And filled with surprise
With a shriek she cried,
Good gracious!—O dear!
O me!—dud zickens!
O, Ma! come here—
If our tarnal old speckled hen haint hatched
out every single one of her CHICKENS.

Eph has hit it pretty well. He has sketched the smooth, the sweet, the semi-sentimental, the odd, the ridiculous, and finished with the miserable. The first part might pass for poetry, but there are not three poetic ideas in the whole of it—the second part would, by some writers, be called funny poetry, but is no poetry at all, and the closing line is a fair illustration of the idea some poets have "that if you cant hit the measure exactly, three or four syllables, more or less, are of no great consequence, so that the *idea* be squeezed in." We told him he *stretched* the matter a leetle too far, but he doggedly insists it is perfectly right—and maybe it is. Now here are a few lines from a piece of "poetry," sent from up country, with a request to "please publish:" Just listen.

I'll go and hunt him up I will and bring him to the rack
And if he dont shell out the cash I'll slap a warrant on
his back;
I will not be imposed upon in this way—that I wont
He's got to pay me what he owe's God help him if he
dont

That now is nice—Here's another scrap—

His traps on board the boat unmowed and cruel now
to tell,
He left his faded Cherie Amie San bidding her farwell

Cherie Amie is a new idea—however let that go.

As our hand is in we'll give you this, by some unknown city bard:

"*Woodman spare that tree.*"

Streeter, spare that *thing*
The ladies wear behind,
The ridicule you fling
Is cruel and unkind.

It was no idle whim
That plac'd it on that spot,
When *nature* form'd them *trim*,
The hump she quite forgot.

That now familiar hump
Who does not love to see?
It looks so round and plump
Oh! Streeter, let it be.

HOLLIS.

Very well, "Hollis," let it be, if you say so. Your "poetry" has been tumbling about our "barrel" for six months, but you are immortalized now.

The gentle "H." who writes the prettiest little hand you ever saw, has a touch of poetry in her composition, but time and much reading and writing will be necessary to trim and smooth as well as arrange it. The following is very beautiful:

I've seen them fade away,
Like the golden tints of a summer's sky
As on the clouds the sunbeams die,
At close of beautious day,
When their fleeting shapes like drifted snow
Are crimson'd with a rosy glow;
When their forms seem gathering in the west,
And a flush is on each fleecy breast,
As they sorrowing seem to bid adieu,
To each dear loved and gorgeous hue.

The first verse she sends is plain—the last is excellent in the first four lines—the second we give above. *Write* "H." but dont print until time has passed over what you write, and a maturer judgment will guide you—and the same advice will do for most young writers.

There—we have given "poetry" a big blast, which must suffice now for a twelve month. We could have made out several columns on this "deeply interesting" topic, but nobody would have read it, so we stop here, with an adieu for the present to all the airy and mystic "spirits of the viewless clime."



POETREE!—The following, says the editor of "Old Knick," in his inimitable "Gossip with readers and correspondents," is an attempt to illustrate the poetry of the practical, in a cotton factory—no mean theme either, by the way, amid the whizzing of 'a thouzen wheals' and the 'rumberling of merchenery.' 'Hast thou heard,' says Carlyle, 'with sound ears, the awakening of a Manchester at half past five by the clock in the morning; the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide; ten thousand times ten thousand spools and spindles all set humming there? It is perhaps, if thou knew it well, sublime as a Niagara, or more so.' An independent minstrel, of the second sex, while 'in a state of strike' for higher wages at a Lowell cotton factory, has, in the following lines, gone somewhat into the detail of Mr. Carlyle's graphic and characteristic sketch, and given us incidentally the *modus operandi* of cotton spinning. The lines of poetry should always begin with capital letters: hence we have ventured to make the following conform to the rule; although the writer's MS is altogether against customs of this sort; there being *no* capital letters save those which are interspersed throughout the main body of the matter. The orthography is verbatim:

Come all you girls of Lowell,
Ile give you to understand
That i am a goin to leave this place,
And return to my nativ land.

Sence they have Cut their wages down
At nine shilengs a week;
And if i Cant do better than that
Some other place ile seek.

No more ile Cerry my bobbin up,
No more ile Cerry them down;
No more ile ask my over sear
May I go out of town.

No more ile wash my flower
Down in the weavers' room;
No more ile ask my overseer
May I stay out this noon.

While in their sable shades of night,
With Curtings round our heads,
The Wachmon Cols, the lamp is brought
To light us from our beads.

Then we arise and all prepare
To recev Corporeal food;
While some Complain, and others say
That theirs are rich and good.

The factery bell begins to ring,
And we must all obay;
And each their own imployment mind,
Or elce be turned away.

We then into the Carding room
With chearful harts ingage
To labor in the dust and dirt,
The youth of every agé.

And now the gate is histed hi,
The water swiftly flows;
And each to their own stasion moves,
And all the merchenery goes!

The rumberling wheals and ratling bands
All in succestion roles;
The regulator swiftly moves,
That regulates the whole.

It is a wonder how that man
Cud such merchenery make;
A thouzen wheals in union moves
Without the least merstake!

The bales of Cotten soon are braught
And from the picker floas;
Swift through the Cards and brakers Com,
And to the speder goes.

With flight the speder flise!
Tis pleasing to behold
The ropin round the bobbin—
One half can neer be told!

The next we no the Spinners Cols
For ropin to be braught;
Its Carrid from the Cardin room
And on the spindle Caught.

The Lowell Vox Populi says that "All men are endowed with certain inalienable rights—except *poor men.* All men who do not pay their honest debts are great scamps—except those who cheat on a large scale. All men are born free and equal—except *negroes.* All men are great sinners—except *those who belong to the church.* All men are allowed to think and act freely—except those who *work* for a living. All well dressed and accomplished women are ladies—except—*Factory Girls.*

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.—"How do you fee' ?" said a high pressure field preacher, a short time since, at a camp meeting in Mississippi, to a dry wag of a chap, who had located himself upon the "anxious seat" by mistake.

"Quite well, I thank you, how do you come on yourself?" retorted the wag!

"We've rescued thirty-seven today."

"Have you."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you think you've done pretty d——d well, don't you?"

That last "brick bat," ended the conversation instanter.

STOLEN CREAM.—"I have a strong *attachment* for you," as the constable said to the debtor.

"Push along," as the bullet said to the powder. "Keep moving," as the powder said in return.

"My *hart* is in the Highlands," as the hunter said of his game.

"Excuse the length of this article," as a woman said of her tongue.

A fellow "down cast," says that the times are so hard that he thinks of leaving the world *and climbing a tree.*

Woman or Wine.

An Epistle to the President of the New England Society, who recommended the Introduction of Women in place of Wine at Entertainments.

FROM THE NICKERBOCKER FOR AUGUST.

"One of the two, according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are fatal to our joys:
But which to choose I really hardly know.

* * * * * *

I have tried both; so those who would a part take,
May choose between the headache and the heartache."

BYRON.

Oh! weak and fool-hardy reformer,
To substitute women for wine;
The glow of whose presence is warmer
Than the sunniest juice of the vine.

Believe me, less fatal are julaps
Than women in witchery skilled;
For there oozes more venom from two lips
Than ever from grain was distilled.

Who barters for beauty his whiskey,
The change will be certain to rue;
For her eyes shed a spirit more frisky
Than lurks in the best "mountain dew."

Ah! those eyes at each meeting so merry
You'll find to out-sparkle champagne;
And ringlets more golden than sherry
Will fuddle as well the poor brain.

More tapering necks than the bottles,
With mouths more bewildering crowned,
Will pour from their ravishing throttles
A stream that a sage will confound.

If wine makes us brutes, love is able
To turn us to fools with like ease;
If the one lays us under the table,
T'other brings us at least to our knees.

After dinner, when warmed with good eating,
'Tis woman, not wine, we should flee;
"Perfect Love's a great deal more heating
Than ever abused "eau de vie."

Still at table some mischief she's brewing;
Oft feet scrape acquaintance below;
Ah! no heel-taps so pregnant with ruin
As these hidden taps of the toe.

And hands, between courses, at leisure,
Make friends when there's no one to mark;
Ah! less poison yield grapes under pressure
Than fingers thus squeezed in the dark.

As home reels the toper of beauty,
How crimson his visage, poor elf!
How fevered he sleeps! how his duty
Is left to take care of itself!

When thwarted, how palsied his powers,
Till he sinks in despair at death's door;
Oh! if woman her victim thus lowers,
What, I ask, can the bottle do more?

No spirit so ardent as woman's—
So sure to intoxicate man;
Her touch is "delirium tremens,"
That maddens him more than the can.

The glance of her eye is "blue ruin,"
Her blush is the blood of the vine;
Her pout is a punch, in whose brewing
Tart, sugar, and spirit combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady,
No hope for her victim appears;
Should her smiles only render him giddy,
He'll be surely made drunk by her tears.

Not the grape juice of Eden made Adam
So stupidly forfeit his all;
But the lure of his volatile madam
Led him tipsily on to his fall.

Not the wines of fair Cyprus the rover
So sure as its women beguile;
Better rest where he is, "half-seas over,"
Than steer for so fatal an isle.

O! then shun such a tempter as this is,
Nor commerce so hazardous court;
Who embarks on the waves of her tresses,
Will grieve that he ventured from port.

New York, July, 1842. FLACCUS.

The most ridiculous figure we ever saw, was a dandy getting mad with the awkward appearance of his shadow, and endeavoring to tread on it.

A HERO.

The following story of a scarred old veteran, was funished the Boston Bee, by a correspondent. Read it:

The Soldier loves to "fight his battles o'er again" in song and story.—This thought struck me when, upon a visit to the battle-ground of New Orleans, which is situate four miles below the city, I encountered an old negro, who occupied a small *shanty* in its immediate neighborhood. I never looked upon a more deplorable picture of humanity than he presented. His face was scarred and seamed, as it appeared, with many a sabre cut—one eye and part of his nose were absent—his hands were minus half their complement of fingers—and his use of a crutch satisfied me that his leg had likewise been mutilated. Now, thought I, I shall receive a rich reward for my pilgrimage from the city. Many were the glowing accounts I had read of the eventful *Eighth of January*—but now, upon the very field where "Old Hickory" met in "fearful fight" the flower of the British army, and from the lips of one who shared the perils of the day, was I to receive an unadorned account of the fearful struggle. With these reflections I approached his *mansion.* Before, however, I had a chance to accost him, the 'war-worn veteran' saluted me with—

'Ah, massa, how is you? Juss hole on half a shake, 'till I git my ole hat, an' I'll be dar.'

He then hobbled into the house, and in a moment, with his hat in his hand, he had returned and was at my side, and the following colloquy was held between us:—

'Well, '*uncle,*' how long have you sojourned here?'

'Do what, sar,' said *Ebony,* looking confounded.

'How long have you sojourned here?'

'Dare's been no *sojerin'* here for some time, massa.'

'I mean, how long have you *lived* here?'

'Oh—why, for de lass thirty year.'

'Indeed!—Then of course you was here at the time of the battle, and can tell me a great deal about it.'

'To be sure I ken, massa: gemmen of'en cum an' ax me all 'bout it. Does you want to buy any *bullits*—sell em *picayune* a piece—giniwine *dug up* ones, and no mistake. Sum ob de niggers down heah ab been *undersellin'*—but de *bullits* dey sell is *spur'ous,* an' what dey sell for pieces ob *bum shell* is *bruck up dinner pots!*'

'Very well; we'll talk of these things anon. How far does this trench extend back into the swamp?'

'Well, I dun know 'zactly, massa; but it's upwards ob a debble ob a ways—'bout tree miles, I b'lieve.'

'On which side was the American redoubt?'

'On dis side, massa: whole line ob cotton bags all along heab. Thar—[pointing to an old oak]—is whar Gineral Jacksing hab his tent.'

'Ah, old fellow! don't you feel proud of the glorious work you did that day?'

'What day, massa?'

'The 8th of January, 1815.'

'Well, massa, I didn't work so hard on dat day as I did de day before.'

'What were you doing then?'

'Cartin' *cotting bags down from New Orleans!*'

'Ah, but *the* day—the glorious *Eighth,* when [becoming enthusiastic] you received those wounds, the scars of which remain as enduring monuments of your bravery.'

'Why, I didn't git dese in Jinewary, an' it wasn't hoah, nudder.'

'Where else?'

''Bout five year ago, 'board a steamboat, when she blowed up.'

'Where, then, were you on that eventful morning, when the first cannon gave the signal for the attack?'

'*Runnin' like the debble up to town!*''

C. H. S.

A want of respect for the aged, is a mark of the very vapidest most execrably unmanly disposition. Always take off your hat to your daddy.

THE PROCK.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING
FOUND BY ALCYPHRON
WITHIN THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.



The veritable history of the Prock, as recorded in an ancient illuminated manuscript, found in the catacombs of Egypt, near the Nile. With a Plate.

Many philosophers and natural historians, who have risen up along the track of the last ten centuries, have written volumes concerning the mysterious animal called the *Prock.* Much learned research among black-letter tomes has been expended by them in the endeavor to ascertain its habitudes and propensities; this being the only avenue to an acquaintance with the animal, as the race is now wholly extinct. But, judging from their contradictory, and conflicting accounts, there is but small doubt that these learned savans have drawn more from their imaginations than from the well settled stores of history.

Indeed, some pseudo-learned individual has recently attempted to derive its origin from the hills of one of our neighboring States; another equally sapient philosopher has presumed that the patriarch Noah, saw the animal and caused an accurate description of his physical features to be put up on the walls of his ark. This same philosopher had the unblushing hardihood to aver that the demi-amphibious, hermaphrodite figure which now frowns from the dome of the St Louis Engine house is a good picture of the animal in question.

We have the pleasure to state that we are now enabled to put this matter to rest forever, and to show conclusively, that all former conjectures and descriptions are utterly without foundation.

It is to be regretted that a portion of the manuscript in our possession has been lost; sufficient, however, remains, to give us an accurate idea of the animal, and the spot which it was most accustomed to frequent. We quote the following ffom the MSS. above alluded to:

"Several of those wonderful animals, called Procks, concerning whose origin and destiny, many ancient authors among the Chinese and Persians, have given so many conjectures, are now to be seen on the uppermost steps of the great pyramid near Sacchara. Another one is just commencing the ascent. The last one is about two feet in height, in general shape resembling a unicorn, having however, a long, round and slim tail, very flexible, so as to be turned readily in every direction, and insinuated into the crevices between the piles of stones. He has, also, a very long and peculiarly shaped snout, which can be insinuated into the fissures of the pyramid with great adroitness. He seems to feed upon the locusts which infest the pyramids in great abundance; the snout of the animal being used to discover their location, and then the ail is thrust in, to ferret them from their lurking places. The animal seemingly relishes this food very much. The great peculiarity, however, of the Prock, and which proves that it was destined for no localities other than the pyramids or equally precipitous elevations, is the construction of its limbs."

In this observation of the author of the manuscript, we observe the origin of that idea so elaborately extended by some natural philosophers of the present day, and especially by the great Lawrence, viz: that animals are formed for the places they inhabit, and not the places for them. For instance, the northern bear is made white, because he inhabits regions of snow, and the negro black, because he is a native of the south; so also is the duck web-footed, because it is obliged to swim—these are, of course, self-evident truths.

The manuscript proceeds:—"The Prock has four limbs; the two on the left side are long, the other two on the right are short. This construction is wisely ordained for the purpose of enabling the animal to maintain its footing on the side of the pyramid; the two longer legs resting on one step, the two shorter on the next above. The animal thus starts from the base of the pyramid in search of food, gradually winding upwards to the right. Its progress is extremely slow, owing to the difficulty which sometimes presents, of securing the locusts in the crevices; the period of seven years and ten months is usually passed in arriving at the top of the structure.—When the animal has arrived at the uppermost step, the surface being level, of course locomotion is no longer possible; it then lies down, folding its tail and snout about its body. At the end of three days, a horrid looking bird, of the vam-

pyre species, is seen sailing slowly through the air, approaching the top of the pyramid with a horrid croaking noise. It alights upon the Prock, fixes its talons in the sides of the animal, then flaps its wings, and carries it off towards the great mountain at the source of the Nile, where the foot of man has never trod. One of the two rocks, now near the summit, will end its journey during the next month, when the inhabitants of this region will have an opportunity of witnessing the approach of the dreadful bird, and its departure with the Prock in its talons."



THE BUSTLE.

Far be it from us to invade the consecrated domains of Fashion and its gentle devotees. When woman was made she was emphatically *fashioned*; and she to this day has been the fickle but beautiful priestess at the variant shrine She is supreme, and we of the masculine living within an influence whose magic no power can dispel, bow in unchecked devotion at her queenly feet, and worship her. She is lovely in the fantastic, beautiful in the simple, noble in the costly, and irresistible in every thing. But still there is a poor liberty which we may with trembling indulge; and that is, to smile at her foibles, and to whisper slyly to each other a word of criticism, as she sweeps along unchecked in all her thousand fancies. A gentleman's hat upon her head, collar upon her neck, wristbands to her sleeve, and pantaloons and boots upon her back, are but such pleasing freaks as become graceful in her but the germ of a joke with her ardent lovers. So pardon us, ladies dear—we only beg the small freedom of a smile, being not slack, n one whit or tittle, in our affectionate and undying devotion unto you. Suffer us to likewise place the illustration above and the selected item below.

A "BUSTLE" SONG,

Written by a member of the Young Men's Meddle-with-Women's-Business Society"—illustrated by Squibbs.

The Bustle! the Bustle! the dear charming bustle!
That keeps all the girls and the boys in a tussle!
The old folks cant bear 'em, the gals wont forswear 'em,
And 'tis plain that ere long the men too must wear 'em.

Then won't we look sweet as we strain each back muscle,
And stagger along 'neath a big bouncing bustle?
As we bow in the street to each lady we meet,
Wont our 'prominent feature,' sirs, stick out a feet?

Ah! wont the fat fellow with dignified swagger,
As beneath the huge hump he endeavors to stagger,
Go sweating and swearing at fashion and ladies,
When to flourish the bustle his big body made is?

And the wasp-waisted dandy, too, slim as an eel!
Wont he 'cut a big swell' with a back load of meal!
Or a big bag of wind? as for conquest inclined,
Forth he sallies with coat tails stuck straight out behind!

The grave reverend priest, when for sermon and prayers,
With his load of ground corn shall ascend pulpit stairs;
Some satirical wight may remark full of spite—
Tho' his yoke may be easy, his "*burden's*" not light.

Then hey for the bustle! the beautiful bustle!
No longer confined to where petticoats rustle;
With women to share 'em, let all men prepare 'em!
For soon all will be proud and delighted to wear 'em!

REGULAR TOASTS

1 The Day we Celebrate! from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific—from the river St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, Twenty Millions of Freemen bear witness to the priceless blessings which cluster around its sun.

2 The Signers of the Declaration of Independence—Among the great and noble of mankind, their names, proudly eminent, stand like a tower.

3 Washington—The first, last and only Washington.

4 The unfed, unclothed Soldiers of the Revolution—Never shall this land forget how gushed the life-blood of her brave.

5 Lafayette—Let the shout of America's welcome answer to his worth.

6 The Union—Beautifully, like the bow of Heaven it spans our Continent, a sign of hope to all of Earth.

7 The President of the United States.

8 The brave hearts and wooden walls of our Navy—Nobly have they borne themselves, whether on their peaceful ocean path or in the battle's wildest storm.

8 The Army—A little band, filled with names to stir the spirit and make our hearts beat high.

10 Our great national creed of universal equality—It is a glorious creed—one of high hope and universal love, noble and ennobling.

11 The oppressed of other countries—our sympathies are with them; our homes are open to them. For strong hands we offer a ready soil; for honest hearts a free admission to all our institutions.

12 Temperance—The great moral movement of the Day: It is a cause in keeping with the genius of our Country, the spirit of the age, and the best interests and true dignity of humanity.

13 Woman—Honored be Woman: Try her with sorrow or with pleasure, and quick to each touch, her sympathy responds like the hidden melody of the Harp.

By Wm. T. Richardson, a Printer. The Fair—May a *dagger* be *dashed* at the *form* and close the *paragraph* of his existence, who would dare to trifle with them.

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN." — "Am this ere thing your'n, mam?" asked an honest rustic of a lady, in a neighboring County at Church last Sunday, holding in his hand a very modest *Bustle*, which he had just picked up; and not knowing what it was, propounded the above question, in all innocence of heart. "No sir," was the response, "and if you had any eyes, you would *see* that it is'nt," whisking around and exhibiting to the frightened rustic, proof that she was already enormously supplied, in that particular. That's a *fact*, gentlemen and ladies.

CHEAP MILK.—Milk-Cows have been sold lately in Kentucky for 37½ cents by the Sheriff.—*Rich. Star.*

Is Milk-Cows the Chickapoo for Milch-Cows, Corporal?—*Oxford Mercury.*

Not *chick*-apoo, but *calf*-apoo. Now *suck it.*

Enterprise.

Americans are certainly the strangest people in the world. We know everything by intuition; do every thing without care, study or forethought. If we get into a scrape—well, what then? Who suffers? Ask your next door neighbor.

Let a man appear to prosper in any particular kind of business—no matter what—and our lives for it, in a twelve month he will have *enterprising* neighbors all around him, rushing, head-over-heels into the same business. No matter what his pursuit is or theirs. *He* might be a book-seller, a confectioner, a hatter, a parson, or a distiller—any thing or every thing, and *they* might have been tailors, shoemakers, or shop-keepers in the dry goods or grocery line, or carpenters or attorneys—it's all the same to them. If there's *money to be made*, why should'nt they make it as well as another? And into it they rush, headlong, like bulls into a China shop, and when the *smash* comes, as come it surely will, the moment they are found out—then what have they to say for themselves? Just about nothing. "The times were *so hard*. How could they help it? Would you discourage enterprise?" The consummate humbugs!

"Every thing by turns, and nothing long!" and this is called *enterprise!* This, a certain set of block-heads in our country mistake for that far-seeing, healthy and generous determination to be something and do something in this world, out of which great men proceed like the stars of midnight, in a continued birth. Hence the prevalence of so much wayward fickleness among us. Hence the fact that a son seldom follows the occupation of his father. Hence not one man in fifty continues five years in the same kind of business, in the same partnership, or the same shop. And hence the multiplicity among other things, of unprincipled and worthless newspapers. *Enterprises*, forsooth! and *literary* enterprises! whereby all who have any thing to do with them, whether editors, proprietors, printers or publishers are ruined in nine cases out of ten, before they are wise enough to give up in despair and go hang themselves in a quiet and unostentatious manner!

Printers, we believe, are most generally successful in such *enterprizes*, and they *should be*, particularly where they bestow a large amount of capital in the shape of labor, eh?

TEXAS COURTSHIP.—A Texian editor gives the following as a specimen of the style of courtship in Texas.

"Hullo, gal—how's your ma?"

"Haint got none here—reckon she's dead by this time, too."

"Well, how's your pa?"

"He was hung last May."

"Humph! what are you doin'?"

"Jest lookin' about."

"Zactly what I'm doin'. Sposin' we hitch and proximate?"

"Zactly—but who'll pay the Judge?"

"Guess I'll fodder up one half the provender if you can go the other heat."

"Well—but I've only got a counterfeit note."

"Just zactly my own premises. Come, if we can't cheat one judge, we can another—so come on gal; here, take my arm—we'll try,

A SIGN.—An exchange paper says that the best sign a dry goods merchant can raise in the West in order to make a ready sale for his goods is "*Not Married!*"

The suggestion is pretty good; but it does not go far enough. The following written upon a sign in a New England village, was better: "Dry Goods, by John Biglow; who *wishes* to get married." *This* sign drew *all kinds* of custom. The single ladies went of course; and the *married men* always told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily cheat so *great a fool!*

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—"Bible-dictionary class, come up," said our schoolmaster.—"Who was Lot's wife?" "The pillow of salt what Moses laid his head on when he went up to Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up, coz he had no sheep but himself to do otherwise." What is said about Jonah?" "Jonah swallowed a big fish, and was found the third day asleep with a parcel of James river leaf in his mouth, which he gave to the Queen of Sheba for mending his trowsers, which he had busted in strainin' to get out of the lion's den, where Daniel had been eatin' mince pie and Brandreth's pills." "Go up to head."

The Great Day.

"———the light of this shall be
Not a mere pillar formed of cloud and flame—
A beacon in the horizon-for a day,
And then to be forgotten—but a light
To lesson ages, falling nations, and
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many
A people's records and a hero's acts—
Sweep empire after empire into nothing—
Yet spare this day!"

Throw back the curtains and let in light! I know it *must* be morning! How parched is my throat! and my brain throbs like a newly cicatrized wound! ——By heaven, a lovely day, after a month of gloomy weather! Why, the brightness of a nation's revelry has lingered into morning, and paints the very day-beams with glory. All hail, thou glorious sun, which lookest afar over this free and happy land! Never did thy beams light up a more glorious spectacle. Not when thy morning smiles greeted his empire whose western borders received thy last glance—not when the sacred groves and Porticos of Greece hailed thee with the worship of thought concentrated into all but a god-like essence—not when thou saw'st Cicero thundering in the world's capitol, or waited upon the armies of Cesar as his cohorts gleamed like lightning-flashes over Europe, and rested in triumph upon the fields of Asia—not when the sublime Impersonation of War and Conquest, whose iron heel struck from prostrate France the spark of liberty which is to light the world—saw'st thou a scene so full of natural glory as on the great day just passed, made glad with thy presence.

What a precious boon is that which gives to *all*—the poor, the wretched, the fearful, the heart-broken—ONE day of release from the iron fetters which weigh them down, and restores to every soul the wings with which they mount to joy! How, with an unutterable gladness gushing from millions of sad and weary hearts, comes thy welcome presence upon the earth! The weary student, heart-sick with hope deferred, starts from his ghastly lamp, as he hears thy joyous voices ringing in the street, and throwing aside his blistering garment of rent and withered hopes, rushes, shouting forth, to join the happy throng.

The wan and ghost-eyed child of gain, whose days and weary nights are spent, day after day and year by year, in contriving some low and groveling scheme by which to wring from the rest of his species that glittering metal which, diffused among all, brings gladness, but which, hoarded in forgotten corners, lies like leaden shadows upon the soul of its possessor, breaks from his spectral watch beside the yellow mountain beneath which his heart with all its high and noble impulses lies buried, and hastens to mingle once more in the joyous gathering, and to become again a drop in the vast sea of enthusiasm and delight which is sweeping and roaring past him—the poor poet, weeping with hunger on his cold pallet, starts wildly up from his feverish repose and beholds his dreams all realized, and rushing one by one along beneath his feet—the aged patriot—the young—the free—the noble—the rich—the poor—all feel the delicious excitement of the hour, and join in the general jubilee whose echoes reach to heaven.

May revolving centuries throughout all time be hold the anniversary of the "Great Day" hailed at each returning year with new enthusiasm by a free and happy people!

"There's plenty of room inside," as the pauper said to the penny loaf.

"Ah, dew!" as the lady said to her satin slipper, after a morning walk in the meadow.

"No *tick* here," as the man said to the watch he bought at auction.

"If Christians must contend," says Jeremy Taylor, "let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear most and best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make most noise in the world."

It is a sour, malignant, envious disposition, without taste for reality, or any image of representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourirhed in splendor and in honor.

"How can you *bare* it," said the wig to Simon's poll.

"I'll *pitch* you over," as the caulker remarked to the ship.

"I shall *draw* on you at sight," as the bed bug said to Bill's leg.

"I *feel* for you," as the pickpocket's fingers said to his neighbor's watch.

A Mississippi paper has the sheriff's sales under the head of "awful occurrences."

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had abundance of that in his own country. That chap is right.

A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

"I can be no follower of thine," as the cripple said when the loafer ran off with his crutches.

It is not polite to invite a friend to dine with you at your boarding house, when you cannot pay up a nine weeks arrears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE DAILY BEE.

THE CUMANCHE'S DEATH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE OF SAN ANTONIO

BY CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

The early history of the "lone star Republic" is rife with fearful interest; and many an "ower true tale" which its early pioneers relate, are well calculated to freeze the blood, and blanch the cheek even of manhood. The incident I shall attempt to rehearse, was told to me by a participator in the fearful scene, and, as it fell from his lips, I give my readers the plain "unvarnished tale."

In the year of 1840 the Texian Council sent a Cumanche prisoner back to his nation, charged with a mission to the effect, that if all the prisoners then in the Cumanche encampment, would be immediately given up, liberal ransoms should be paid in exchange. Soon after the messenger had delivered his mission to the nation, a party of the Indians left the beautiful valley of the Pertinalis, which place had been their winter quarters, and took the road which leads to the main post of the Texian army.

The cavalcade of the red men consisted of some of the oldest and most sage chiefs—many of the young warriors with their squaws—some with their children at their breasts, and a few of the old women, whose duty it seemed to be to take care of the baggage; in the centre of the party, rode a beautiful American girl, who had been taken prisoner in one of the predatory excursions of the Indians and had remained six months or more in the power of the savages. Her father was one of the pioneers of the country, who had removed from the United States with his wife and daughter, to found a "new home" in that then uncultivated region. One day in his absence, the Indians made a desent upon his cabin, tomahawked the mother in the presence of her child, and bore the daughter into captivity.

The party arrived at a spot within a mile of San Antonio de Behar, formerly a Mexican town, then the main post of the Texian army. A halt was here made, and the old women having been left in charge of the baggage, horses, mules, &c., the old chiefs and young warriors, with their squaws, marched into the town, accompanied by their captive. Each warrior was armed with his knife and bow; but a young chief who preceded them, bearing a white flag, denoted that their object was peaceful. In the little council chamber of the infant country the Texian officers awaited their approach.—Judge Howard, a much esteemed citizen and public functionary, presided at the meeting; and, soldiers having been stationed around the building, and at every door within it, the grim procession was marched into the hall. The young warriors, with the squaws and children, were conducted into an inner room, and the door closed upon them, while the stern chiefs were seated, side by side, on a long bench confronting the judge. The business of the assembly then commenced.—Judge Howard arose and demanded of them the number of prisoners they had. The head chief then presented the girl, and through an interpreter replied, "but one," demanding a large ransom as the price of her freedom. The girl was then taken aside, and questioned as to how many captives she had left behind in the Cumanche camp. She told them that many of her countrymen and Mexicans yet lingered in bondage, expecting momently a horrible death. The assembly being satisfied that more prisoners remained behind, and that the Cumanches had endeavored to deceive them, replied, through Judge Howard, that all must be brought in, and that they should be detained as hostages, until every man was given up. The precept a Cumanche teaches to his children, is, "to die rather than become a prisoner to a white man," and ere the decision of the assembly had passed the Judge's lips, a Cumanche knife was in his heart. Without a groan the ill-fated Judge fell dead, and then commenced the scene of blood and slaughter.

The wild whoop of the savages, echoed through the building and was chorussed back from the young warriors in the inner room; the door was thrown open, and the Cumanches were discovered in a seried mass—each with an arrow fixed in his bow, others clasped with his hand around the stock, and others held between his teeth; with dreadful yells they rushed into the hall, and the well aimed messengers of death, each hit its living mark. The women fought with the fury of devils. The officers who possessed swords or knives, were using them in close melee with the savages who were similarly armed; the soldiers, whose muskets were without bayonets, grasped their weapons in a state of fearful inactivity, not daring to fire into the sanguinary crowd, lest they should wound their own officers; and not until their commanding Colonel was stabbed three several times, was the order given to *fire* at any risk; a blaze of flame belched at the word, from the muzzles of a dozen muskets, and the grim savage who stood with uplifted knife over the prostrate form of the Colonel—fell across his body, a lifeless corpse; with their muskets clubbed, the soldiers infuriated by the sight of their prostrate commander and dying comrades, rushed upon the savages, and although more than one arm fell disabled as the soldier raised his musket to strike, the savages were soon stretched upon the floor, either cold in death, or writhing in its last agonies. Of the warlike band who had entered that hall, but two now breathed, an old chief and his wife, a *squaw*, with an infant at her breast. The woman who had fought with desperation, with the babe in her arms, now lay upon the floor, bleeding profusely from a bullet wound in the breast.—The old chief bent over her a moment; he saw his child draw from its mother's breast the nourishment intended for its support, and at the same time the purple stream gushing from the frightful wound, carrying with it the life of her he loved.

The sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and as the savage gazed upon his wife, a ball intended for him, passed first through the head of the child, and lodged in the body of the woman. Both fell over on the floor, motionless!—all was over, and the old chief was alone; with a horrid yell, he started up and gazed around him. The fair flower of his wigwam, and she who gave it life, and caressed and nourished it, were both withered and gone forever; his brave warriors, who, faithful to the religion of the Indian, which taught him to die rather than yield, lay a heap of dead around him; and he, like the sturdy oak, which has survived the fury of the whirlwind, stood the only living thing amid the general chaos; one glance sufficed—with his bow in one hand, and in his other the broad knife yet dripping gore, he sprang over the dead body of his wife, and rushed towards the entrance; three bullets sped after him, but they lodged in the heart of the sentinel, and he fell dead. The savage cleared the passage at a bound, and leaped into the street. Finding himself surrounded, and all hope of escape cut off, he sprang into an adjoining building, a sort of outhouse, without windows, and with but one door, and before untenanted: there, like the tiger at bay, he awaited the sure death that fate had marked for him. He stood in one corner of the room, his eye flashing fire. His bow, never yet bent in vain, firmly grasped, and with its cord stretched to its utmost tension, the deadly arrow was poised in its place; others hung in the quiver at his back, and thus he remained, as motionless as death, guarding the only entrance to the room. A sentinel approached the door, and on the instant an arrow quivered in his breast; a citizen, who thoughtlessly exposed himself, shared the same fate. An awful pause now ensued; another sentinel, reckless of the consequences, with his musket levelled from his shoulder, approached the door-way,—but ere his finger could pull the trigger, the winged shaft of the savage laid him with the other two on the stoop of the building.

Sickened at the sight, the citizens devised a plan that should drive the desperate chief from his strong hold. Just at this moment, one of the old women who had been left with the baggage, was brought in a prisoner. She was directed to go to the Chief and tell him, if he would throw away the arrows he might go in safety and peace. As she approached the door she spoke, and the chieftain recognising her voice, permitted her to enter. She delivered her message and received for reply—

"No—the white men have cut off all the branches—now let them come if they *dare*, and hew down the withered trunk." She returned with the reply, and was directed to repeat the message. She re-entered the building—the same answer was returned, with the assurance, that if she dared to tell again the white man's story, she should die. All hopes of enticing him from his position were now lost, and implements being procured, several men ascended on the outside of the building to the roof and commenced forcing a hole through the cemented top for the purpose of shooting him from above. It had now grown quite dark—the quick ear of the savage caught the first sound of the crow-bar; and, directed by the light of the torch which stole through the opening chinks, he changed his situation in order to command both positions—as he passed under the aperture a flaming ball of liquid fire dropped from the torch of pitch and fell upon his head:—his long hair was immediately wrapped in a blaze, and he ran screaming from the building.—Hardly had he reached the threshold, when five bullets were in his heart! with a terrific scream, he sprang into the air—and fell heavily upon the ground.

When they arrived at the spot, the undaunted soul of the Indian, like the morning vapor of his Prairies, had arisen from the dull earth—and the scarred corpse was all it left to suffer the indignities of his Pale-faced enemy.

☞We like to see a girl with a stocking well darned. It bespeaks industry and economy.

GIMCRACKS.

EPHRAIM has of late gone enthusiastically into Messmerism. The other day we found him experimenting on an old pair of scissors, which he says he found in the street. These scissors being of first rate *steal*, were duly magnetised, and put in communication with grandmother Squibbs. The old lady thus catechised them.

"Oh, la! I never seed sich old things—all worn out, eenamost. Wal now Mr. Scissors, "*whar* did you kum from?"

"Whas made by a Yankee, in Oniontown, Connecticut—and sold to a dry goods clerk, to snip tape with."

"Wal, that's quite nateral. Where did you go, after that?"

"I was carried to Boston one day, and *dropped*, accidedtally, in the streets. A little fellow, with seedy whiskers, picked me up, and tock me to the Mail office and scoured me with oil and rotton-stone."

"Ah! a keerful man. Wal."

"Then he took me into the editor's room and I edited the paper, and—"

"O, graciious! what?"

"True, Madam, 'pon honor—the chap was smart enough, but his fingers were, like his head naturally sort of *light*, and so Mam I did his stealing, because he was so lazy, and that was pretty much the hull editing done. Indeed, Mam, it quite *wore me down*, and it was a lucky day for me when a snapper dapper fellow picked me up one day and put me slily in his pocket. The consequence was, the Mail eenmost had to stop. But it got two more pairs, and then cut away more furiously than ever."

"Oh, me!—go on."

"The chap who stole me, carried me to New-Orleans. He was a cute chap—and editor of the Crescent City—right smart and mighty clever, as we say in the potato regions, but he was so fond of good things and so sluggish, that he preferred to take what belonged to his neighbors and put them off as original. So I stole for him about six months. Next I got a situation in the Picayune office, but as I did not have much to do there, I slipt into a drunken compositor's pocket and went to a great many country papers, and found an awful sight of cutting to do so much, that I was nearly used up, almost broke. Well, at last I went to the New York Sun, and there I was very busy. A newspaper boy stole me and sold me to an 'old junk' dealer; after which the Tattler got me for three cents and used me quite freely. But the Aurora borrowed me one day and I staid there pretty busy for four weeks; after which I got into a printer's pocket, who took me to Philadelphia and gave me to John Du Solle, of the Times."

"What!" exclaimed the old lady—"*Umbrella* John do you mean?"

"The sa-a-a me—" gasped the poor scissors. Its voice has been growing weaker and weaker, and just at this point it turned up its aged eyes, gave one shake, and keeled over—and so it died. And there were tears shed over the remains of the poor scissors—there were.—*Rich. Star.*

"RATHER MUGGY"—Parson D——, many years since settled in Portland, employed a man who was accustomed to take a drop too much—that is, he would drink all he could beg, borrow or buy. One forenoon, this man was in the field mowing, and the parson went down to see how he progressed. He found but little done on the grass, but a good deal done on the man's brain. "Hic—hic—rath—hic—rather muggy, this—hic—this morning parson."

"I should think it was"—growled the parson—"yo've had five *mugs* already, and become so *muggy* you can't see to cut straight.—*Portland American.*

The following is a copy of a notice, *verbatim et literatim*, which was posted up at the corner of the streets in Tennessee a short time ago, by one of the deluded disciples of Jo Smith, of Mormon notoriety:

Notice July 1 1842
their will be a meating this Evening
by a Laterday saint or mormon from boston
in the Courthous he will will show what
the human soul is all air requested to attende
all free from any Expens.

What is it that gets cured by being well beaten? A ham!—its cured by *assaulting*—a salting.

THE RECOGNITION.

It was evening. The early song of the nightingale had just welcomed the approach of twilight, and the summer sun sinking behind a ridge of clouds, which it tinged with a golden hue, gave a rich expectation of the morrow. The peasantry were returning from their pastime on the village green, and the occasional bursts of merriment wafted on the wind were succeeded by the silence of night; but the cottage of Farmer Burrows still resounded with the sounds of a rustic party; the song and joke went round in concert with the jug of nut brown ale, and each one seemed to be draining the cup of human happiness to his heart's content. The farmer himself was seated at the end of his oaken table, and at his side his lovely daughter Jane, a blushing beauty of seventeen. She was exquisitely lovely, with eyes of the most bewitching tenderness; and though her features were not strictly regular, there was an expression of goodness in her countenance that rendered her irresistibly attractive. Her understanding was of a more superior order than is generally found with people in her station, but so guileless and innocent that it would be blasphemy to pervert it. She was the delight of all who knew her; and what gave her unbounded joy was the circumstance of her marriage on the ensuing week with a young soldier, who was expected home after a long absence from his native land. Many a sly hit and inuendo went round on this occasion, and old Burrows, laying aside his pipe, drank a health to the 'young dog,' as he facetiously termed the future heir of the family, and, as he passed the cheering glass, his wit and humor kept the company in a roar, and Jane, whose face was one continued glow, was compelled to return thanks for the kind wishes of her friends.

But it was growing late: the party was preparing to break up, and each swain anticipating the pleasing idea of escorting home the chosen one of his heart, and again renewing his vows of eternal constancy and love. The blind fiddler, already wearied out by the evening's exertion, seemed determined to prolong the amusement, if possible, ond scraped away with additional resolution, regardless of time and space, by condensing about a dozen airs into one. The sudden barking of the house-dog and a long continued ring at the bell of the postern, announeed the arrival of a stranger, and a young man was seen slowly walking up the avenue that led to the front of the cottage, and the next moment was clasped in the arms of his beloved Jane.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that this was the long-expected George. His regiment had been ordered home from Africa, where, having been worn out with fatigue and illness, after a years residence, he had returned to his native village to rest his bones in peace. All hastened round to congratulate him; but his pale and emaciated features, and sallow complexion, soon arrested their attention.

'Why, George,' exclaimed old Burrows, 'arn't glad to see thy friends? Here's poor Jane so woe begone, has been wandering about ever since your departure, that she has quite lost her spirits. Haven't you a word to say to her, man?'

'Thousands, my dearest Jane, thousands; but at present I am so exceessively weary, that the slightest exerton is painful.'

'Let him retire, papa,' exclaimed Jane; 'he looks very weary and fatigued.'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed the old man, 'so he does; a rest will do you good, and we will forego the pleasure of your present company that we may ensure it for the future.'

'Come, George, come,' said Jane, as she surveyed his altered countenance; 'I must be your nurse; lean on me, and I will lead you to the room prepared for your reception.'

The lovers, being left quite alone, enjoyed joyed themselves in the recapitulation of the oft-told tale,' and the expectation of future bliss, which nought but death could prevent; but his faded form and jaded look told a tale that was but too deeply engraven on her heart. In about half an hour she returned to the room, her eyes filled with tears, and her countenance stamped with the deepest dejection. She reflected with pain on his altered condition, and comparing his present appearance with his former vigor and beauty, felt too truly that if one year had so materially altered

im, a few months would soon tear him away from her for ever.

The love of Jane was of the truest and tenderest description, and the result of that innate disposition of woman to cling ever to man for her support, anxiously seeking to attach itself to some one that may protect its native innocence. In George she found this protection, and being reared together, were united by a sympathy of tastes and sentiments which truly would render them one.

An orphan from his earliest infancy, he had gained the pity and protection of old Burrows; but the dread of dependence had induced him to enlist, and as Jane's father had adopted him as his son-in-law, he was now returned to claim his promise, and to find in the bosom of his family that domestic tranquillity which his restless spirit had hitherto denied him.

A short time had now elapsed, and his illness still continued. The sultry climate of Africa had effectually ruined his constitution, and deprived him of his former spirits. Yet he never complained; but the flush on his cheek and the lustre in his eye told plainly the violence of the disorder. Jane, too, clasping her hand in his, and looking up in his face with fondness, would sometimes regain her vivacity when his pale features showed the slightest difference in their accustomed hue, and often would she ejaculate a fervent prayer for the ultimate recovery of that being who was more than the world to her, and upon whom her hopes and existence seemed to hang.

But George knew too well the nature of the disorder, and fearful of damping her joy, repeatedly assured her that there were no ill consequences to fear, and if anything could have restored him to health, it would have been the constant and unwearied attention of his anxious friends; they attended him in his rambles, soothed him in his sorrows, and did all that reason or affection could suggest.

Jane was his favorite attendant, and in the long summer evenings they would sit under the porch of her father's cottage, and as she read to him the tale of some by-gone time, oft would she steal a glance at his pallid countenance to see if the recital produced him pleasure, or anxiously gazed upon his face while with feeble accents he recounted to her the narrative of some scene of military hardship endured under the rays of an African sun;—oft would she sigh and venture to anticipate the joys of the future and of those days when the bloom of health should return to the cheek of her beloved one.

This was bitter conversation to George, and often would he turn aside to conceal the tears that started in his eyes. But the cases of long protracted cares made terrible inroads upon his constitution,—the cheek soon fades—the eye soon droops—the mind soon flags when the canker worm of sorrow is preying upon the heart; and though true love is the last to perceive the alteration, necessity soon forces the acknowledgment. It can scarcely be expected that Burrows and his daughter could be now insensible to the danger of their favorite friend' A physician was consulted. He told them that he could do nothing, that the patient was beyond his skill, and that death even now claimed him as his own.

But it is idle to dwell longer on the detail of this mournful scene. A few days saw George borne to the tomb of his ancestors, followed by the friends of early days, and the tears of blighted love long watered the grave of its fondest hopes.

His decay was gradual; the flush of consumption and the lustre of the eye remained to the last, and never once, through the weary hours of his affliction, was he ever heard to complain, but prayed that his remembrance might never be forgotten by his first and only lover. He gave her a ring, as a token of lasting affection—an emblem of that life where undiminished happiness ever reigns, and told her that, although separated for the present, they should meet again, to prolong their joy through everlasting ages, and entreated her to prolong her life for the sake of her aged parents, and to wait with patience the period of their re-union. She promised to obey his injunctions, but the fulfilment was beyond her power. She saw his body carried to the grave, heard the requiem for the departed, and from that moment her pure spirit never regained its vigor. She never sighed, but a deadly melancholy settled in her soul, and in writing to her friends, she expressed her desire for death, requesting them not to mourn her loss, for she was going to join her beloved George, and that her only pleasure consisted in recalling the past, and visiting the scenes that he once loved.

In the extremity of the garden stood a tree he had planted, and the leaves of the last flowret were drooping daily from the stem, and you might see the lovely mourner standing by this relic of mortality, and comparing its decay with her own wasted form, and often in the calm light of the fading sun might she be heard far off among the hills, singing the airs her George had taught her.

A month had now passed since the death of her lover, and her melancholy continually increased. Her father determined to remove her to London, where he had a sister, hoping that by the change of air and scene he could entirely dissipate her affliction.

As for himself, though care and grief had made inroads upon his health, yet time had assuaged his sorrow, and he regained his wonted cheerfulness. As he was one day quietly sitting under the porch of his cottage, a light step passed by him. It was Jane. The old man tottered to meet her, but met with an unexpected repulse.—The poor girl's reason had gone from her, and she was left as destitute of intellect as of friends. Her face still wore the expression of the deepest melancholy; but it was thin, even to death. Her figure, too, was greatly emaciated, and she appeared as if she had scarcely another day to live. She was dressed in the plain summer dress that George had often admired, and her hair was arranged in the way that most pleased him. In her hand she bore a boquet, 'to plant,' as she said, 'on the grave of her betrothed.'

'My poor child!' exclaimed her father, 'it breaks my heart to see you thus. Speak to your father, dearest; do you not know him?'

'Know him!' replied the maniac, with the hysterical laugh of delirium; 'Can I ever forget him? Was he not my own fond husband,—the adored, the chosen of my heart? And did he not tell me we should meet again where there was no sorrow to interrupt our happiness? Yes! and he told me much more than I could repeat, if there were any who would listen to me. But weep not for me, old man; I am going to follow my lover. He told me not to remain long behind him; but who will plant the flowers on his grave when I am gone? and who will keep the weeds from the tomb, and see that he lies quietly, and that the sunshine of heaven falls upon his grave with gladness? Will you be that friend?'

She fixed her bright blue eye on Burrows, as she concluded, but there was no ray of meaning in them. They were lustrous, but unchanging; and, bursting with a shrick from his grasp, she made her way to the church-yard, where the ashes of her lover reposed. It was a lovely spot, and seemed worthy of being the sanctuary of love.—Not a weed covered the well-formed grave, and the sun, as it sank behind the neighboring hill, which sheltered the spot from the winds of heaven, paid his farewell salute to the repository of the dead.

She seated herself by the tomb: before her was the church where she was to have been made a bride; at a little distance was the honeysuckled cottage of her father, with its pretty porch, consecrated by love; and the night-breeze, as it blew over the rich fields, now waving in the golden luxury of autumn, brought with it sensations of the deepest melancholy. At this instant the bell of the village church tolled for the evening prayers.

'Hush!' said she, 'they are bearing him to the grave; the prayers are read over his ashes! I hear the ropes grate against the sides of the coffin, and the dust rattles above his head. Hush!' she exclaimed; 'they will wake him. Let me do it; I will do it so gently;' and then, approaching her father, she said, 'Do you weep, old man? Heaven bless you for your kindness; I have found but few that ever wept for Jane. They said that she was crazed; but you know otherwise, and that this is the grave of George, and that I am his heart-broken wife. From the scenes of gaiety to which my father sent me, I have come to visit his grave,—to visit it, and to die.—Hear me then, but this last time, old man; for long ere the summer flowers are on the turf, I shall lie cold beneath it.'

She tried to raise herself from the damp turf, but her strength failed her. The radiance of insanity returned to her face,—passed,—returned again. Nature seemed collecting itself for one final effort: she fell helplessly by the side of the grave; the film of death came slowly across her eyes, but in the last struggles of expiring nature, reason held her sway. She held out her hand to her wretched father, as one parting smile of angelic sweetness told him he was recognized.

☞A young widow being asked why she wore the widow's garb so long, replied: 'Don't you see? this is to save me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see I am for sale by private contract.'

The Wife.—How sweet to the soul of a man, says Hicrocle, is the society of a beloved wife.—When wearied and broken down by the labors of the day, her endearments soothe, her solicitude restores him. The anxieties and misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with; but much lighter do they seem when, after his avocations are over, he returns to his home and there finds a partner for his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labors upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. With a wife, who thus shares his burdens and alleviates his sorrows, there is no difficulty so heavy and insupportable that man may not overcome.

'Come here, Sally, my love—now tell me what belt means.' 'Don'no mam.' 'What—eh!—la! what ignorant children. Take your finger out of your mouth—there—put your hands down—well—now, Sally, what's put round your waist every day? Come now, look at me—speak out—pshaw, what are you looking so sheepish for? Tell me now.' 'Oh! Mrs. Boozle I din'nt think you knowed it.' 'La! what are you talking about child. Come, 'tother scholars are waiting. Answer me directly. What is put round your waist every day?' 'A—a—a—l—a—hem!—it's Joe Slobs arm, mam—but he haint kissed me—only jest once.' 'Pizen and pickles! Oh! I shall faint!'

Hiram has a perfect horror for knock-down arguments—they are *so-fist-ical*, he says.

Woman.—Some horrible old bachelor up the country writes as follows about women. The grapes are none the less delicious because the old fox can't get at them:

Beware how you put yourself in the power of woman—no matter who she is—no matter how long you have known her—or been beloved, no matter how passionately—never put yourself in her power. But if you should—as you value your immortal happiness—your own, your dearest feeling, the concealed and pure—do not let her *know* it. The first is nearly death—the latter, worse than death. It is dying of a trodden and scorned heart—a bruised and bleeding lip—a cancer of the soul.

Fishings in Helicon.—The following is from a poetical contribution in the "Illinoian," signed "Fishhooks." We have no doubt the lady has nibbled ere now.

Her fair young bosom *drew* a gentle sigh
Which quickly touched a *kindred chord* in mine
Then to *another* whose bright eyes were glistening nigh,
I breathed the poet's soft mellifluous line.

This may be a very good fish-line; but hang us if it's poetry!

A grave digger objected to paying for his newspaper, on the ground that he meant to work it out in *professional services* for the editor and his family.

He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for his bed-fellow.

"The iron hath entered my *sole*," as the man said when he run a nail in his foot.

A lady who was married to a gentleman of the most whining manners and address, and with whom she had many slight quarrels and sweet reconciliations, once said, that he had often made her shed tears, for the extreme pleasure of kissing them away.

From the United States Gazette.

THE JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

A mental lamp burg out by life's wayside,
Unnoticed; yet his unpretending ray
Shines clearly on man's intellectual way,
And proves to pilgrims an unfailing guide.
He hath within a worthy sort of pride,
And knows his worth, though some allow it not:
A heart and thinking mind, above its lot
'Mong men, are his. His coffers ill supplied,
Yet want and virtue seldom ask in vain:
Nor is his life exempt from various pain;
Few days are his—the rose that freshly bloom'd
On boyhood's cheek assumes the hue of death;
The oil of life within him soon consumed,
Ere two score years and ten he yields his vital breath.

Philadelphia, Aug. 18, 1842. Tam.

NIPS AND CLIPS.

When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Porter, whom he married, he told her that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged! The lady by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied, that she had no more money than himself, and that though none of her relations had been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging.

Philosophic.—Going to dinner the other day, says the Wheeling Times, we saw a little codger, about two feet old, setting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. It struck us that many people in this world are often caught in the same act.

There is an editor in old Virginia, by the name of Cake. His wife says he is a *sweet* Cake.—*Cincinnati Microscope.*

A *dough* nut, perhaps—*Boston Bee.*
More likely a *slap* jack.—*Penny Post.*
Most likely a *soft*-Cake.—*Barre Gazette.*
And possibly, though we should be sorry to believe it, a *sponge*-Cake.—*Norwich Aurora.*
He's a *cup*-cake.—*N. Y. Aurora.*
More likely a *pan-dowdy.*—Portland Bulletin.

"*Back out*," as the bustle said to the petticoat.—*Boston Post.*

Nothing renders a man more contemptible, and at the same time more disagreeable, than a petulent, irritable temper, which is ruffled by small things.

If you desire to be served by those in power, be careful not to remind them of your former services, only of your devotion to their interests.

Excellent.—Mr. Jamison has united himself in holy wedlock, to Ann Ville in Georgetown. As Jamison is by profession a blacksmith, he has made a most happy and appropriate selection. He has now an *Ann-Ville* for life.

That Horse.—Mr. Picayune man is quite sentimental on an old horse, that he saw in the attitude of surrendering up the ghost. The horse had been "doing so," three days, and Mr. Pic, in the honorable agony of a tender heart, closes his picture, by putting these pathetic words into the horse's mouth:

"So, I can run with you no more, and now you will see me die!"

Ooo!—O!—oh!—uh!

Single or Double.—A pretty little butt of Erin presented herself at the post office and, handing in a letter, modestly asked how much was to pay, as the letter was for her mother, and she wished to pay in advance. The clerk, on receiving it, asked the usual question. "Single or Double?" when she replied, in the most bewitching manner, at the same time blushing up to the eyes, "Double, Sir; I was married last week."

A young lady having refused a suitor, he expostulated with her, and requested her to divulge her reasons. "I see the villian in your face," said she. "That is a *personal reflection*," replied the lover.

Non-committal.—An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied, "Why, I don't like to say any thing about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then agin I don't know,—but a'ter all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

"John," said a dry goods dealer to one of his clerks the other day, "you charged that man too much for the cloth you just sold—did you not know the price. "Yes sir, but he was '*a stranger and I took him in.*' That's bible."

"Mr. Slug, please pay this bill?"

"How much is it?"

"Fourpence, for sassengers, sir."

"Cant—money is all in bank—dont draw checks for that amount—apt to hurt a feller's credit. Tell your master to send me a pint of good gin and I'll send him a check for the whole."

☞ That man is a fool, says Dow, jr., who wastes his time in trying to lay salt on the tail of to-morrow.

"Re-member me," as the man said to a surgeon who had amputated his leg.

☞ If your wife be seized with a violent fit of kindness, be careful what promises you make while it lasts.

Warginny Licherichure.—The Richmond Star gives the following as the copy of a sign in that city: "Nu peez and nise purtaters by the quart or too sens wuth for sail in this suler. kum in."—*N Y Mechanic.*

DOW, Jr's. LAST SERMON.

I have selected the following as a text to my present discouse :

Cities are sinks that gather filth and vice.

My hearers,—nothing can be more true than the words of my text. Cities are great grease spots of vice upon the fair carpet of the earth—putrid pools of corruption, that generate some of the most loathsome creatures in the form of humanity imaginable; and perhaps a few whose souls would be comparatively pure and unstained were it not for the contamination of the polluted atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Look, my friends, at this city of sin in which I am now sojourning—this misery-striken metropolis of the new world. It is a most beautiful blemish upon the surface of the globe—a bad egg, that appears fair upon the outside, but contains the foulest of stench within. I lately performed a pilgrimage to that offensive ulcer upon the heart of Gotham, vulgarly called the 'Five Points.' I went not only to inspect the public streets in that neighborhood, but also as an inspector of the public morals; and I found, to my regret, that the condition of the one was equally as wretched as that of the other. Oh, my friends! I saw that the filth of the gutters which casts its sickening effluvia abroad, was a true and perfect emblem of the putrescent moral matter that surrounded the hearts of its miserable inhabitants; and I couldn't help exclaiming—My God! can it be possible that any of my fellow creatures can take delight or find the least particle of pleasure in thus wallowing in the mire of licentious vice! No—they cannot know how pleasant are the paths of virtue, so long as they remain sunk knee deep in the swamp of sin; and I should seek no greater bliss, than be granted with the privilege and gifted with the power, to grasp the men even by their coat tails and the women by their petticoats, and haul them out from this foul puddle of sin to dry upon the sunny bank of salvation.

My friends—this splendid Manhattan isle of ours of which we boast, is but the receptacle of filth of foreign nations. The scum of morality that is drifted across the Atlantic, and washed upon our shores, is enough to spoil a day's appetite for dinner. I am willing to acknowledge that some noble specimens of the human race from Europe and the East see fit to adopt this as their country and home; and that many beautiful exotics, in the way of carnal feminine flowers, are transplanted to American soil; but I do seriously assert, that the majority of the transatlantic genus homo, whom fate, fortune, or circumstance drives hither, are minus money, and not overplus in morality—incurable cancers upon the broad back of community. Ere they understand the principle upon which rest the pillars of our democratic institutions, and before they have learnt the great A in the alphabet of republicanism they sacriligiously enter the Temple of Freedom; and the fumes arising from the incense of ignorance and burn upon the altar of liberty, are enough to stifle the big bellows of a blacksmith. A city, like this, my friends, is, and always will be, subject to such baleful influence; and if the legitimate protectors of our national welfare do not keep one eye open at least, to the best interests of the country, the palladium of our political rights is of no more use than trying to frighten a thunderbolt with a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. But, my foreign friends, allow me to remark that I am related to you all by consanguinity—that I look upon you as brothers in the human household—that whatever I say is dictated by truth, unswayed by fear or friendship—and that I consider you, as a whole, are deserving of all, if not more, than Americans can boast of;—and I know that many of my own countrymen are in the habit of boasting till they burst.

My hearers,—in order to be convinced that cities are sinks which gather filth and vice, you have not only to look at the present corrupt condition of modern Gotham, but to read upon the pages of history how ancient cities of magnificence have sunk in oblivion, beneath their overpowering burthens of vice. A dead, sulphurous lake now covers the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah. They continued to gather filth upon filth till the fiery besom of the Almighty swept the streets of all rubbish, and purified them with the flames of destruction. Where mighty Babylon once stood, the satyrs now dance in a desert wild—Jerusalem became bathed in blood, and the ploughshare turned the turf above her—Rome, proud Rome, fell in the zenith of her glory—Herculaneum and Pompeii are but sepulchres for the dead—a few broken pillars stand as monuments upon [illegible] tomb of Palmyra—and the once opulent cities of Tyre and Sidon are now changed to rocks, upon which the fishermen dry their nets. All of these gathered filth and vice, corruption and wickedness, till the measure of their iniquities was full; and then their goblet of glory was kicked over by the foot of fate, spilt upon the ground, and absorbed forever.

My dear friends—if New York continues to gather all manner of iniquities as at present, the time will soon come when the loud thunder of retributive jnstice will peal from the heavens, with a crash that shall cause the adamantine pillars of the Egyptian Tombs to tremble, and the Pewter Mug in Frankfort street, to hide itself behind the banner of the Washingtonian Temperance Society. At any rate the day *will* come when this great metropolis will be laid low in the dust, and its inhabitants consigned to the oblivious tomb. It is already filthy enough, morally and naturally, to be devoured by its own rottenness. Money is making sad mischief in its midst; for, by its all potent influence, murderers, thieves, burglarers, forgers, and seducers of female innocence are daily escaping the punishment due them. Oh, my friends, what a quantity of wickedness there is concentrated in this village! You lie in ambush for each other as a tiger does for its prey—you assume to be virtuous in order that you may the better carry out your vicious intents—you don't draw your nourishment directly from the ground, and therefore, like fishes, you feed upon one another; and the simplest and the weakest fall victims to the shrewdest and the strongest. Reform, O ye sons and daughters of sin! and you may yet number the days upon the earth as did your ancesters of yore. So mote it be!—*Sunday Mercury.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The Queen embarked on board the ship Royal George, amid the cheers of a distressed and starving population, on her way to Scotland with Prince *H*-albert. This noble ship was towed out to sea by the steam Tug *Monkey*. Very appropriate.

The Prince has gone to kill deer and the Queen to kill time. The papers are of opinion that Vic. will bag the most game.

The Queen is still in a remarkably "interesting situation," and is regarded by her subjects as pregnant with the future prospects of the empire, and big with the fate of millions.

The Queen Dowager drank tea on the 20th ult.

The Duke of Wellington viewed Westminster Abbey through a telescope on the 30th ult, which reminded him of the "*Microscope*," and spurred him up to the payment of two year's subscription, which he sent us, together with kind inqnries after our health and a polite request in the name of Waterloo and farther India to spare him notoriety in the Black List.

The Marquis of Waterford got tipsey and broke his own head. This circumstance is said to be precisely what it is *cracked* up to be.

The Prince of Wales *wails* incessantly, and refuses to be comforted. The little Princes has cut an imperial grinder in the back part of her royal lower jaw.

Prince Albert has got a corn on his little toe.

The Chartists curse their hard fate and bless the royal cause of it all.

Sir Robert Peel is not a re-*Peel*-er—he has no children, though a beautiful wife calls him lord and master.

More by next steamer.—*Microscope.*

A She Newspaper.—We find there is a paper published out west called "The Maid of Arkansas."—*New Bedford Bulletin.*

She's a beauty—lives on *bar's* meat and yam potatoes, and sleeps in a cane brake with the windows open. Whenever she feels lonely, she wades the Mississippi, stops a steamboat and tells the captain if he don't *lick her* (liquor) all round, she'll *lick him*. She prints her paper on a flatboat, and writes her editorials with an Arkansas tooth-pick.—*Aurora.*

She's a terrible varmint, to be sure. We are well acquainted with her sister. A perfect varmint she is too. She scours out the pantry with rattlesnake's tails, cleans her teeth with Canada thistles, and trims her dress with variegated thunder and lightning. She wears seven leagued boots and thorn-bush petticoats. Her side combs are made of panthers' teeth, and her hair brush of catamounts' claws. She claws bull's horns for her dinner, and sucks down live ells for dessert.

P S. She was never married! Microscope.

Women are like stars—not to be seen in the morning. They get "fixed" at night, and then don't they blaze away beautiful!

I've been a black-berry*ing*, as the boy said on his return from a nigger funeral

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE.

A Chronicle of the Provinces.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

Though Sonnemburgh could boast of many a lovely girl, Ernestine Selert eclipsed them all. She was the pride of the village, the 'cynosure of neighboring eyes.' Florien Heilger had loved Ernestine from infancy, the passion was mutual, and till the moment of separation arrived, they were strangers to the miseries so often attendant upon love.

Their birth and fortunes were equal, and their parents with joy consented to their union. "I have only one condition to make," said the father of Florien to his son, "which is, that your marriage be deferred for three years, during which period you must be separated. You are now only eighteen; enter the army, and see a little of the world. Ernestine is but fifteen; she is yet too young for a wife. Go then, my son, distinguish yourself in the field of honor, and at the expiration of three years, return and claim your bride."

The heart of the young lover beat high; at eighteen, who would not be a soldier?

In a few days a commission was obtained, and Florien prepared to join his regiment.—He pressed the hand of his father to his lips; he could hardly utter "farewell!"

The parting with Ernestine was yet more painful; tenderly locked in each other's arms, they mingled their tears together.—Florien was the first who assumed any degree of composure; and after swearing eternal fidelity, he kissed the pale cheek of the weeping girl, and tore himself away, and was some miles on his journey from Sonnemburgh before he was conscious he had quitted it.

For several days Ernestine shut herself in her apartment, and gave way to the deepest melancholy. She no longer mixed with society, for she could no longer meet Florien.—Days and weeks glided on in tedious monotony; how different from those they had passed together. Weary of everything, and heedless of what she did, poor Ernestine proceeded in her usual employments; one image was ever present to her mind: one spark of hope alone shone through the gloom which reigned there. Her lover's parting vows yet vibrated in her ear; his kisses yet dwelt upon her lips; and as with streaming eyes she watched the sunbeams sinking behind her native mountains, she thought with pensive pleasure, 'his absence is one day shortened.'—Poor Ernestine? thou wert not the first, and will not be the last to whom the setting sun must furnish such reflections.

Florien, too, counted the time with impatience, but he did not yield to such regret.

He had left his native village for the first time, and he looked with delight on the countries through which he passed. He felt interested in the manners and customs of a new race of people; and, to a young man there is a charm in novelty.

The parade and gayety of a military life were new to him, and the mirth of his companions lightened the pang of absence.

The first year of his voluntary exile was spent in the camp, where he greatly distinguished himself and gained the love of his fellow-officers and the approbation of his General. War being over, the second winter he was quartered at Lyons. A handsome young officer is sure of becoming a favorite wherever he goes. Therese, the lovely daughter of his commander, was struck with his fine person and elegant address, and she tried by all the little arts she was mistress of, to make him sensible of her partiality.

During the evenings he spent at her father's (and they were not a few) she sang to him little plaintive airs, or repeated part of some favorite author. Music and poetry were alike resorted to, to pass away the time; and every attention that a female can offer a handsome man was paid by Therese. Florien often thought of the lovely Ernestine, and would sometimes fall into a deep reverie, even in Therese's presence; but the lively French girl, running to her harp, struck up some playful air, well calculated to dispel melancholy; and when the young soldier raised his eyes, he encountered those of the enchanting Therese, beaming with love and tenderness. Then rallying him on his dejection, she practiced a thousand of those little tendernesses which her countrywomen know so well how to employ.

But let us be just; when Florien retired, the image of Ernestine alone accompanied him, he thought of her with sorrow, and something like remorse. In his dreams he beheld her, gently and lovely as in their days of infancy. He arose with this impression on his mind, and vowed to banish Therese forever from his thoughts. For a few days he faithfully kept his resolution, but he saw her weep, look pale, and gaze dejectedly upon him.

At twenty, the seducing glances of a beautiful girl are very difficult to resist; and business with her father, or some other pretext, conducted Florien every day into the presence of the too fascinating Frenchwoman.

Time thus passed, and the three years were drawing to a close. During his absence Florien had received many letters from home and from Ernestine.

At first he answered them with alacrity, and communicated every thing respecting himself, and the scenes in which he was engaged, that he thought would interest his readers—by degrees however, his letters grew more reserved and less frequent: and for the last six months he had neither sent nor received any tidings from Sonnemburgh. He began to feel uneasy, and resolved to fly from the enchantments of Lyons and return home. The leisure of a soldier's life disgusted him; his brother officers laying aside the discipline of the camp, were beguiling the hours of peace in riot and dissipation.—The lovely Therese occupied the time that was not spent with his companions; he was her constant attendant at the theatre, the balls and other places of public resort; and as he was the only officer from whom she could receive such attentions, his vanity was flattered, and his self-love lulled to rest the painful emotions that would sometimes arise in his bosom. But of becoming the husband of the fair Frenchwoman, Florien never dreamed. What then were his sensations, when, one day, her father taking him aside, asked him if he were serious, and offered him his daughter in marriage. "Though my Therese may look higher," said the General, "you are a brave soldier, and I shall feel proud in calling you my son. My daughter's fortune is ample; you possess the best fortune of a soldier—honor. Take her then, my son, and a father's approbation will attend your union." The youth gazed on the speaker in stupid silence. The last word, however, restored him to his faculties, and he awoke at once from his dangerous infatuation. His heart was full, and he warmly thanked his commander for his noble intentions.

"As a sister," said he, "I shall ever esteem your daughter! but as a wife,—" he faltered, and hid his face in his hands,—"it cannot be. I am already engaged, in my native country—bound by every tie of honor—by vows which I cannot violate."

All was at once explained. The reproaches of a father fell heavily upon him; he bore them with calmness, for he felt he deserved them.

He threw up his commission, and withdrew from the enraged parent; and the following morning, with a heavy heart prepared to quit Lyons forever.

He could not however resist one stolen interview with Therese to bid her farewell. She wept bitterly at parting, but did not reproach him; her pale cheeks and swollen eyes were more eloquent than words; they spoke forcibly to the heart of Florien, and staggered his resolution. Yet Therese was young, volatile, and lovely; he had not been her first lover, and would not be the last. This reflection lessened the agony of Florien, and with averted eyes he bade her adieu. At the first onset of his journey he was sad, but as he drew nearer home, he became more composed. Who does not forget the whole world in contemplating the scenes of infant pleasure? Therese's love, her father's anger, faded from his mind; in imagination he already heard the voices of his mother and Ernestine welcoming their wanderer back. He recalled with delight the simple manners of his countrymen, so different from those of the polished city he had quitted. In the scenes of gaiety and pleasure in which he had of late engaged, his own manners had attained much of their refinement, but it was at the expense of that purity of heart which he possessed when he left home.

It was not without a sigh that he thought on the change which so short a period had made in his mind, and he inwardly cursed the hour when he first entered the world of dissipation and folly. With these reflections he arrived at a little village, two days journey from Sonnemburgh. The day was fast declining, and he resolved to pass the night there. After taking some refreshment, he quitted the inn, and strolled out into the village. It was the first of May, every thing seemed to denote peace and innocence, and the whole scene harmonized with his feelings.

When Florien arrived at the top of the principal street, he saw a cypress tree, tastefully ornamented with white crape, planted before a house that by its neatness, appeared to belong to some one of consequence in the place. Many other houses were shut up, and everything around bore traces of the deepest sorrow. It was evident some person had died who was regretted by the whole village. He walked into the churchyard; two men were preparing a grave. From the church he heard the solemn peal of the organ, and at intervals the soft chaunting of female voices. As Florien was advancing to question the men, a group of village girls, habited in white, issued slowly from the church. They approached a little bank, near which Florien stood unobserved.

"Poor Zelie! so young and so lovely,"

said one. "Ah, who can reckon upon life?"

"True, but she only wished to die," said another.

"And poor Julien!" observed a third, "how wretched he is; if she had loved him, she might now have been a happy bride; and these flowers, (pointing to a garland she had in her hand,) would have been her bridal wreath; alas! they must now wither on her grave."

The speaker wept; a beautiful girl now advanced from the church, and joined the rustic mourners. Her dress, which was white, was ornamented with flowers, a black cross was suspended from her neck, and on her head she wore a chaplet of cypress. Her countenance, though it had a mournful expression, was sweet and dignified. Florien thought he never beheld a lovelier. In her hand she carried a crown of lilies and a small basket of other flowers. The young girls crowded round, and placed her on a bank.—Rozelie (for that was the name her companions addressed her by) wept; Florien found it difficult to restrain his tears. He thought of Ernestine, and his heart smote him he knew not why.

"Ah! how sad it is to die for love, said one of the villagers, breaking the silence, "yet Zelie inflicted the same pang on others of which she herself was suffering. Ah, Rozelie, why did she not love your brother Julien. He is so good, and so handsome, too!"

"Poor Zelie has often told me," replied Rozelie, in a voice of exquisite sweetness, "that she could only love once, and that she had not a heart to bestow. For a long time she would not believe that her lover was false. In a passion such as Zelie's, the heart, though it fears every thing, hopes too much; she thought he would return, "and then what pleasure it will be to pardon him," said my poor friend. She supported herself with such ideas, and was for six tedious months (which seemed to be so many ages.)

Doomed in sad suspense to bear
The hope that keeps alive despair!

"Still he came not; and at length she heard that he was married to another in a distant country. Her lips uttered no complaint; he had deceived her, but she still adorep him. Though false, we can never upbraid those we have sincerely loved. Her grief did not appear to the eye of the passing stranger. A common observer would have supposed her happy; but in secret she nourished

A total hopelessness of heart
That proudly cherishes its grief
And will not with its anguish part,
That seeks not—wishes not relief.

"In the silent hours of night, when others slept, she wept over the picture of her faithless lover. The pale moon witnessed her tears, and the first beams of morning shone ere she retired to rest. This was too much for her tender frame. "He left me in May," said she; "ere its return I shall leave the world." "May is returned—and Zelie has indeed left us forever."

Rozelie's voice failed her, as she concluded this simple narrative, every word of which sank into the heart of Florien; her young auditors rose to join the procession, which now approached. Florien slowly followed them; he felt an interest in the fate of the deceased for which he knew not how to account. To a young mind, death in any object excites commiseration, but when youth and loveliness fall beneath its stroke, and the tender chord of pity is awakened, even by "stranger's knell."

Six village youths, carrying flambeaux, preceded a coffin, which was borne by the like number of their companions; before it walked an elegant young man, habited in the deepest mourning; his arms were folded, and his eyes bent on the ground; he looked and moved the statue of despair. Florien easily discovered him to be Julien, the rejected lover of the unfortunate Zelie. The coffin was placed in the earth, and the priest made a short oration on the uncertainty of human life, but his auditors were too deeply absorbed in their own grief to pay much attention to the exhortation of the holy man.

When it was ended, each of the young maidens advanced, and threw a few flowers into the grave. Rozelie was the last who came to pay this tribute of affection to departed virtue. The moon shed her pale light on the features of the lovely mourner as she bent over the grave of her friend. There was a calm dignity in her manner that at once awed and affected the spectators. Florien surveyed her with sensations he had never felt before. When the cold earth hid forever all that remained of their once lovely companion, the villagers dispersed, and retired to their homes. Julian and Rozelie alone remained; neither had resolution to quit a spot which contained one so dear to them; each wished to console the other, but neither dared to break the silence. Those only who have lingered near the grave of a beloved object can appreciate the feelings of such a moment. Florien drew near. Julien surveyed him with the calmness of despair.

"Did you know her," said Rozelie in a mournful voice, pointing to the grave; "you have taken an interest in our sorrows, for I perceived you amongst the spectators. Perhaps you are her countryman."

"No, replied Florien, I am a stranger whom chance conducted, in this sad hour, to behold you performing the last rights of friendship.—Was not your friend then a native of this place? Pardon my questions, but I feel interested in what I have seen, and shall often remember the victim of love."

"I have only known her a few months, replied Rozelie with sweetness, "she came to my father, who is a physician, for the recovery of her health. I loved her as a sister. She was so gentle, so grateful for the little services we rendered her, that all the village loved her! but alas! our cares were useless; the disease she labored under baffled the skill of medicine, for it was of the heart; we had no cure for that. Her parents live many miles from our village: alas! they have yet to learn the fate of the unhappy child."

"Her name was Zelie," said Florien, in a faltering voice.

"We called her so," said Rozelie, but it was a fanciful name my brother gave her, and to please him, she adopted it; but her real appellation was—Ernestine;—Ernestine Selert, of Sonnemburgh. But you are ill! what have I said to move you thus?"

"Just Heaven! am I a murderer?" burst from the lips of the agonized Florien, as he fell senseless to the earth. The cries of the terrified girl roused Julien from the stupor into which he had fallen. He assisted his sister to raise the miserable youth from the ground: he opened his eyes, and faintly pronounced the name of Ernestine. "I am the murderer of your friend," said he wildly to Rozelie. "I am *Florien Hellger*." His astonished hearers procured him a conveyance to their father's house, where he had sufficient strength left to learn from Julien the fatal tale.

A soldier, to whom Florien had given some slight offence, reported at Sonnemburg that he was married to the daughter of his General. This man asserted that he had been present at a fete given to the regiment on the occasion, and had himself seen the bride, who was young and lovely.

The long silence and neglect of Florien had given rise to some suspicions in the minds of his friends. To doubt his faithfulness was now no longer possible; every thing confirmed the fatal falsehood. The distracted parents of Ernestine saw their child gradually sinking under the pressure of anguish and disease. They sent her to a worthy physician, the father of Rozelie, a man of great eminence in his profession, with the vain hope that his skill, and a change of scene, would restore the unfortunate sufferer to health. Alas! the heart of Ernestine had been too deeply wounded; neither the skill of the physician, the tender friendship of the daughter, nor the passion with which she had inspired the son, could avail.

She fell a victim to her grief. Florien stated every thing to Julien that had passed since he left home, bitterly reproaching himself as the murderer of Ernestine. Julien faithfully promised to communicate his sad story to his wretched parents. He pressed the hand of the weeping Rozelie to his lips, and bade an affectionate adieu to her afflicted brother. Nature could bear no more; his reason fled, and calling wildly on the name of Ernestine, 'his murdered love,' the next morning the young soldier breathed his last in those arms which, but a few days before, had clasped the dying form of his Ernestine.

The same moon which had witnessed the funeral rites of the fated girl, shone upon her lover's grave, and they repose by the side of each other.

A SIMILE—LOVE AND A BEE.

I see love's passion will agree
In various items with a Bee;
Love, as the Bee, its sweets can bring,
And like a Bee it leaves a sting;
And like a Bee too, love will settle
At hearing the glad sound of metal.

The Mississippi Guard says: "An editor must not expect to please all his patrons.—There is every variety of taste as well as of feature. One likes nothing but politics—another, agricultural essays—a third, murders, and fires, and earthquakes—a fourth, anecdotes and puns. This man looks only to the commercial intelligence—that man, scorning dollars and cents, feels delight only in literary and scientific articles. The old farmer desires information about the culture of cotton, of fruit trees and grasses, the improvement in the Durham short horns, and the best cross of Berkshires and graziers; and his pretty daughters would rather have love tales and poetry. In these hard times, we prefer advertisements with the payment in advance. They improve the personal appearance of editors and publishers wonderfully.

The Weather.—This valuable article now occupies an important and pleasing position, although it is quite too late to improve the Peaches now. Upon this head we find a snug affair from the New York Herald that is going the rounds. It is so natural, that one almost hears the pretty red lips pouring out their music as given thus:

"Ah, Mrs. ———, (running up and shaking hands,) I am *very* glad to see you *indeed*."

"Well, how *do* you do?"

"Very well, I thank you. It is very windy to-day."

"Yes, very windy. I thought it would rain."

"So did I. Very windy. But it has cleared off quite pleasant."

"Yes, it has cleared off *quite* pleasant."

"There are a good many people here to-day."

"Yes, a good many."

"We have a great deal of rain lately."

"Yes, a great *deal* of rain."

"Where are you staying my dear?"

"At———."

"Thank you. I am glad to see you looking so well."

"Thank you. I am *very* glad, Mrs. ———, to see you *indeed*."

Mechanics.—Under this head the American Mechanic, gives the following wholesome advice:—Allow not yourselves to be discouraged—let your motto be *onward*, and rush through every obstacle which a frowning fortune may throw in your path. Accomplish every thing which you undertake, but undertake nothing which an enlightened conscience will not approve. Honesty will procure what wealth, fame or knowledge cannot do without it—happiness! and if your purpose is to fill the station with honor, which a kind Providence has marked out for you,—never despair if occasionally the clouds of adversity lower over your heads, and your lot appears cast with gloom. Though humble your station, forget not your duty to the world, to your country, to your homes, to yourselves. Life is made up of small items, and every item adds or detracts from the world's welfare. The humblest man in the universe, exerts an influence, for good or evil, which will tell throughout eternity, and hence the importance of purity of purpose, and integrity of conduct. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is a maxim, which contains more wisdom and rational meaning, than its enterprising author—Crocket—was probably aware of; and may be adopted as a rule of life by all honest and industrious mechanics.

☞Here's a touch of transcendentalism, *a la* Clam-Soup bowl, extracted and highly concentrated from the Boston Transcript:

"Gentlemen: Free suffrage is the order of the day; and by free suffrage I understand a liberty for every man to put his finger in the eel pie, and his nose in the chowder pot.—No monopoly in mackerel. Let the traitors among tomcods tremble! Squids have our sympathies—lobsters lie not lightly upon our thoughts—and even pickerel are pungent to the memory. But a clam, gentlemen—a clam is the type of true patriotism, and a clam shell the emblem of the liberty of speech—Free suffrage is, therefore, nothing less than the opening of the clam-shell. Wherefore, gentlemen, it is my opinion that, arming ourselves with the cockle-shell of contentment and the horn spoon of harmony, we should immediately proceed to open our clam-shells and fall to."

It is said that the ladies are every where troubled with a serious complaint to which no technical name has been given, but it is known, in common parlance, as an alarming *—breaking out at the mouth.* Can any body tell what will serve as a remedy?—*Manchester Democrat.*

A kiss has been known to produce very pleasing effects when the disorder was violent. Suppose you try it, Mr. Democrat.

"We are very thick together," as the meal said to the hot water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The sweetness of the Irish language of endearment must have been felt by all who have heard it said or sung; the refrain of the following, by Mrs. Hall, is exquisitely tender:

Song.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he has won he would wish to deceive?
For ever and always his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree.

Last night, when we parted, his gentle good bye,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
Were Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure and whose words are all truth,
O! still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
Are Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree.

O! when will the day come, the blest happy day,
When a maiden may hear all a lover can say;
And he speak out the words he now whispers to me,
My Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree?

☞Individuals, when thrown into company with other people, should look carefully to their conversation, least their remarks may bear upon some one present and perchance recoil back upon themselves and bring them to confusion. Sometimes slighting remarks are made purposely. We heard the other day of an instance of this kind. A couple of ladies—*females*, we should say, rather—who consider themselves the elite of a certain city not a thousand miles distant, for what reason we do not know, unless vulgarity and coarseness entitle them to such assumption, went into an ice cream establishment where a third person, a lady, happened to be present. This lady had a buff dress on—and such a color was odious to the sight of our would-be fashionables, and they took occasion to express aloud their unqualified dislike of a *yellow* dress, making several ironical remarks and inuendoes concerning the lady of the buff dress, whose face was turned away from them. However she took no notice of them, but went on quietly eating her cream, till the waiter entered, when she turned round to inquire who the two new comers were, and they to their confusion beheld a lady whose manners and attainments entitled her to a rank such as they could never reach, whatever they might assume. Indeed, one of the women who had been most forward in her vilifying remarks, it is said, was indebted to the lady of the buff dress for the very house she lived in.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—

Whenever there was a plum pudding made by the captain's orders, all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the China, he said—"this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,"—and put it down again, as though without design, with the *plum* end next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate, taking up the dish,—"I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling,"—and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate—the mate looked at the captain.—The captain laughed—the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

LOVE POETRY.

Some anonymous heart-striken fair one, sent a western editor the following sentimental MORCEAU the other day:—

"This lock of hare
I once did ware,
But now I trust it to your care,
And if we no more each other see,
Then look at this, and think on me."

He was so deeply affected, that he could not rest until he had published the following reply:

Who are you
That sent that hair,
I oughter had to, but I don't care,
I don't know you tho' you know me,
But I'll try to think, if I don't blow me.

If your object is to be happy, do not marry a rich woman without rank, or a lady of rank without riches; the former will taunt you with the poverty you experienced before marriage, and the latter will taunt you with the poverty you feel after.

☞When is a nose not a nose? When its a little *reddish*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHE'S A SEWING GIRL.

We have frequently heard the above remark, and it always excited in our mind a sentiment of ineffable contempt for the worthless piece of humanity that uttered it. It is a source of deep regret to us that it should ever be our duty to deal harshly with any portion of the fair sex who maintain a reputable standing in society; but there are some, and not a few either, who although their fame may be unspotted, are so deeply imbued with envy, jealousy, and hatred towards those of their sex who happen to be less favored of fortune, but more perfectly moulded and finished by nature than themselves, that their hearts are gall, their souls are wormwood, their breath is pestilence, whenever they can make it convenient to speak of them. These are they, who, with a sarcastic leer and a scornful turn of nose, stigmatize as "nothing but sewing girls," such young females as have the moral courage and the virtue to work with their hands for an honest livelihood, rather than to be dependent, destitute or disreputable.

It is sometimes applied opprobriously to married ladies, after the following manner: "Did you ever see the like how Mrs. —— dresses herself and children of late?" "La, yes, I've seen many like her—I knew her when she was a sewing girl, and her husband when he was a poor carpenter, and when he worked for my father. Now they have got a little something in the world, and they stick themselves up for mighty somebodies. It is just so almost always with such creatures. As soon as they get a little start in the world, they forget the poverty they sprang from, and begin to put on airs of gentility. I can't bear them for my part."

Reader, if you are a young man, and should hear anything like the above sentiments uttered by a young lady to whom you are paying your addresses, let that be your last visit. Even if you are under promise of marriage, it would be better to break off and incur the penalty of breach of promise, than to be united for life to one so utterly devoid of kind-hearted sympathy for those of her own sex, thus virtuously struggling with adversity; and who holds it disreputable in a young lady who is without fortune or able friends, to draw for support upon her own physical faculties, in an honest and useful vocation.

We cannot conceive of any evidence more conclusive, that a young female possesses, in an eminent degree, that innate principle of virtue which would set at defiance every seductive wile of libertinism, than to see her, adorned with all the native graces of her sex, heroically braving the sneers of the proud and scornful, and steadily plying her needle as the means of Independence. Such an one rarely, if ever, fails to possess an amiable desposition, and will seldom if ever, fail to make a virtuous, affectionate, prudent wife, and a good mother.

We never designedly listen to the conversation of ladies in the streets, but we will confess that the above remarks were prompted by hearing the words which we have placed at the head of this article, contemptuously uttered by one of the two ladies who filled a narrow sidewalk so full, that we were compelled to walk slowly after them for some rods. We did not know them, but hope they may chance to light upon this article for their own sakes. It will perhaps teach them to give their voices less volume when they utter such uncharitable sentiments in the streets. [Grand Rapids Enq.

Depend upon yourself.—The success of individuals in life is, under God, greatly owing to their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than ever the want of it did. Teach the young men to rely on their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with productive capital which others cannot wrest from them, and which they themselves will not be disposed to alienate. This is peculiarly the case in this country, where a man is the artificer of his own fortune, where the road to wealth and honor is open to all, and where those who would win must labor for the prize. Gov. Everett has well said, that "times and universal experience, abundantly admonish, that however the children of wealth may indulge in indolence and dissipation while their means last—the great mass of Americans must and ought not to depend upon their own fortunes, but their usefulness. Fortune is at best precarious; patrimonial dependence is uncertain, and reliance on the friendship or charity of the world, or upon office, is frail and debasing. Self-dependence is the only sure stay.—Sepulchres as monuments upon the tomb of Palmyra—and

We are ever willing to help those who help themselves. Productive labor is the legitimate source of wealth, individual or national—and labor is profitable to the individual and to the nation, in proportion to the measure of intelligence and scientific knowledge which guides and directs its operations. Hence it is of primary importance that our youth should be effectually imbued with that kind of knowledge which will instruct them in the principles of their business, render it honorable, and make them independent in their minds and their fortunes." [Selected.

CURIOUS GRAMMATICAL CONSTRUCTION.—In thirty-one words, how many times can "that" be grammatically inserted? Answer, fourteen. He said that *that* that *that* person said, was not *that* that *that* man should say; but that *that* that *that* person said, was *that* that *that* man should say."

This reminds us of the following says and saids:

"Mr. B. did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said you said? Because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said you said. Now, if you do say that you did not say what I said you said you said, then what did you say you said?"

NO MAN CAN EVER BORROW HIMSELF OUT OF DEBT.—Under this caption, somebody, we know not who it is, makes the following very sensible remarks: "If you wish for relief you must work for it, economise for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear home spun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in useless gewgaws. Try our scheme, and see if it is not worth a thousand banks and valuation laws."

YOUNG LADIES, "SEE HERE."—A Western paper says, that young ladies who are accustomed to reading newspapers, are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, and invariably make good wives: while on the other hand, those who read nothing, or what is far worse, novels, are generally unfit for either society, or domestic cares, and their company is little sought by either sex, furthes than the rules of common civility actually require.

MORE POETRY.—Genius never flourished so luxuriently before:—

The hills and the valleys
The gutters and alleys,
Are rife with that music,
Which, when the muse dallys
Makes a poor feller—too sick.

Some mental earthquake hath moved a rustic mountain of thought and in due time brought forth the following mo–o–nstrous nice thing:

A BALLAD.

Sorrowful Death of Peter Gray and Lizianny Querl.

My song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Peter Gray.
The State where Peter Gray was born
Was Pennsylvani-a.

This Peter Gray did fall in love
With such a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive,
Was Lizianny Querl.

When they were going to be wed,
Her father he said "no,"
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the Ohi-o.

When Peter found his love was lost,
He knew not what to say;
He'd half a mind to jump into
The Susquehani-a.

A trading he went to the West,
For furs and other skins;
And there he was in crimson drest
By bloody In ji-ins.

When Lizianny heard the news,
She straightway took to bed,
And never did get off of it
Until she di-i-ed.

Ye fathers all, a warning take—
Each one as has a girl—
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Lizianny Querl.

"This must be looked into," as the spoilt child said to his father's watch.

Mr Editor:—The following pretty verses are put down to an American poet;—will any of your readers favor me with the name of the author? X. Y.

SONG.

The token flowers she culled him
Have lost their hues of spring;
The lute that often lulled him
Sleeps with a voiceless string.

Alas! love ever closes
His sweetest song with sighs;
Love ever bathes his roses
With tears from maidens' eyes.

A morning song he sings us,
Of blooming skies and bowers,—
The evening gifts he brings us—
Pale cheeks and withered flowers.

Blessed is sleep, said Sancho Panza, it covers a man all over like a garment. Blessed is breakfast, say we, for it uncovers a man's social qualities. After breakfast,—when our fast has been long and our journey dull,—we see things in more vivid colors, our temper, reserved before, becomes placid and amiable; voiceless before, we afterwards discourse with marvellous perspicuity and rapidity.

☞ I have been thinking of an odd circumstance, says the author of Don Juan. My daughter, my wife, my half-sister, my mother, my sister's mother, and myself, are, or were, *only* children.—My sister's mother had only one half-sister by that second marriage—herself, too, an only child—and my father had only me,—an only child,—by his second marriage with my mother. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular, and looks like fatality almost. But the fiercest animals have the rarest number in their litters,—as lions, tigers, and elephants, which are mild in comparison.

INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES. What makes those men who associate habitually with women superior to others? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and is at ease in the company with men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired for their colloquial power? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their faculties awaken; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and heart is interchanged continually. Their rust is rubbed off, their better materials are polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, in studs and knots of precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare. [John Neal.

VIEWS FROM OUR WINDOW.—During a shower which came up suddenly yesterday afternoon, we saw—a little boy paddling like a duck in the street; a cart load of ashes yielding plenty of ley; a young lady dressed in white with a green spot flowing downward from her veil; a moustached dandy as crest fallen as a half drowned bantum chicken; and a thirsty old fellow hunting for the pump-handle of a lamp post.

We heard of a polite Frenchman one time who carried his ideas of gallantry to such a pitch of sublimity as to run round to the other side of a lady when her shadow fell so that he couldn't avoid stepping on it!

"What part of a chicken do you prefer, Madam?" inquired a gentleman of a lady at table. "A portion of the fountain of infantile existence," was the reply.

Poetical Department.



THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I wrote some lines once in a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
There'll be the devil to pay.

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear.
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear,

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dared to write
As funny as I can.

A conceited divine being asked by a student how he might acquire confidence in preaching, gave to him the following: 'My father had a fine field of cabbages, and I made a practice of going daily into it, to repeat a discourse, fancying every cabbage head a man.' 'And now,' said the student, 'I should think, from your sermons, you fancied every man a cabbage head.

LIFE.—Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies.

But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.—*Jean Paul.*

SYMPATHY.—Two noble souls discover their relationship just by the like love that they bear to a third.

☞ The following heart fill lines are by a lady whose heart is a "deep well of poesy."

"Such thoughts as these, young poets dream
On summer eve, by haunted stream."

From the Louisville Sun.

TWILIGHT WHISPERINGS.

There's a shadowy hour I love full well,
At the close of the bright-eyed day;
When the soothing chime of the vesper bell
Is pealing far, far away.

When the soft-lip'd dew, with his eyes of light,
Is wooing, the sweet-breath'd flowers,
And a quivering thrill of deep delight
Is stirring young summer's bowers.

Oh! all sweet sounds in the hour I love,
Are heard on the whispering gale,
The gushing notes of the turtle-dove,
The eloquent mock-bird's tale—

And the low, soft voice of the silver stream,
The song of the down-wing'd breeze;
And gentle and bright as a moonlight dream
Old holier sounds than these.

Come over my heart in that shadowy hour,
From Memory's fairy clime,
Refreshing, and sweet as a summer shower,
Sweet songs of the olden time.

Soft voices long hush'd in the low-arch'd tomb,
Ring out in those halls divine,
And eyes of beauty, and cheeks of bloom,
In undim'd radiance shine.

And those, oh! long from my heart estrang'd,
Whom I lov'd in my trusting youth,
There smile again with the brow unchang'd,
As they smil'd in the days of truth.

Oft the spirit turns from its wanderings sweet,
Through Memory's fadeless clime,
And mourns over joys the bright, the fleet,
Those joys of the olden time.

SWITCHES.

I remember, I remember,
The girls I used to love;
The first I thought was purer than
The plumage of the dove—
I worshiped her from hot July
All round the sunny May;
The thirty-first of which she with
A tinker ran away!

The second shone into my heart
As the stars shine into the sea;
Ah! such a Grecian nose, no woMan ever had but she.
I loved her well, oh! how I loved;
And she was warm enough,
I'd lov'd her now if I hadn't caught—
Her taking yellow snuff!

Then came the third, Gods! what an eye,
Looked in upon my heart!
Oh! I remember how a glance
Would make my boy-blood start.
And all went swimmingly, until
One awful night, alas!
When getting pretty thick, I found—
That eye was made of glass!

The fourth I didn't love again,
I'm thinking, very soon.
If my memory serves me, twas till
About the next new moon!
This time I thought 'twas all correct,
All dangers I could scoff—
She was sitting on her pony when—
One fairy foot fell off!

I've never ventured on the fifth,
I think I've had my mete,
Of bright blue eyes—Of Grecian nose,
Of doves and wooden feet.
I smokes and chews, and eats and sleeps,
And laughs and takes my ease,
And loves no sort of vitamin now—
Exceptin' toasted cheese!

return from a nigger funeral.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

'Twas in the town of Lexington,
Towards the close of day,
An old man sat upon a stone,
Beside the public way;
A staff was in his trembling hand,
His hairs were few and gray.

Before his dim and aged eyes,
A monument arose,
Which told how near that hallowed spot,
Men once had met as foes,
Though now no mark of strife is seen,
And there the bright grass grows.

Three merry boys were at their play,
Not far from the road-side,
And their free utterance of joy
Rang loudly far and wide;
For well they knew no one was near,
To silence, or to chide.

But soon they saw the aged man,
Who sat upon the stone,
Gazing around with quiet look,
Unpitied and alone;
And then they hushed their shouts of glee,
And spoke in softer tone.

They threw aside ther bat and ball,
And stopped their sports of glee,
And leaping o'er the old stone wall,
Approached—those urchins three—
To where the gray-haired stranger sat,
Beneath a spreading tree.

With eyes now downcast, now upraised,
Before his sight they stood;
As if they had done wrong to break
Upon his solitude,
And were afraid to interrupt
His still and thoughtful mood.

But soon their doubts were cast aside;
He hailed them with a cheer,
And while a smile o'erspread his face,
He told them to come near;
"'And what,' said he, 'my little boys,
From me have you to fear?

"'You see that I am old and lame,
Nor full of life like you;
I cannot run, I cannot play,
As you are wont to do;
For mine have been long years of toil,
And troubles not a few.'

"'Your words are kind, your looks are mild'—
The foremost boy replied—
"'And we, I know, have nought to fear,
While standing by your side—
But why upon that monument
Do still your eyes abide?'

"'The tale is old,' the stranger said,
'The tale is very old;
And you, my little man, I guess,
Have often heard it told,
And oft will hear it told again,
When death has made me cold.

"'But come, sit round upon the grass,
The bright sun has not set,
The soft wind stirs the green, green leaves,
The birds are singing yet;
The wild rose and the sweet briar,
With dew drops are not wet.

"'I used to live beside this place,
When I, like you, was young,
And wandered with incautious feet,
The forest paths among,
Or on the new-mown hay at noon,
My limbs regardless flung.

"'I lived within my uncle's house—
My parents both were dead—
And there with kind and honest care,
In childhood, I was bred;
In virtue's paths of pleasantness,
Accustomed aye to tread.

"'One day, upon my uncle's face,
I marked a sudden change;
His brow was bent, his cheek was pale,
His look was sad and strange,
And rapidly, on every side,
His mild blue eye would range.

"'At last he fixed his glance on me,
And, rising, slowly said,
"'Bring hither, boy, the gun and pouch,
Which hang above my bed;
And then fetch here the sharpened scythe—
You 'll find it in the shed.'

"'His orders quickly were obeyed,
And then he turned to me,
And parting from my forehead smooth
The curls that wandered free,
Gazed for a moment in my face
Then kissed me fervently.

"'"And go not hence to-day,' he said,
'But here at home remain
Till evening, when, if God consents,
I shall be back again—
Farewell my boy,'—and saying thus,
He hurried down the lane.

"'But many minutes had not flnown
In weary silence by,
Ere sounds of tumult and of strife
Began to fill the sky,
And, mingling with the gun's report,
Came many a fearful cry.

"'A thought of danger and of death
Across my mind then passed,
And as I listened to the noise,
My heart beat high and fast:
"'Shall I stay here,' I cried aloud—
'The least one and the last?'

"'I seized my cap and hastened forth,
Led onward by the sound,
And ran until at last I reached
An open spot of ground,
Where groups of men with troubled looks
Were scattered all around

"'And o'er a hill, whose sloping side
Appeared not far away,
A band of British soldiers marched,
With plumes and colors gay;
But many of that band, I ween,
Saw not the close of day!

"'They had been here, not long before,
With sound of drum and fife,
And with the men of Lexington
Had joined in deadly strife,
"'Where is my uncle?' I exclaimed,
And gazed around the plain;
Alas, my living uncle's face
I never saw again!
"'Look there,' a pitying voice replied,
'Look there among the slain!'

"'The night of that eventful day
Saw me alone indeed;
But those who perished in the fray—
They did not vainly bleed!
And that their fate is unforgot,
On yonder column read!

"'That day! it lighted up a flame,
Which each true patriot fanned,
Till, after striving long, we rose,
Free from Oppression's hand!
Till Indepence was proclaimed
Throughout our native land!

"'And now, my boys, my journey hence
Full eight long miles extends,
And I must get to Boston town,
Before the twilight ends;
God's blessing rest upon you all—
Good bye, my little friends!'"

NAPOLEON.

He came, as comes the sun at dawn,
Upon a slumbering world;
Corruption at his nod was gone,
The tyrant's banner furled;
Thrones trembled at his giant tread,
Crowns fell around his feet,
And shook the ashes of the dead
His eagle glance to meet.

He came, a child whom men might scorn,
A vision faint to feel,
But Europe saw her proudest born
Before his presence kneel;
And kings and conquerors faded far
In shadow from his name,
As fades the faintest silver star
Behind the sunrise flame.

He went upon the battle ground,
Strong, yea, invincible;
Of death to enemies around
His cannon tones were full;
With requiems rang his trumpets, ere
The deadly fight began,
And fell as many foes from fear
As from opposing man.

An island in a sleeping sea
Him sent abroad to reign;
An island in a stormy sea
Has got him back again;
He came on earth, determined, stern,
And hard to be denied,
Empires and thrones to overturn,
And on the greatest, died.

PUNCTUALITY.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business, and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little before-hand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it, many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too.

A PLEASANT, CHEERFUL WIFE, is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those friends who delight to torture lost spirits.

A person behind the age is generally respected—a person before the age is treated with neglect.

In a case of horse stealing in Illinois, at a late session, the jury returned a verdict of 'guilty, provided the prisoner is the one who stole the horse.'

☞ What is more contemptible than a young man who has appeared on the stage, in some inferior character, strutting about and really priding himself upon 'his profession?'

WANTED.—The girls want good husbands, young men want prudent and sweet tempered wives. Dandies and fashionable ladies who screw their waists to resemble a wasp, want common sense.

THE DUTCH OF IT.—An exchange paper says that "forgetting to pay for your paper and robbing a henroost are the same thing in Dutch, only differently expressed."

LOAFERS.

These are a numerous, celebrated and time-honored fraternity. Poets have sung the praises, and essayists, and scribblers, and penny-a-liners have extolled the virtues of *Loaferism*. And, on such a day as yesterday, as we cast our eye through the window which looks out from the scene of our incessant toil, upon the lounging groups which surround our public square, we sigh to be a Loafer. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is a curse, from which, in the mysterious designs of Providence, they appear to have been delivered. There they set, or lie, or lean under the cool shade, in their summer's garb, with their heads bared to the refreshing breeze—the picture of luxury and indolence. Nothing mars their peace or disturbs their dignity. Their quiet and happy spirits seem to repose in "the only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall." We suppose that those of their unfortunate fellowmen who, like ourself, are compelled to labor or starve, are, by them, considered objects of commisseration; for a Loafer is a kind and feeling soul wherever you find him. But the exercise of their pity, which might otherwise be painful and destroy their peaceful equanimity, is counteracted by contrasting the condition of those who labor with their own, and feeling the happy exemption from the "curse." The Loafing brotherhood is a mixture of all classes, except that of the laborer. There are some among them who appear to be possessed of a secret art of living which enables them to loaf without money. We could never attain to this. We are satisfied we do not possses the fortitude to meet the "contingencies" which necessarily lie in the way of a Loafer without means. We must have the "needful" before we can think of getting clear of the clink of type, or pulling at the "devil's tail." Had we a plantation in the country, or plenty of safe and profitable Bank stock, we would, by all means, "send in our petition."

A FEW weeks since, the following severe spark of satire appeared in the New England Weekly Review; it is from the pen of the editor of that paper, who is himself a poet, and perchance a little envious of the reputation of his neighbor Willis.

Unwritten honors to thy name belong,
Willis, immortal both in prose and song;
Unwritten poetry thy pen inspires;
Unwritten music, too, thy fancy fires;
And, more than all, *philosophy* divine,
With its *unwritten* music all are thine.
O how much greater praise would be thy due,
If thine own *prose* had been *unwritten* too.

This has had a general circulation in the newspapers, and has been acknowledged by many to be a severe though perhaps unjust attack upon this favorite poet; but mark the retort—Willis in his Magazine gives the following parody on the above lines, and has done himself credit. We think these two poets have fairly balanced their accounts.

Unwritten honors do in truth belong
To him who *gets a living* by his song;
Unwritten poetry, though wits do mutter,
And *music* too, to him is *bread and butter;*
And, more than all, *philosophy divine*,
Helps him to ask poor wits like thee, to *dine*.
O how much greater praise would be your due,
If your own wit could do as much for you.

Advantage of Female Conversation.

TALK to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school to give you fluency.—They too, will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits which we pick up in boyhood without this supervision. Unfortunately you may have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her. Otherwise you will never be free from your awkwardness, and certainly never learn to dress.

HE NEVER SPEAKS KIND TO ME.—Conversing the other day, with an interesting little girl, between the ages of six and seven, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude due from her, to her Heavenly Parent, for bestowing upon her so good and kind a father, whom every body loves. I was perfectly thunder-struck by her answer. Looking me full in the face with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "He never speaks kind to me." Perhaps this Christian father, harrassed with the cares of business, was unconscious that he had roughly checked the fond attentions of his child; but could cares or the interruptions of his child, excuse unkindness, or a total want of tokens of endearment! Will fathers examine their habits on this point?—*Port. Tri.*

Matrimonial Anecdote.

THE Rev. Mr. O——, a respectable clergyman in the interior of the state, relates the following anecdote. A couple came to him to get married. After the knot was tied the bridegroom addressed him with—"How much do you ax, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever is offered me. Sometimes more, sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes—but how much do you ax, I say?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars; some five; some three; some two; some one; and some, only a quarter of a one."

"A quarter, ha?" said the bridegroom; wall, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket book—there was no money there; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; but I recollect now, 'twas in my tother trowses pocket.—Hetty, have you got such a thing as two shillins about ye?"

"Me?" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation—"I'm astonished at ye, to come here to be married without a cent of money to pay for it!—If I'd known it afore, I wouldn't come a step with ye: you might have gone alone to be married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom, in a soothing tone, "we're married now, and it can't be helped—if you have got sich a thing as a couple of shillins—"

"Here, take 'em," interupted the angry bride, who during this speech, had been searching in her work bag; "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger—"don't you serve me *another sich a trick*.

The Close of the Week.

A WEEK! It is but a short time indeed, but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just closed brought joy? to whom sorrow? to whom riches? to whom poverty? to whom friends? to whom enemies? to whom love? to whom hatred? to whom misery? to whom happiness? to whom sickness? to whom health? to whom life? to whom *death*? What! all these changes in *one week*? Yea, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who see the dawning of the present week, will be in another world ere it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the whithering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the unruffled sea of happiness a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin, on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone proptitiously, have ere this time met with some ill-fortune, and are turned upon the world the children of poverty; and many whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth, bright and prosperous, at the dawn of this week, find themselves at its close the sad and miserable being of cruel disappointment. And such is the life of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day—nay, even an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolution—*time* whirling on in its rapid progress, leaving behind its traces of destruction, and even in a small community, many thrilling and exciting circumstances might be summed up, and recorded at the close of each week.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

RUM COLOR.—Not long since a religious society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting-house. Some proposed one color, and some another. At last, says one, 'I move we paint it rum color; for Deacon Smith has had his face painted that color for a number of years, and it grows brighter and brighter every year!'

A GERMAN while crossing the Alleghany mountains during the past winter, states:—"Dat when going up de mountain, hish foot slipt him on de ice, and he come down on the broad of his back mit his face sticking in de mud, and dere he shtoot.

Mutton leg sleevs are again somewhat in vogue among the ladies. They are now worn inverted—that is, the biggest at the *little* end!

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and the best provision in old age.



PORTRAIT OF THE LA DY

Who was the innocent cause of the late unhappy affair in this city, with a short account of her life.

She is a Bostonian by birth, and not a New Yorker, as has been eeroneously reported. Her father was a master mechanic, and enjoyed a good property, accumulated solely by his own industry. Susan was an only child, and on her he lavished everything. She received the best education that her own perseverance, under good masters, could acquire, and every thing bid fair to make her the best of women. But a serpent crept into the bosom of the mechanic's peaceful family, one of those devils in human shape—A BROKER—a person who has no more mercy on the human family than the beasts of the desert. By his damnable acts the father was soon stripped of his money, and the daughter robbed of her virtue.

Her father survived the blow but a short time, and his wife soon followed him. She was then taken to a private boarding house for a short time, till her lover began to grow satiated, and a new form caught his eye, when he told her she must do something for herself, and recommended her to Charlotte Knights, the devil's own handmaid. While there a New Yorker of some celebrity became desperately enamored of her, and made her so advantageous offers, if she would return with him, that she accepted them.

It is not necessary to state what manner of life she lived while there. She returned from there recently, the same beautiful *looking* being that she ever was.

The countenance will be recognized by many of our readers, who are in the habit of noticing female faces, as one often seen on Washington street, and their is no one but what naturally turns half round to have a second look as she passes him, such is her beauty and grace. It is impossible to give a full history of this young lady, without trespassing to much upon my readers patience, and I shall therefore close.

Laughable Blunder.—Affairs, more particularly of the heart, make up always a good many pages in the history of early life. I took it into my head that a little girl who lived in the neighborhood, was absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, an angel—that she had no equal in the world; was the most beautiful, bewitching, elegant, ethereal-minded being that was ever sent below the clouds. I was sincere and confident of this—I took every opportunity of seeing her and, if by dint of courage and ingenuity I succeeded, it afforded me a week's happiness. These were all necessarily sunday occasions, when people look as pretty as possible.

At last an extra opportunity of seeing the fair creature occurred. I was to go over to the farm on an errand. An ambassador on his first introduction to the presence of a sovreign could not have made a better display of his wardrobe than I did of mine—every hair was exactly adjusted—my hat put carerfully on—a pair of clean shoes under my arm, which were to be carried to the farmer's bars—and, in short, I went as every lovesick blockhead goes the first time to see his mistress, looking most particularly fine, and feeling most particularly foolish.

I gained the awful bars that brought me in view of the more awful presence of my angel. I stuck my old shoes under a log, put on my new ones, and went forward after having practised a bow or two. Walking leisurely down the lane, as near the fence as possible, I met a drove of cows and a girl dressed in a dirty linsey frock, barefooted, and with her mouth and bosom besmeared with mush and molasses, driving them forward wiih sticks and stones. I met the company—Heavens! the driver was my Sunday flame—but what an angel! I threw my hat down in the road, tumbled my hair, stuck both my shoes in the mud, and thought that I was going crazy. I was never afterwards a very enthusiastic lover.

There is a plain straight-forward way of trudging through the world; and we may as well accustom ourselves to it first as last. Expecting nothing, we shall not be disappointed—a little sceptical on many matters of appearance, we shall reach the reality without surprise—and the sooner, we arrive at the age of reason, perhaps the better it will be for us.

Moschetos—As the career of these little "varmints" draws to a close, they appear to grow more and more diligent in their labors, and they are evidently determined to improve the remainder of their days to the best possi ble advantage. So far as we can judge of their intentions, they mean—to die fat!

When the moschetos first made their appearance, they were, it is true, troublesome—quite troublesome—and it was unquestionably a *bore* to have them diving into one's face and hands in the manner they did; but their conduct then was urbane and gentlemanly, compared with the deportment which now characterizes them. Then, they would merely buzz about one's ears far a moment, take a quiet nip at his nose, and be off—now, they steal slily along up till within proper "charging distance," and pounce upon their poor victim with a noise like the rushing of mighty waters, burying their cruel pinchers deep, deep in his devoted proboscis, and sucking his blood, with, as it were, a meat-axe ferocity!

All this might be borne, however, if they would confine their blood-thristy attacks to the rougher sex. But it is not so. There have been of late several well authenticated cases where they have even gone so far—the rascals—as to take improper liberties with the *ladies;* and for this they deserve, what they very seldom get, i. e. hanging!

WIFE WANTED.

"I 'd like to have a little wife—
I reckon I know who;
I 'd like to have a little son—
A little daughter too;
And when they 'd climb upon my knee
I 'd like a little toy
To give my pretty little girl—
Another to my boy."

Thus sang a poet of old, but, had he lived in these degenerate times, we think he would have been induced to alter his tune; scarcely a day passes over our head, but that we witness scenes of the most gross infidelity between husbands and their wives. 'Tis but a short time since, that *we*, that is, the editor of the Satirist, a person than whom, none other does exist possessed of more lofty and high-toned principles of morality, were addressed in the streets, by a lady, and requested to accompany her to her residence. Thinking that she was unavoidably detained out at that late hour, and that she was afraid to proceed alone, we could do no less than to see her home; upon arriving at her place of abode, she urged us, somewhat ardently, to walk in, stated that her husband was absent, and would not return until the next day; being unsophisticated in the ways of the world, and not even dreaming that she entertained other than honest motives in desiring us to enter, we did so, but had not long been there before we "*smelt a rat,*" and quickly made up our mind to take our departure. This is but one, among hundreds of similar cases that are every day occurring, and, ere long, we shall lay some rich *cases* before the public. Truly, who would be a married man.

A ludicrous mistake in cattle dealing.—We have been told to mind our P's and Q's, but the following will show that it is quite as important to mind our A's and O's. An English gentleman, residing in one of the West India islands, intending to establish a dairy-farm, wrote to his correspondent in South America, a Spaniard, to send him fifty heifers with which to stock it. The letter was written in Spanish; but the writer's acquaintance with that language was not as accurate as was his knowledge of cattle. The femine Spanish word for heifers, *becerras* only differs in a letter from the masculine, signifying young bulls, *becerros*—and, unfortunately for our friend, he had unwittingly spelled his order with the *o*. Accordingly, after a good deal of scouring over the savannahs, fifty fine young bulls wild enough it may be supposed, from their native prairies, were, with no little difficulty, and at great expense, captured with the lasso, and shipped to him. His consternation when the riotous animals arrived, and were driven to his gate, may be more easily imagined than described; he refused to receive them, averring that he had ordered heifers and not bulls; but his letter being procured and exhibited, and his Spanish bull explained to him, he was forced to agree to his very bad bargain. The gentleman was afterwards wonderfully fastidious in his words whenever he wrote Spanish letters on business.

A first Spree.—"Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap once in my hearing; "never mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my legs to every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart wheels were making revolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason that the town had turned into such an enormous hill; and what made it worse was that it seemed all the time growing higher, and threatened to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, thought I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or, at least, it shan't head me. So I turned round to go down and get at the bottom—but hang me if the town didn't turn round with me, heading me all the time, and presenting the high bluff in front of me. Well, sure enough, the ground soon flew up, and struck me in the forehead; and as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw was *a big brick house coming full split around the corner!* and I believe it ran right over me, for I don't remember any more!"—*Picayune.*

The Tariff and its probable effects on the fashions.—The rise of silks, muslins, &c. will undoubtedly cause a *rise* of *skirts.*

Bustles will be put *back*, until the cotton market warrants their being brought *forward.*

The old scratch only *nose* where pocket handkerchiefs will *get up* to. Just like's not they'll go down again, though.

The extensive domestic manufacture of cotton goods will, we hope, have a tendency to keep petticoats *down;* still there are strong reasons for believing that *stockings* will come as *high* as ever.—*Microscope.*

A priest for an angel will pray;
A lawyer outwit with his twaddle;
A woman will toil night and day,
If your money-bag 's tight in her daddle.

But give me the priest without pay;
The lawyer that's free from all evil;
The lass that is honest and gay,
And values my purse as the devil.

☞Nothing can be more irksome to a generous mind, than to discover that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil that bears no other fruit than ingratitude.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The last case was that of a streak of lightning, which intended to strike a church. It discovered its mistake, however, when it came in contact with one of King's conductors.

A lawyer in Connecticut, while in a state of absence of mind, told the truth in Court. He discovered his mistake as soon as he was helped to a lie by a fellow-advocate.

☞ Here is a concert:—

DEATH AND RESSURRECTION.

In trance of love
I swooned away;
Within her arms
I buried lay.
She waked me gently
With a kiss;
Her eyes revealed
A heaven of bliss.

☞A dollar or two feels comfortable in one's pockets—a feeling to which printers are not accustomed.

☞The man who lies abed and lets his wife get up and make a fire, ought not to rail against double-blessedness.

☞He is most sure to be cheated, who thinks himself more cunning than his neighbor.

as monuments upon [illegible] tomb of Palmyra—and [illegible] return from a nigger funeral.

AN ADVENTURE IN PETTICOATS.

BY WILLIAM BURNS.

Early in the year 1810, a young American, who was passing a few months, under special protection, in that very refined, and to Christians, *hospitable* city, Algiers, hearing some Spanish ladies of his acquaintance talk of a visit which they were by permission to pay to the harem of his Highness the Dey, on the following morning, expressed a very strong wish to accompany them. From a mere love of sport, and thoughtless of the serious consequences that might follow a discovery, they readily agreed to take him with them, provided he would wear petticoats and a head dress, and promise to behave as a modest young girl should in such a situation.

"All this I pledged myself to," said the gentleman who told us the story himself not long since; "and the next morning, after two hours spent under the hands of my fair dressing maids. I found myself metamorphosed into a very respectable, but rather antique looking Spanish maiden. Off we set in high glee for the harem, where we were politely received and passed over to the charge of a burly, but ferocious looking eunuch, who was to escort us through the place.

He eyed me rather sharply from the moment I entered, and I began to think that if the old fellow's face was any index of what was passing in his mind, my head was not destined long to grace my shoulders. The ladies too, were sadly frightened, and showed evident traces of repentance, when too late, for their connection in the business.

However, there was nothing left for us but to go on, and whispering to my fair companions, that our salvation depended upon our *nonchalance*, we set about inspecting the different apartments of the three hundred and odd wives of his Highness the Dey.

When we got to the baths we found several of the ladies in a state very nearly approaching to nudity, but it was no time for delicacy, and considering I had petticoats over my breeches, why there was no very great harm in looking in. The fair Algerines took quite a fancy to me, and as they lay kicking about in the water, beckoned me to draw near, and were highly amused with my high stomacher and capacious petticoats. Indeed they carried their politeness so far as to invite me to disrobe and take a bath, and on my declining, they playfully caught hold of me, and but for a vigorous resistance on my part would have torn off my disguise, and perhaps made a discovery that would have dreadfully shocked their modesty, besides costing me my head.

Uneasy as I was for the result of this adventure, I could not help stealing a glance at my Spanish friends, in whose countenances the palor of fear was struggling with the blush of shame. Poor things, I pitied them. They had not dreampt of an introduction to the ladies of the seraglio, but to meet them at the bath, *en dishabille*, with *me*, was a treat for which they were wholly unprepared. They endured it all with astonishing fortitude, for which I am to this day devoutly thankful, as a single manifestation of feeling on their part would have resulted very uncomfortably to myself. Thank God, they were Spanish girls, and not Yankee boarding school misses.

Well, after partaking of coffee and sherbert, we made our courtesy and withdrew. The old eunuch met us in the hall, looking more suspicious and ugly than before. To him we intimated our wish to depart immediately, but after deliberately surveying me from top to toe, he grumbled out something unintelligible to us and suddenly disappeared.

Almost stupified with terror, my companions whispered, "he suspects you, and we are lost!" "At least," said I, "I hope they will take off my petticoats, before they take off my head, for though I came into this cursed harem a woman, I desire to go out of it a man."

I had no intention of making a joke at that moment, though I have laughed heartily at the remark since. The eunuch was absent perhaps not over fifteen minutes, but those minutes were to us long hours of agony. The poor girls by my side stood trembling and ashy pale, while the large drops gathered on my brow, and rolled slowly down my face. At length we heard footsteps and with scarcely strength enough to lift our eyes, beheld the old eunuch with several armed attendants approaching. He beckoned to us to follow him, and mechanically we obeyed. Turning the long gallery we entered the garden, and soon reached a low, dingy door, the lock of which rusted by long disuse, refused for several minutes to yield to the inserted key. But the door was opened at last, and we were ushered into a small, dark room, on the opposite side of which was another door. Beside this our guard drew up; the eunuch pushed back the bolts, made us a low bow, and we found ourselves in the *street and free*.

"How were you pleased with your visit," said I, drawing a long breath. "More *interested* than pleased; you don't look well in petticoats, and that's the reason that old neuter gender scoundrel, stared at you" was the flattering response.

THAT HANDKERCHIEF.— Othello was once enacted by a little band of comedians, who were out on a summer stroll, away from the regular theatre to which they belonged. Unfortunately, though the piece was tolerably well cast in the male line, the company were utterly destitute of a Desdemona, for the line of the leading lady was comedy, in which she was attractive and exceedingly clever, besides being entirely too smart to risk her reputation by appearing in any thing like a serious character. So an innocent supernumerary girl, not bad looking, but wholly unburdened with the slightest shadow of talent for the stage, and utterly incapable of studying or repeating six lines of blank verse, without transposing and confusing words and rhythm into most delectable and incomprehensible disorder, was thrust into the piece to represent the gentle and beautiful heroine, Desdemona.

As it was not expected that the young lady would be able to study the part, she was only directed to speak a line here and there where it could not possibly be dispensed with, and the rest of poor Desdemona was doomed, for this occasion only, to be stricken out.

The play went on very well till the handkerchief scene came round, when the sudden passion and vehemence of Othello frightened the feminine novice almost out of her wits. The actor playing the jealous Moor was young man of fine genius, and the startling and notural fervor of his acting, which he had not displayed at rehearsal, took the poor girl completely by surprise, causing her to forget even the few stray words she had made herself acquainted with.

After describing the terrible handkerchief which an Egyptian had given to his mother, Othello paused, and there stood Desdemona, looking at him with a most ridiculous and terrified stare. Seeing that there was no prospect of her speaking, he went on with the next speech and paused again for the reply. No answer came, and Othello being then in the 'very torrent, tempest, and (as we may say,) whirlwind of his passion,' there was no pausing, and the scene went on as follows: Othello raging, the prompter in agony, stamping and whispering the words to Desdemona, and the poor girl herself almost paralyzed with confusion and alarm.

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. ———
Oth. Ha! wherefor? [Speak, for heaven's sake!]
Des. ———
Oth. Is't lost! is't gone? speak, is it out of the was? [For God's sake, say something!]
Des.
Oth. Say you?
Des. ———
Oth. Ha?
Des. ———
Oth. Fetch't me, let me see it.
Des. ———
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief, my mind misgives. [Speak! speak!]
Des. ——— ———
Oth. The handkerchief! [Say something.]
Des. ———
Oth. The handkerchief!!! [Say anything.]
Des. ———
Oth. The handkerchc-e-eef!!! [Damnation.]

"*It's in the wash, Othello!*" shrieked the terrified girl at last, making a desperate effort to "say something," as Othello requested.

Never was a tragedian so completely knocked off of his tragedy legs and plunged over head and ears in the ludicrous, as was Othello on this occasion. This handkerchief "spotted with strawberries," and

———"Died in mummy, which the skillful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

was *in the wash!* and there was he foaming and fuming about it in a lofty sublimity of jealous phrensy! The audience screamed and shouted and jumped upon the benches and screamed again in ecstacies of laughter, and Othello after struggling a moment to maintain his dignity, went off in a paroxysm himself, and led poor Desdemona from the stage, that he might let his laugh loose behind the scenes.—[N. O. Pic-

---

☞ An exchange says the girls complain that the times are so hard the young men can't pay their *addresses*.—*Ex. News Letter*.

Why don't the girls sue, and have them bound over to *court?*—*N. A. Gazette*.

If the girls can get them under bond it is sufficient. Their crime then becomes *capital*, and they are brought to the *haltar*.—*Boston Despatch*.

Bad *noose!*

A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume the pair are rights and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. *Boots* is *right*—but there is no mistake that Boots is *left*.—*Hartford Times*.

We hope the disconsolate Boots will not wear his *sole* out in a fruitless search after his missing upper-leather. He will be sure to meet her at *last*, and *awl* will be well in the *end*. Selah!

CURIOSITY OF FEMALES.—The New York Union, states that such was the general anxiety to witness the celebration, that the roofs of six story houses were filled with well-dressed females, many of whom were actually seated on the very edge of the gutters, and leaning over to obtain a view.—*Pitts. Sun*.

We think those beneath them were much more favorably situated for "obtaining a view."

Our Politics.

A great deal of curiosity seems to exist in certain quarters, as to the "politics of the Aurora." That is always the way with every man or newspaper undertaking to be independent. There are a great many ninnies in this world who dare not open their mouths about politics, unless they first consult the "organ" of their party, or some great man, whose impudence has elevated him for the time being into the dignity of a "leading character," and then their tongues, like those of parrots, wag glibly enough, in echo of what they have read or heard. The very moment a man expresses an opinion in regard to any of the great interests of life and society, called, by a foolish usage, "politics," instead of weighing the merit of what he says, or inquiring whether he has reason and truth upon his side, the first inquiry is, "to what party does he belong?" "who is he going to vote for?" This principle is, indeed, to use the language of a Great Departed, who was in his day terrible alike to loafers, demagogues and dogs running at large—prevailing "to a great, too great extent in this community;" and we mean to do what little we can, with our humble talent, to break up the habit, and to induce men to reason and reflect upon all questions for themselves, and to form and express their opinions from the independent promptings of their own judgments. If all men would do this, public sentiment would soon become purer and more efficient; and, when it had once regained a healthy tone, the contemptible cliques and factions which now govern us would find it very difficult to regain their supremacy over the minds of men.

In regard to our politics, we profess ourselves the advocates of virtue, truth, intellect and patriotism, wherever it is found. We do not believe that there is any party in this country, (the demagogues out of the question,) who desire the destruction of our institutions, the prostration of our credit or the misery and poverty of our people. We think to accuse an American of all this is to accuse him of being a natural fool; for, to keep out of view all patriotic considerations, *self-interest* would teach any man that this is the best government in the world, and the one which affords the greatest facilities and advantages to every individual living under it. We do most potently believe, however, that there are lots of infernal rascals in every party, who, in furthering their own personal and temporary interests, forget the duties which belong to them as American citizens, and the destiny which the Almighty has marked out for this glorious country.

We are a Democrat: for we believe in the constant improvement and elevation of the laboring classes, under the fostering care of our free and equal laws, and watch with joy and pride the frequent advent of some brilliant genius from their ranks, whose mind and whose intellectual labors are calculated to make an impression upon the age, and to challenge the notice and admiration of the whole world. Such a man is Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith—such another is Mike Walsh—such is Bloomfield, the poet of green fields and natural religion—such Elliot, the "Corn Law Rhymer," of England—and such are hundreds and thousands of others, of whom the world shall yet hear in tones that shall vibrate through all time. This process of refining and intellectualizing the laboring classes, of developing their mental energies, and bringing them into the great arena where their efforts can be properly seen and appreciated, constitutes the fundamental principle of democracy, which ever seeks to elevate all and depress nothing. Those open-mouthed demagogues who go about the world pulling down and tearing up every thing sacred, venerable and pure, because it is not something of their own invention, are not *democrats*—they are jacobins—the worst and most dangerous of destructionists.

We are a Republican: for we believe strictly in the representative form of human government, as being the only one recognized or authorized by God, who, in creating all men with equal rights, has specially ordained that all shall have a voice in the creation and administration of those artificial laws necessary for their preservation and the mutual protection of individuals. In a free country, we hold that the deliberate and clearly expressed opinion of the representatives of the people ought always to be regarded as the supreme law. To yield this point, ever so slightly, is to give up the vital principle upon which our government differs from and is preferable to the monarchies and despotisms of Europe.

We are a Federalist: but it is in the same sense that Washington and the other heroes of the Revolution were federalists. We regard the Union as the first, last and ever present object of all political action in this country. Without this, we are nothing—with it, everything. Without it we have no common impulse—no common interest—no common strength. With it we are irresistible—invincible—against a world in arms. While we live we will never consent to anything which is in the slightest degree calculated to lessen the strength of that cord which binds us together, or to give to any one portion of this glorious confederacy one atom of power which ought only to belong to the Federal Government—the embodiment and impersonation of the whole country.

We are an aristocrat—we believe in the nobility of soul and the kingly prerogative of superior intellectual power and culture. Ours is the aristocracy of genius—the nobility of intellect. While we live we will cherish it—bow down to it, and, next to Heaven, worship it. This is a "privileged class" to which all men can be admitted upon equal terms. Mike Walsh, the subterranean, is a Lord, by right of birth, and Burritt wears a coronet—prouder than a Duke's—inherited from his Creator. These are the titles and distinctions we covet, and this the "aristocracy" to which, ever since we began our career as roller-boy in the office of the ———, we have determined to belong.

We have been the more unreserved in the expression of our sentiments, inasmuch as we are not a candidate for any office, and probably never shall be. Should our fate, however, lead us to this, at last, we beg our fellow citizens to remember, ere they accord to us "their most sweet voices," that we are emphatically an aristocratic-federal-republican whig-democrat, and that, if we are elected, we shall consider that the world has done us an act of tardy justice, and that we have fulfilled our destiny.

From the London Charivari.

SOOT AND SENTIMENT.

High on the summit of a mansions's dome,
Where rank and luxury had made their home,
And pleasure with profusion well might cloy,
High on that mansion sat an artless boy.
The youth was dark of feature, in his face
None could the hue of health or sickness trace;
His cheeks did evermore one colour keep—
For oh! that urchin was a chimney-sweep!
He sat; his head appeared the sky to dot,
As it emerged from out the chimney-pot:
Pensive he seemed—then raised his arms so taper,
And made rough music with his brush and scraper.
Ah! little thought the cold unfeeling crowd,
When listening to that brush and scraper loud,
That he who raised the noise, and seem'd so gay,
Was unto sentiment a wretched prey:
For, as his eye along the roof he ran,
Thus to himself that pensive boy began.—
"'Tis over now, I know the thing is done;
The Act is pass'd—my 'occupation's gone!'
The Queen has been cajoled of her consent
To that vile act of viler Parliament,
By which it is decreed (be still, my brain!)
That climbing boys shall never climb again."
He spoke, and down his cheeks the big tears rool,—
Pearls of deep feeling—rain drops of the soul.
His black lip quiver'd, and his bristly hair
Stood out on end—the fringe of true despair.
Fierce passions from his redd'ning eye-balls dart,
His lids with soot and tears alternate smart;
When straight a voice cried "An't you coming, ho?"
To which that boy replied "Look out below!"
Then, clasp'd his hand—the chimney being swept,
That pensive urchin down the brickwork crept.
* * * *
Long years had pass'd, that boy became a man,
For him the sand of time too swiftly ran.
His faith in sweeping had been sorely tried,
He bought a birch-broom, swept the streets, and died.

THE GIRL AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

As Kate was tripping up the town,
(No lassie e'er looked prettier,)
An "unco chiel" in cap and gown,
(No mortal e'er looked grittier,)
Accosted Kitty in the street,
As she was going to cross over.
And robbed her of a kiss—the cheat!—
Saying—"I'm a *philosopher!*"
"A what!" said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over;
"Are you? Oh, *phi!*" and off she sped,
Whilst he bewailed the "*los-oph-her*,"

Beautiful is the love, and sweet the kiss of a sister; but when you haven't a sister handy, try a cousin—'tisn't much worse.

NOT SO BAD.—A printer in New York dunned one of his *patrons* for money. The patron flew into a passion and challenged the printer to fight, declaring if he did not, he would whip him the next day. The printer replied that he would not fight until his bill was paid, as no man in his senses would go out to shoot against his own money. The patron, finding he got "into a close snap," paid the bill, and did not say a word about the fighting!

A SMALL TEA-PARTY.



A SMALL TEA-PARTY,

AT WHICH THERE WERE SEVERAL "NICE YOUNG MEN."

—

"What man dare, I dare,
* * * * * take any form but that!"

—

Cross-street? Glorious Cross-street! How many broken heads, shattered noses, damaged eyes, and limbs have figured within thy hallowed precincts! True, thou canst not be compared to St. Giles; but, nevertheless, thou art great and famous. The pencil of a Manning and the graver of an Elton, shall render imperishable some of thy "rich licks;" and the pen of a M*ki*ff*sluy*do*zig*oghoff*n, shall trace upon the pure white sheets the record of a portion of thy laughable, though sometimes tragical events.

It so happened, in the year of our Lord, 1838, there lived in Cross-street, a couple just married, who originally belonged to the Green Isle. Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe were both very large and strong, and, as they were not very loving together but *raythe*r at "swords points," they very often gave a practical illustration of the sentence,

"When *Greek* meets *Greek* then comes the tug of war,"

and the combat used to be terminated only through the interference of the "leatherheads" attracted by the noise of broken windows, and the

"Cries of havoc"

issuing from the small, yellow frame house in which they had apartments. The original cause of their frequent rows, added to their own fighting inclinations, was Jemmy O'Keefe's libertine propensities; for his "*better* half" was often heard to declare that "she'd wollop the desire afther the petticoats out ov him, before she was done wid him." But it didn't do; Jemmy would depart every night on a cruise, and many the "bender" it was that "fetched him up" at the watch-house. At last Bridget O'Keefe became desperate, and called a council of all the female O'Hanlans, O'Connells, O'Raffertys, and, in short, all the O.'s, to determine over a "sup ov *poteen*" the measures which she ought to adopt to "destroy his unfortinate propinsity," and restore peace into the bosom of his family. Well, they came, they drank, they talked, they became merry, THEY LAUGHED, and at last, they advised! The sum and substance of their advice (not gratis) was, that she, Bridget O'Keefe, ought to make him jealous, and then they remarked, that if he couldn't be made jealous, the "unfortinate prepinsity" could never be "dhriven out ov him."

After this important piece of advice had been given, a great deal more whiskey was consumed, a deal more "gossip" was indulged in, a few more hearty peals of laughter were echoed back to

"The festal hall,"

and then all the O's donned their bonnets and shwals and departed to 'make glad the homes of their spouses, and cause their hearts to sing for joy."

Well, Bridget cogitated upon all the methods she had ever seen resorted to make "trifles light as air," "confirmations strong," and at last decided upon the following:

She had a cousin called Barney McMahon, who filled the situation of a waiter in one of the large hotels down town, whom she summoned the next day, and commanded to follow her instructions.

By-the-way, we may as well chronicle the fact, that James O'Keefe and Barney McMahon were mortal enemies, and mutually wished all the evils in the calendar to light upon the other. And James was often heard to say that though St. Patrick had banished snakes and toads from Ireland, he had left worse reptiles in the shape of the McMahons.

She commanded Barney to "pick" from the circle of acquaintances, three of the finest, and bring them up to her house, where she would entertain them in the best manner—the invitation was to be to a "small tea-party." Bridget had laid away in the foot of a stocking minus the leg, three dollars in quarter dollar pieces, and she resolved to take one half of this sum to regale and edify her visitors. The evening arrived, and so did the "nice young men," to the "small tea party."

Various were the amusements of the evening. Firs' tea, good and strong, was handed to the gentlemen and then some noggins of "mother's milk" were presented, and after they were emptied, pipes and 'backy' were tendered; and they sat for some time, like so many Turks, silently enjoying the clouds of smoke that filled the apartment, and

"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

But this at length became irksome, and Mrs. O'Keefe placing before them a bran new pack of "keards," proposed an interesting game of forty-fives, which was instantly agreed to. It would be in vain for us to attempt to record the elegant sayings at the card table, the jokes, compliments, &c., or to do justice to the gallantry of those "nice young men,"—we could n't do it, and therefore shall content ourselves with saying that they astonished themselves. But something else astonished them as well.

Mrs. O'Keefe was the "highest chicken in the coop," when Mr. McMahon shuffled the cards and smilingly dealt the *papers*.

"What's trumps?" asked Mr. O Hannagan, a quill of the first water, with a red head and green cat-like eyes, as Barney dexterously turned the card. Barney had just put his mouth in proper shape to answer; but he was saved the trouble; for ere he could get the words out, Mr. James O'Keefe rushed in, and aiming a blow at the above-mentioned Mr. O'Flannagan's head with a large shillelagh, shouted in a beautiful voice,

"Clubs, by Jasus!"

"There's a divil incarnate among yees, boys," bawled Mr. McMahon, as he jumped from the window into a large hogshead of rain water directly underneath, for they had no cistern.

The three "nice young men" immediately went down upon their marrowbones and gibbered and muttered the exorcism for a fiend, while Mrs. O'Keefe, in the fulness of her joy to think her plan had succeeded, commenced to dance and sing as hard as she possibly could. This diverted Mr. O'Keefe's attention from the others for a moment; but he soon recovered, and laying about him with "a perfect looseness," exclaimed,

"Out of the windy afthur him!"

A rush was made to the window; but so eager were they to get out, that they got wedged in completely, so that there was no getting out or in, while Mr. O'Keefe was whacking away at their carcasses behind with a terrible fury. The gentleman who had taken a cold bath without meaning it now called "Watch! Watch!" till the houses shock—almost, and the cry was echoed by the three "nice young men" from the window, interlarded with, "Oh! what's to become ov me!" "I shall loze me charakther!" "Me back is broken!" &c., and "Watch" was re-echoed by the gathering Cross-streeters.

"Mrs. O'Keefe had armed herself with a long-handled frying-pan, very old, and the first unfortunate Charley who arrived, received such a whopper from the pan, that the old weak bottom gave out, and the rim rested upon his shoulders. Mrs. O'Keefe kept him a prisoner, in spite of his struggles; and before the Charley's companions in arms came up, the three "nice young men" had jumped from the window and made their escape, minus hats, handkerchiefs, and other things, and with skins full of broken bones.

But not so with the cousin in the hogshead. The Charleys, in revenge, kindly served his head in like manner with the trunk, and soused him till he was nearly suffocated, when they marched the party off to the watch-house, and secured them for the rest part of the night.

In the morning they were brought before the magistrate; and Mr. McMahon was locked up for ten days; and Mr. O'Keefe, upon hearing the whole story, interceded for his wife, (there being no charge against him) and she was let off with a reprimand. Mrs. O'Keefe never had occasion to complain of her husband after that eventful night, and the "nice young men," have neither of them since made one of

as monuments upon the tomb of Palmyra—and return from a nigger funeral

THE MARKETS.

Cash.—This all-important article continues very scarce. Demand *terrific.* Holders firm.

Whiskey.—A most animated retail business, especially at Parker's; purchasers take up the article with great avidity. There is an ardent enquiry for city *consumption* (it being recommended as a medicine) and, though *holders* are by no means *firm*, yet the demand rises as the article *goes down.*

Coughs and Colds.—The stock greatly diminished since the introduction of Dr. Wild's celebrated *Indian Candy.*

Cheese.—Great *animation* in the old stock; indications of activity in the new.

Duns.—Very plentiful; but there is not a good feeling towards them in the market, and, though *receipts* are offered with them gratis, they are taken up with great reluctance.

Cellar Doors.—When the *staple* is not good, the *holders are not firm*, and *full* is apprehended in case of a *pressure.*

Ladies' Dresses.—Petticoats have come down considerable, but bustles have risen extensively.

Live Stock.—*Dandies* are much depressed, and *calves* are heavy and dull. *Terrapins* are looking up at Cornhill Square.

Newspapers.—Plenty and dull; Uncle Sam, stupid.

Marriages.—During the past season the market has been unusually lively; several contracts were completed at prices which have not transpired.—There is yet a large stock undisposed of. Good descriptions are in brisk demand. Cash is required in the general run of transactions.

THE BOSTON BELLES—*Machine Poetry.*

The belles of Boston, to behold,
More splendid are than burnished gold;
But near them go,—true's I'm a saint—
You'll get yourselves bedaubed with paint.

Dandy in church.—It done our heart good to see Harm W—— enter the porch of the North Dutch Church last Sunday—as carefully take off his hat—as carefully raise his polished gold headed cane to a level with his peepers—and very circumspectly take an admiring peep therein at a face unequalled for its——expression, beef-red, and great length. Having accomplished this important feat and introduced us to a new fashioned looking glass, it made us weep to see him as deliberately take his patchouy scented handkerchief from his pocket, and with the precision of an old hand at the business, nicely dust his boots with it; and then we gasped for breath when we saw him stoop painfully down to pick up his hat; and subsequently we were thrown into a dangerous state when he buttoned his gloves, got his nose into the right trim, gave his collar a scientific twitch, and with a general look of extreme approbation at a figure which appeared to satisfy him vastly, gently push open the door and walk to his seat. What a state of mind he must have been in to hear one of the best sermons that ever fell from a man's lips, and to worship his Maker with. Oh, preserve us from a dandy!—*Microscope.*

ANNIHILATION.—If you want to feel yourself completely annihilated, go into a very large city. Wander about the streets; remark the thousand and one professions, shops, and institutions with which you have no connection, and recollect, all the time, that among the thousands who perambulate the streets, there is not one who thinks or cares any thing about you. You will perceive your sense of existence to go gradually from you, and that you are like a little stove on a frozen plain. Your heat cannot be felt in so wide a desert, but you must soon become cold there.

☞ Some editors are boasting of the ugliness of the women that they wot of. There are three rather hard-featured ladies now residing in a village in the state of New York, about five miles from Cabbage Place, in a small hamlet called Skunk's Paradise. One of them frightened a hail storm so that it stopped, by thrusting her head out of the window A second made an ox shed his horns by looking at him, and the third made a roast pig squeal on the table. This is the same woman that a portrait painter attempted to draw, but her face was so crooked that the paint would not lie still on the canvass.

☞ The devil of the Danville (Ky.) Mercury apologises for the scarcity of editorial matter on the plea that the editor has got married, and was so shamed that he crawled into the mammoth cave. Nice place!

SONG OF THE SEEDY LOAFER.

(ORIGINAL.)



I rememoers, I remembers,
But its werry long ago,
When the ladies lov'd my pictur,
And I strutted as a beau,
With an 'ansome tile above me,
And a natty boot below.

I remembers, I remembers,
The streets I used to valk,
With lovely gals and rich 'uns,
And the smallest kind of talk;
And the 'art vithin my buzzim
Was as light as any cork,
And the tailors were so civil,
Vith their pantaloons and *chalk.*

I remembers, I remembers,
All the taverns vere I vent,
And the vine the vaiters brought me,
And the lots o' tin I spent;
Times has altered vith my pockets,
And I've not the fust red cent,
And the vaiters all look coldly
At the seedy coat and rent.

I remembers, I remembers,
How I dabbled in the stocks,
And I little thought as they vent up,
Of fickle Fortune's mocks,
But I thought to valk on 'Change,
Vith a pocket *full* of rocks.

I remembers, I remembers,
How I soon found out the wust,
How the vaitors and the tailors
At length refused to trust,
How the vomen darned my pictur,
And my 'art begun to bust!

PETER PUCK.

☞ It has been the general opinion that in order to succeed in 'his world, we should embrace every doctrine that is popular, and avoid all attempts at independence of thought and opinion. But this don't always answer. A man may rust out as well as wear out, and if one be ever so time-serving, yet, at last, people get tired of the creaking of the gate that swings with the wind, and its very monotony disturbs them. Sterling honesty is like bread cast upon the waters. It will, one day, count for its full value.

☞ There is a lady in Vincennes, Ohio, who is so hard of hearing that she cannot taste her victuals: and another with such bad and uneven teeth that she is afraid to speak lest she should tear her tongue to pieces against her grinders.

GOSSIP.—There is a Club in Reading, Pennsylvania, one of whose articles is, that:

"Every member who shall see a gentleman visiting a lady more than twice, shall circulate the news that they are going to be married; and said members are requested forthwith to report all manner of things about them. This will break up matches, and afford much good gossip."

Why is a young lady, like the foundation timber of a mill-dam? Ah, you give it up, do you? Well, then, it is because she is a *dam-sill.*

A *dam-sill-y* joke that, said *Eph*—before *Simon* could stop his mouth.

☞ A very beautiful danseuse is making a stir, in Paris. A pair of well *turned* legs act sympathetically upon men, by *turning* their heads, to the great confusion of their *understandings.*

In Nantucket, Mr. William A. Whippey to Miss Phebe Prince.—*N. Bed. Bul.*

Bad name. *Will. A. Whip P.*, think you?

☞ A noble heart disdains to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey gathered by others labor—like a leach, to filch its food out of the public granery—or like a shark to prey on the lesser fry; but will one way or the other earn his subsistance.

☞ 'Twas a night when Luna had attired herself in glory to wait on the laughing mountain tops, the young Endymion, though the gay coquette smiled sweetly on the silver lake whose waves leaped to her kiss with infinite joy. The breeze was asleep among the young leaves, and at the foot of a monarch oak a solitary form reclined. Care had played upon his cheek and open brow, and mournful were the sounds which stole from his lips as turning a wistful eye upon the goddess of the night, he exclaimed—'*My eyes! what a night for catching coons!*'

NOT MUCH LEFT.—'I say, Jim,' said one loafer to another, whose garments were in a more tattered condition, 'how do you get your living?'

'Well! I reckon I gets it sometimes one way and sometimes another. Mostly I don't get it at all'

'Be them clothes your'n, or do you hire 'em, 'lowing the landlord to distrain?'

'What business is that of your'n?'

'O, none in the world, but I was thinking that if you was merely a *tenant* of them things, and the owner should *distrain*, there wouldn't be much remaining after deducting the *rent.* Good morning Jim!'

DEATH.—'Oh,' continued Godolphin, passionately. 'Oh! if this narrow shoal and sand of time, be but a breathing spot in the great heritage of immortality, why cheat ourselves with words as vague as life and death! What is the difference? At most, the entrance in, and departure from one scene in our wide career. How many scenes are left to us! We do but hasten our journey, not close it.'

☞ A foolish fellow went to the parson of a parish with a long face, and told him that he had seen a ghost as he was passing the grave yard, moving along against the side of the wall. In what shape did it appear? 'In the shape of an ass.' 'Go home and hold your tongue about it,' said the pastor, 'you have been frightened by your own shadow.'

REMORSE.—One thought of remorse, linked with the being who has loved us, is more intolerable to the conscience, than the gravest crime.

ART OF HAPPINESS.—Either enthusiasm, or utter mechanical coldness is necessary to reconcile men to the cares and mortifications of life.—You must feel nothing, or you must feel for others. Unite yourself to a great object; see its good distinctly; cling to its course courageously; hope for its triumph sanguinely; and on its majestic progress you will sail, as in a ship, agitated indeed by the storms, but unheeding the breeze and the surge that would appal individual effort. The largest public objects make us glide smoothly over our minor private griefs. Learn benevolence, it is the only cure to a morbid nature.'

VOCAL MUSIC CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH.—It is the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. 'I here introduce a fact,' says Dr. Rush, 'which has been suggested to me by my profession, that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consnmption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education.' 'The music master of our acedemy,' says Gardener, 'has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing.' These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the power and activity of the vital organs.



A "BUSTLE" SONG.

The Bustle! the Bustle! the dear charming bustle!
That keeps all the girls and the boys in a tussle!
The old folks can't bear 'em, the girls won't forswear 'em,
And 'tis plain that ere long the men, too, must wear 'em.

Then won't we look sweet, as we strain each back muscle,
And stagger along 'neath a big bouncing bustle?
As we bow in the street to each lady we meet,
Won't our 'prominent feature,' sirs, stick out a feet.

Ah! won't the fat fellow with dignified swagger!
As beneath the huge bump he endeavors to stagger,
Go sweating and swearing at fashion and ladies,
When to flourish the bustle, his big body made is?

And the wasp-waisted dandy, too, slim as an eel!
Won't he 'cut a big swell,' with a back load of meal!
Or a big bag of wind? as for conquest inclined,
Forth sallies with coat tail's stuck straight out behind!

The grave, reverent priest, when for sermon and prayers,
With his load of ground corn, shall ascend pulpit stairs!
Some satirical wight, may remark full of spite—
"Tho' his yoke may be easy, his 'burden's' not light.'

Then ho for the bustle! the beautiful bustle!
No longer confined to where petticoats rustle;
With women to share 'em, let all men prepare 'em!
For soon all will be proud and delighted to wear 'em!

THE MAN WHO IS ACCEPTED.—When you see a man whose countenance is unceasingly irradiated with an endless succession of smiles,—an individual who, hitherto, perhaps, slow of speech, staid in habit, talks very fast, shakes you violently by the hand, and invites you to a quiet Champagne dinner with a 'dozen fellows or so,'—a man, in short, restless, with a kind of irritable delight, which keeps him in perpetual motion, and enchants him with a *coleur-de-rose* view of everything around—who declares it is 'charming weather' whilst it pours in torrents—who denies the distress of the country, and assures you it is a mere phantasy;—when you see a man betraying these symptoms of temporary insanity—assure yourself that he has just been *accepted.*

☞ Dean Swift says, a woman may knit her stockings, but not her brow—she may darn her hose, but not her eyes—curl her hair, but not her lips—and thread her needle, but not the public streets.

☞ A new married lady drowned in tears because her husband won't buy her a forte piano, is an interesting victim of sensibility.

☞ Much talk—little work. Big words—little actions.

☞ we all hate selfishness in others, because it is opposed to our own selfishness.

☞ Debt is worse than disease to man.

☞ As lightning-bugs at night or dewy eve, so are niggers' white teeth at an abolition meeting.

☞ If a Jew were to get us in trouble, why would it be a good act? Because it would be *jew dish us.* Here—saw away at that leg!



A DARK SUBJECT.

Mr. Pete Simpson met his friend, Mr. Sam Johnsing, on the walk one Sunday afternoon, dressed in the deepest mourning, and carrying under his arm a small mahogany coffin.

"Why, Mr. Johnsing," exclaimed Pete, "Wha, for you look so solemcholy?"

"Be quiet, Nigga, "replied Mr. Johnsing, with great dignity, "*don't you see I'se a funeral.*"

Manning, that cleverest of artist, "the Cruikshank of America" as he is called, has furnished the above capital illustration of an incident, in Anthony street in this city.

I am engaged.—The following is an extract from "The Journal of the Tour of Lafayette in America,' written by M. Levasseur, his Secretary.

The American ladies are not more remarkable for their severe conjugal fidelity, than the girls are for their constancy to their engagements. At parties I have often had young ladies pointed out to me of eighteen or nineteen, who had been engaged and of whose future husbands, one was in Europe, pursuing his studies, another in China, attending to commercial business, and a third dangerously employed in the whale fishery, in the most distant seas. Young girls thus engaged, hold the middle place in society between their still disengaged companions and the married ladies. They have already lost some of the thoughtless gaiety of the former, and assumed a slight tinge of the other. The numerous aspirents, designated here by the name of beaux which at first surrounded them, and were received until a choice was made, still bestow upon them delicate attentions, but by no means so particular as formerly, and should one of them, either from ignorance or obstinate hopes, persist in offering his heart and hand, the answer, 'I am engaged," given with a sweet frankness and an indulgent smile, soon destroys all his allusions, without wounding his pride. Engagements of this sort preceeding marriage, are very common, not only in New York, but throughout the United States, and it is exceedingly rare that they are not filled with religious fidelity. Public opinion is very severe on this point, and does not spare either of the two parties which may dispose of themselves without the consent of the other.

☞ Whoever has nothing more than modesty and talent, has a slim capital and must burst. It takes plenty of brass, a good stock of impudence, and a thimbleful of brains, to get through the world.

☞ "These women are very troublesome," as the hog in Broadway remarked when a lady ran against him.

☞ We wish to hear often from the accomplished writer, who has sent us the following Sonnet. A few more gems of poetry like this and the little Bulletin would have as high a reputation for literary merit as any newspaper in America.

SONNET.

Oh, I have found a talisman to cheer,
The dreariest moment of Care's lagging night;
To make its darkness redolent of light—
And still the tempest in its wild career—
The tempest of the soul—when Hope and Fear
Sweep their strange lyres together—I have found
That which can glad, more than the sweetest sound
Of fairy music on a dreamer's ear—
A Flower, that brighter grows with age—a Spell,
That gathers strength with Time—a Charm, whose power
Is deepest felt, when hearts of sorrow tell,
And doubt and darkness rule the weary hour—
A Glory—Heaven but seldom deigns to lend—
Its sweetest splendor brightest Star—a *Friend*.

☞ Never mind what is said about you.—Slander is one thing, and conduct another.—Calumny can be outlived, and the world convinced. If a man stops to refute everything that is said about him, he will have but little time to attend to anything else.

☞ The Mound City has a poetical contribution from which we take the following:

Like a star o'er the waters,
Of a dark wintry sea;
Oh! rosebud o! daughters,
Came thy sweet smile o'er me!

It is undoubtedly from this that Byron took the idea of his beautiful lines:

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

These poets are sad fellows!

☞ A grave-digger won't pay his newspaper bill, he wants to *work* it out.

Let him *bury* dead newspapers, and he'll have *work* enough.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

That's neatly said.

"How do you contrive to raise your rent, said a lazy tavern lounger to an industrious, thriving farmer?"

Very Queer Conversation.—Nimrod, not long since, you answered every question I put to you like a scholar and a philosopher. I have a few more to propose, which you will doubtless dispose of in an equally learned and satisfactory manner.

Yes sir, I'll make a lunge at 'em.

Well then Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?

Adam somebody. His father wasn't nobody, and he never had no mother, on account of the scarcity of woman and the pressure of the times.

Why were our first parents driven out of paradise?

Because they got too big for their breeches, and would'nt do nothing no how you can fix it.

Who was the oldest man?

Tom Johnson. His memory was so bad he forgot he was born to die, and so lived on for ever, just for the fun of the thing.

How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?

Till they found their way out.

What calamity befel Nebuchadnezzar for his wickedness?

He was obliged to turn Grahamite and live on vegetables.

Why were Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego cast into the burning flames?

Because they could'nt put up with so much of Nebuchadnezzer's brass.

Why were they not totally consumed?

Because they warn't afraid of fire.

Who was cast into the lion's den?

Van Amburg.

Why did they not devour him?

Because they had just been feed with a great deal better beef.

For what did Joseph go into Egypt?

To ascertain the price of putty, and buy grub for his grandmother.

Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?

Governor Dorr.

Why was he obliged to flee thither?

Because he got up the King's ebenezer, and Providence would'nt protect him.

That will do, Nimrod, for this week. You are truly a scholar, and might be a gentleman with little exertion.—*Sunday Mercury.*

"When we are wound up, we go it stronger than ever," as the clock said to the bankrupt.

Tit for tat.—We found the following astray, which being pretty fair, we took up and put in the paper. The owner can have the same by calling at this office, proving property, paying for the advertisement, lending us a dollar, and taking his stuff away.

SONG OF THE HENPECKED.

O her hair is dark as the midnight wave,
And her eye is like the kindling fire;
And her voice is as sweet as the spirit's voice
That chords with the seraph's lyre.

But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork,
And her arms as strong as a bear's:
She pulled my hair and she gouged my eye,
And she kicked me down the stairs.

I've got an eye that's made of glass,
And I've got me a wig that's new,—
The wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls,
And the eye is a clouded blue.

She may shake her knuckles full in my face,
And put the lamp to my beard,
And hold the broomstick over my head—
But I'm not a bit afeard—

For I've bound her over to keep the peace,
And I've bought me a crab-tree cane—
The justice will come, and the constable too,
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a week in the linen cap,
And my eye a month in the patch;
I never thought that the torch of love
Would light such a brimstone match.'

THE REPLY.

Oh! his face is as red as the dog-day sun
In the misty sun-set sky;
And the tip of his nose is a burning coal,
You might light your candle by.

His eye was gouged by a two-quart jug
That cracked across his nose:
And his other has taken a rainbow hue
From his pot companion's blows.

He blundered against the red hot grate,
And the grate returned the blow—
And the lamp that singed his grisly beard
Was the Lehigh coal below.

I've emptied his bottles of liquor, free
As the flow of Autumn rain,—
And the sheriff will come, and the jailor too,
If he fills them up again.

He has lost his scalp—he has lost his eye—
And his face is grim with blows—
And the early light of our love has changed
To the light of a tippler's nose.

A loafer in distress knocked at Simon's door and begged for a few cents to get medicine with, he was so sick. The old man objected to giving him money, but invited him in to take a share at his hoe-cake and herring. The fellow stepped in, and clapping down to the work, ate like a half starved wolf. Simon looked benevolently on. "You are hungry, Mister, aint you?" The mouth of the eater was stuffed beyond the power of reply, and he said nothing, for it was impossible to do otherwise.

The old man was offended; and turning to Ephraim said, "The scamp has'nt any gratitude."

"Nonsense, *Simon*—he is the most grateful man I ever met. Dont you see he is *too full* to speak?"

Domestic.

"There now, Mr Wallypop, you've smashed my best china bowl all to pieces."

"Lud, bless me! my dear, so I have. But remember parson Snuffle's text, to-day?"

"I shant, you good for nothing man you."

"Ah! my love, you must, because he made me do it."

"Made you do it! Fiddlestick. How did he make you do it, when you went and dropped it right on the hearth, with your great ugly paws?"

"Why, Mrs. Wallypop, he preached an admirable discourse, on how "blessed are the *piece* makers—he did. Ha-ha-a! haw! haw! he-e! Give me some snuff, honey."

AN OLD SONG, BY ——.

'Rumpsey, dumpsey,
Colonel Johnsing killed Tecumseh.'

A NEW SONG, BY SNIPE'S MACHINE.

Swipsey phyler,
Wish to Heaven he'd kill John Tyler.

☞ The Liberty of the Press consists in the right to publish the Truth with good motives and for justifiable ends, though reflecting on government or individuals.—Gen. Hamilton.

☞We are proud of the opportunity of presenting to the distinguished authoress our thanks for the following lines. They are tender and beautiful as the music of a heavenly lyre, swept by the wings of her own "SPIRIT-BAND:"

For the Morning Message.

My Brother's Grave.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I had a little brother once,
Whose dark and shining hair
Hung low, in graceful curls, upon
His forehead, young and fair;
While 'neath their long and silken fringe,
His merry eyes did gleam,
Reflecting all the radiant light
Of summer's sunniest beam,

I saw my little brother, first
A cradled infant lie;
And then I knew him as a youth,
With spirits wild and high;
How often did he steal to me,
With bud or flow'ret rare,
And place them in my willing hand,
Or bind them in my hair.

I watched his youthful mind expand,
And to each little plan
Gave ready ear, and in them saw
A promise of the man.
I loved him with that fervent love
Which only sisters know,
And thanked the God who made his blood
So healthfully to flow!

I saw the bright and sparkling tears
And marked his bosom swell
As with his young and faltering voice
He said to me "Farewell."
Not many months had flown since last
I parted from his side,
When on one gloomy winter day,
That little brother died!

They laid him in the barren earth,
Beneath a cold, clear sky;
It was a mournful thing for him
In loneliness to lie!
I saw him not! I saw him not
Within his snowy shroud,
But in the dark and solemn night
My spirit wept aloud!

It was not that I wished to look
Upon his lifeless form,
Or press the lips so soon to feed
The cold and creeping worm;
But ever in my midnight dreams
I saw his shadow rise,
And oh! what sad, reproachful looks
Shone in his gentle eyes.

And once I thought he beckoned me,
Then we together came
Within a strange and lonely place,
And there I read his name.
'Twas written on a cold, grey stone,
That watched above a mound,
While, as I looked, on every hand,
These watchers claimed the ground!

I wakened—but I rested not,
Till kneeling by that grave,
I saw the thin, transparent grass
Above it gently wave;
Ah! weary hours have passed—since then
I've seen two summers pale,
And twice the downy thistle-seeds
Have fled before the gale!

And twice the woods that hover near
That sad-remembered spot,
Have shed their many-coloured leaves
Above its grassy plot:
Yet now my grief is fresh as when
We were so sorely tried,
For still it seems but yesterday
My little brother died.

SWALLOWED'EM. — Mrs-Sippi has just guzzled down two more Steamboats.

"I believe I have the dyspepsia, Mr. Flop."

"Well, Ephraim, you wont die of it."

"I fear I shall—if *die-jesting*, *badly*, can kill me."

It is out of the question for us to get on with our present dimensions.

Prov. Chronicle.

Yes, you are rather shrivelled up—quite too small for your breeches. Let your Ma take a reef in them.

The following is a pleasing poem by Charles Swain:—

With thee, dear Mother, still with thee—
For hearts no distance may divide!
And thought on Love's own wing can flee,
And place me ever by thy side:
I hear thy voice!—again we meet—
Again thy welcome form I see!—
Oh, life hath not an hour so sweet,
As that I pass in thoughts of thee!

With thee, my Mother,—though I roam
This lone, cold world, from shore to shore;—
My heart can never find a home
Like that it loved with thee of yore!—
And wheresoe'er I turn my feet—
Whatever friends I yet may see,
Oh, life hath not an hour so sweet,
As that I pass in thoughts of thee!

NEW-BEDFORD.

WHAT I LIKE.

I like to see people enter church, half an hour after services have commenced. It looks as though they were not at all anxious to 'cut a swell.'

I like to see a woman whose husband is engaged in the 'cotton trade,' sport an uncommonly extensive bustle—it shows a disposition to aid him in his business, by exhibiting samples to the public at large, as she walks the streets.

I like to receive such attentions from the friend with whom I happen to be dining, as to be defeated in argument, called all manner of hard names, and finally convinced that I am a jackass of the first water. It is so decided a manifestation of good breeding and exquisite refinement on the part of the host.

I like to hear a man swear and threaten and perform all manner of 'shines' bofore the ladies. It evinces that he is a gentleman of decided bravery of character.

I like to fall in the middle of the street, at full length—it proves that I am not clumsy.

I like to be placed in a situation where I cannot fail to overhear the conversation of a pair of gentlemen who have always professed great friendship for me, and who are explaining to each other why they have ever considered me a fool and a puppy. It makes it so clear that they are men of great sincerity.

I like to have a tooth pulled by a dentist who is so very scientific that he cannot mention the jaw by any English name, but who is very sure to break the tooth and finish the job by informing me that the stump cannot possibly be drawn. It is unerring evidence that he understands his trade.

I like green peas in November, and ice cream when the thermometer is ten degrees above zero. It shows an utter disregard for the silly rules of fashion.

I like to be invited to the bar to drink, in company with eight or ten others, and after drinking to be told it was 'my treat,' and requested to fork over the 'tin.'

I like to have my nose pulled by a man who is perfectly well aware I have not the courage to resent the insult. It betrays the existence of a spirit of great magnanimity in the breast of my assailant.

I like to be 'patronized' on every occasion by a person I most unaffectedly despise, but whom I dare not offend. It proves that I am a gentleman of independent temper and circumstances.

CITY LADIES.—City ladies boast of being more delicate than country maidens. The one breathes an air polluted with many thousand breaths; the other inhales the breeze freshened over the new mown hay. The one drinks water from the sewer-mingling pump, or through impure pipes from the open horse-pond; the other pours it from the moss-covered bucket, or dips it from the pure spring. The one walks over the hard pavements, along the dusty piles of bricks; the other trips over the soft grass, along the grateful rows of trees. The one is pale and sickly, from watching at the evening concert; the other is ruddy and healthy, from rising with the morning birds. The one is the lily of the green house; the other is the rose beside the stone wall. In the city is seen and admired the ingenious handiwork of man; in the country are traced and hallowed the stately steppings of the Almighty.

To the young lady who sent us that bustle we would say, that we are very glad she has discarded it. We have noticed it upon the fair owner very often, and have a perfect conviction that it did not fit her, and that she had no need of such appendages. It is deposited in our museum.—*New Bedford Bul.*

Oh, Congdon!

IS IT REALLY TRUE—That a lady edits the Boston Transcript. We want to know whether it "lies beneath a lady's corsets to edit a daily paper," that is all.—*Pitts. Morn. Post.*

Indeed it is; and the Transcript never was more ably edited than now. There is more "lies beneath a lady's corsets," Tom, than you bachelor editors are aware of!

"Sam," said a lady to the milk-boy, "I guess from the looks of the milk that your mother put dirty water in it." "No she didn't nuther. I seed her draw it clean out of the well, 'fore she put it in."—[Boston American.

TEARS.—There are few things more beautiful than tears, whether they are shed for ourselves or others; they are always the meek and silent effusions of sincere feeling. We say nothing of angry tears, though, we believe, such are sometimes shed; they are but a counterfeit coin, and not the genuine gold. Let us hope they are seldom called forth. But how many noble thoughts and warm emotions, which elevate our human nature, have frequently found, and are daily finding, their vent in tears, and could do so in no other way! All strong passion, in its first and mightiest movements within us, is necessarily voiceless; and if there were no kindly channel by which its exuberance might gain an escape, reason herself might have cause to tremble. But as the summer rain falls gently on the flower, which was fast dying in the burning noon, the dew of tears is sent down to us from heaven to refresh and animate the overcharged soul. And while tears are thus delightful in their influence, so their use is unlimited and their fountain open to all. They are for every rank and situation in life; for the young and for the aged; for the wealthy and for the indigent; they are natural, and therefore lovely in all. Oh, blessed tears! the liveliest joy is made holier and better by your influence, and by you power is the deepest woe beguiled of half its pain!

The sight of the tears of others may call up in the mind, even of those who are careless of their cause, many varied thoughts.—When we see tears on the blooming cheek of childhood, we think of the vernal shower-drops glittering on the tinted leaf of the first rose bud of May, that will soon be chased by a burst of returning sunshine. When we see tears in the eyes of the warrior youth, whose soul burns almost too intensely with patriotic zeal for the liberty of his fatherland, our sympathetic spirit already beholds the grandeur of the battle array, and the fearless soldier struck down and dying with the glory of victory in his very grasp.—When we see tears on the countenance of the young and gentle bride, as mid the breathings of the parental blessing she looks her last on the dlear familiar faces and scenes of her early innocent years, we feel that here, as it were, all the poetry of romance, and all the truth of reality are mysteriously mingling together; and that the being before us stands as if between two worlds, like a beautiful bird lingering on the confines of one country, while her plumage is spread for flight into another!

Such were our thoughts and reflections upon the power of tears, a day or two since, as we witnessed at the altar, a lovely young friend of sixteen, place her future fate in the hands of one, who was that evening to bear her to his own home, in the sunny climes of Georgia, far away from her kindred and friends. The parting hour came, and it seemed as if the dire necessity would break the hearts of both parents and child, as the door of the carriage closed her from their sight. May he ever bear in mind, the precious value of the casket thus intrusted to his charge, and never, for an instant, forget his oath, registered above, to protect her who has given herself to his keeping! May he, by acts of kindness, dry the tears, that fell so freely when last we met.

On hearing of the marriage between one Levi North and Miss West, a gentleman who was asked by the bridegroom to name his boy, adopted this—*West* by *North half North.*

The self-styled patriots of the present day seem to have reversed Washington's doctrine, "*every thing for our country, nothing for party?*"—with them it is every thing for party (self,) and nothing for country.

HORRID.—If old maids were set up at auction, what would they use to express their feelings? "Dubious"—(Do-buy-us.)

MATRIMONIAL VETO.—A fond whig father, the other day, wishing to form an alliance between his stupid son and a fine democratic lady of his acquaintance, sent his *boy* to her with the following note:—

"Allow me to present my *Bill* for your acceptance."

The young lady sent the young Coon back to his father, with the following reply:—

"Dear Sir—your *Bill* is vetoed."—*Rochester Adv.*

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Whence are your glorious going forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time has let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in the brightness still—
Oh, glorious Stars of Night.

The vestal lamp in Grecian fane
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hills the worship'd flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet—
Oh, changeless Stars of Night!

Long have ye looked upon the Earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conqueror's path of might,
And shed your lights alike on all—
Oh, priceless Stars of Night.

But where are they who learned from you
The fate of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid these deserts' clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been—
Oh, lovely Stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love;
And fearful deeds of darkness, too,
Ye witnesses above!
Say, will that blackened record live
Forever in your sight;
Watching for judgment on the earth—
Oh, sleepless Stars of Night?

Yet glorious was the song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn;
And still amid the summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight,
Ye tell of Hope and Glory still—
Oh, deathless Stars of Night!

[From the Albany Microscope.]

Police Record.—Court—what is this woman brought up for?

Prisoner—Divil a brought was I brought. I cem iv my oun ac-cord on the blissed legs which I found stuck on me whin I intered this world—d'ye mind that, now?

Court—Silence!

Prisoner—That's not me name—it's Biddy Cameron now, and it was Biddy Cameron before I cem into this country or this woorld, and sorrow's the bit I'll hev it changed till sich a beggarly name as *Silence*, or any other spalpeen like her.

Officer—She is charged with stealing a leg of mutton, a frying pan and a hammer.

Court—Biddy, you hear the charge—are you guilty or not guilty?

Biddy—Not guilty, yer honor. Divil a bone iv the sheep did I stale at all, and I'll box the *chops* iv the first unhelogue that trys till pull the *wool* over the eyes iv onny body with sich a morthal lie.

Court—The charge makes you feel rather *sheep*-ish, and your defence is weak, for the theft is evidently leg-al.

Prisoner—Niver mind, yer honor. We'll let the mutton go.

Court—Well, what do you say to the charge of stealing the frying pan?

Biddy—I've nithing more to say than that it's meselfe that's innocent iv *that* cayl-umny, and ready this minit to be *tried*.

Court—We will proceed to *try* you in the *frying* pan affair then.

So Biddy was formally arraigned, and as formally plead not guilty. She had a long and impartial trial, and her counsel hammered out all sorts of arguments that Biddy was innocent, which were all suddenly knocked into pi by the unexpected remark on her part, that she "*could n't* have stole the frying pan, for no christian wud iver stale sich a utensil to fry sich illegant mutton in!"

So Biddy was sent up for sixty days.

MORE MODESTY.—Corporal Streeter says: "That modest young lady went into hysterics yesterday, while looking at some dolls, upon the young salesman's saying she could *shift* the one she had for another, if she wished."

Marriage is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.—*Ex. paper.*

That's true.

AMERICAN MC

A Sailor's Farewell to the Ladies

BY G. W. PHILLEMORE.

"Come all hands ahoy! to the anchor—
From friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her,
She'll soon take another in tow."—DIBDIN.

'Man the windlass!' heave round—each true jolly soul,
For hauling on ropes, boys, our trade is;
We are off *'on a wind,'* a *'head sea,'* pitch and roll:
So here goes a *'yarn'* to the ladies.

Our respect for the fair is haul'd *'taut and made fast,'*
As the *'deep sea lead line'* to the *'plummet';*
And we frequently think on joys that are past,
'Setting,' 'serving,' or *'fidding'* a *'grummett.'*

A woman's a ship 'on life's turbulent wave,'
Most delightful to look on *'a taunt;'*
And *'backing or filling'*, still man is her slave,
Whether breezes are *'free,'* or *'a staut.'*

Some are *'slack,'* when in *'stays'* won't answer her *'helm,'*
The very best *'wheelsman'* can't steer her;
Some won't *'go about'* though *'sea's over helm,'*
'Till you *'brail up her spanker'* and *'ware'* her.

Some are best *'on a wind,'* with a *'head sea'* thro' life,
Mounting gallantly poverty's billow;
And blest is the *'hand'* that can *'rate'* as a wife,
A *'bunkmate'* like her at his pillow.

Some would rather *'go large,'* than te *'work tack and tack,*
Before vanity's *'breeze,' 'trim'* and jolly;
But the wind's *'round the compass'* and struck *'flat aback,*
She *'founders'* a victim to folly.

The coquette *'mounts her guns,'* and goes saucy and *'free,'*
A snug *'letter of marque'* making prizes;
Her eyes are *'bow chasers,'* and under her *'lee'*
You *'twig'* lovers of all sorts and sizes.

Sweet modesty sails under merchant-man *'rig,'*
With a *'convoy'* of truth to protect it;
By my *'grog'* at *'eight bells'* I would tickle the wig
Of the pirate that dared disrespect it.

The widow's a *'clipper,'* her *'consort'* she's lost,
During heavy and boisterous weather;
As in life's troubled ocean we're up and down tost,
All our *'signals'* can't keep us together.

She *'cracks'* on her *'canvass,'* and smacks thro' the breeze,
Her *'rig'* the true Baltimore *'rake;'*
When to leeward a *'man'* or a *'cruiser'* she sees,
'Hauls her wind' and soon *'drops in his wake.'*

A *'good time'* to you all, still we heartily say,
Maids, mothers, wives, widows and daughters—
Before *'breezes'* of hope may you all *'fill away,'*
As you are *'cruising'* in pleasure's calm waters

And the praise you deserve of which candor allows,
We shall *'pay out'* so long as we're able;
'Till morality's *'anchor'* is dropped from 'our *'bows,'*
And a *'stopper'* is clapped on life's cable.

HAMPTON ROADS, Aug. 19th, 1838.

☞ What is the greatest and the smallest of all things?

Nothing, for it is boundless and yet an empty nutshell contains it.



The Powder Monkey.

IMPORTANT!—It is positively asserted, in the best informed circles, that the young Prince of Wales does not wear drawers, nor swaddling clothes of any kind! This extraordinary fact is corroborated by an American gentleman of credibility in England. He saw the prince sprawling on a table cloth spread on the lawn at Claremont, and entered the above observation forthwith in his note book. Mothers would do well to note this remarkable fact.

ANECDOTE OF DR. HUMM.—A light fingered neighbor called on the doctor, when he was rolling up pills. 'Were I a doctor,' said the visiter, 'I would not be what I am now.' 'Thire is not so much differenco between us as you may imagine,' answered Humm, 'for this being an age of pills, I, like yourself, live by *pillage*.—*Bos. Post.*

☞ A gentleman was lately inquiring for a lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "Good God! I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity!" returned the other. "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb!"

There are times in a man's life when all the passions of his nature seem to have been loosened by the hand of God to run without the possibility of restraint, their infernal career of sorrow and of sin, and to crush and crowd down their miserable victim to the earth. Prudence ceases to dictate—Conscience forgets its vocation—Pride flies from the tortured bosom, and given up utterly and entirely to the tender mercies of Impulse, man is tossed to and fro, like a bark assailed by the tempest. But Nature always obeys the law of re-action, and soon the storm sinks, and we are left shattered, and worn-out, and weary, with promptings to do good, which we cannot obey, and with the dull, gnawing tooth of Remorse at work at its torture. Repentance becomes a fearful, terrible impossibility.

ADVERTISEMENT EROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—"*Much Wanted*—A neat well behaved female to do kitchen work in a small family at Charlestown near Boston. She may pray, sing hymns, but not over the fish kettle: may go to meeting, but not to believe in the divinity of Elias Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers. Enquire at the Repertory office, near Boston.

'Jane, how do you like 'Border Tales?' 'I don't like 'em at all; I'd rather have a plain tuck.' 'But have you *read* 'Border Tales?' 'I have one red frock with a border tail, but it was sister Sally's choice.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—Too many young men seeing the villany and deceit of this world, become discouraged and not unfrequently give up in despair of ever reaching to eminence. This is wrong. The world is most treacherous and vile, filled with base sycophancy and falsehood of every hue and color, yet are there some good streaks in human nature that found out and followed will lead to honors high. Persevere and they are yours, never be discouraged but look onward with a steady aim to greatness. The very exertion will be your reward, bringing to your mind strength and elacticity; while despondency not only brings present misery but ensures it for the future. That man never yet became truly great, who did not contend with and overcome difficulties. Resolution and perseverance will overcome the hardest trials, and their value is well illustrated in the case of the gifted Sheridan. He was at first timid and obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified by, his failure, he said one day to a friend, "It is in me, and it shall come out." From that moment he rose and triumphed in a consummate eloquence.

So may it be with every one—who first understanding rightly the bent of their desires, place their object in view, and struggle manfully to attain it—bearing ever in mind these words of advice, "Don't be discouraged."

THE REWARD OF SUCCESS.—The stanza copied beneath from Byron's Childe Harold, is full of truth, and under the lofty figure which is used, are painted all those rancorous exhibitions of envy which necessarily surround the successful. The dirty standing pool will cast forth its noxious vapors at the foot of the proud summit—the low-lived loafer of the street will wish, if he have not the courage for the attempt, to spatter the well-dresed passenger with the mud in which he delights to grovel—the villain will commit forgery, though the prison stare him in the face, in order to make himself equal to the man, who, by honesty and industry, strives to be useful in society in accordance with, and acting up to, the correct principles which guide honest men. Envy may rankle and give itself utterance, even though it be enough to shame the Arch-fiend himself, but it cannot injure—it only produces a contrast which magnifies the thing envied, and makes the malignant even lower than his actual inferiority.

He who ascends to moun'ain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds of snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread;
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head, [lled.
And thus reward the toils which to those summits

They tell some hard stories of the Western hunters—one of them in firing at a squirrel, sent a rifle ball through a bee-tree; he didn't wish to partake of the honey, which was issuing pretty fast from the bullet hole, until his return from the squirrel hunt, but how to stop it was the question. Taking a bit of pine he made a plug of the proper size, put it in the muzzle of the rifle, and *shot it into the hole*, thus preventing any further waste! A hard story!

YOUR CHANGE, SIR.—One of those nondescript specimens of humanity, called dandies, travelled through Connecticut a few days since, in his own or borrowed conveyance, was brought up with a "round turn" at a toll gate, which he designed to have passed without paying the usual fee. When he found himself in limbo, from which he could not escape "without forking over," he enquired of a young lady who was in attendance at the gate, how much he had to pay before he could pass the formidable barrier.

"Three cents, sir, is the change for a single wagon," replied the young lady.

"Three cents is a threepence, the half a sixpence—one of the smallest bits of silver in use eh! young woman—am I right?" said the dandy, feeling in his pocket for the change.

"Three cents, sir if you please," said the lady.

"In your office of highway*man*, yong wo*man*, you will subtract the amount of your demand from this piece, and return me the balance as conveniently quick as your locomotion will allow," said the dandy gentleman, at the same time purposely dropping a shilling piece into the mud, beneath his wagon. "Ah! there it is in the mud, I declare. I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them."

The young lady took the shilling from the mud where he had dropped it, went into the house, and returned with nine cents, which she placed immediately under the wheel, where she had taken up the shilling.

"Hillo, hillo, young woman, what is it you mean," said the dandy. "Why don't you put that coin into my hand. eh?"

The girl archly replid, "Sir, I found your money under the wagon; there you will find your change"—and as she turned to go into the house, she gave the fellow a most significant smile, and added, "I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them! would you, Mr. dandy*man*? ha, ha, ha,—there's your change, sir," and she closed the door.

The *gentleman* dismounted, picked "up his coppers," and was off at full speed, impatient to get out of sight and hearing. If he should ever happen in that country again, he will take care how he makes change with Yankee girls.

POETRY RUN MAD.—The following appears under the head of "Watch Reports," in an excellent and spirited little paper, lately started in New York, called the "Morning Chronicle." It is capital:

"Mister Jonny O'Connor, a man of no honor, went out with Miss Brady, a nice little lady, and treated to brandy, and sponge cake and candy, and more things so dainty, and kisses so plenty. But at length the sad fellow, grew awfully mellow; and as he was walking, and kissing and talking with pretty Miss Brady, the nice little lady, a purse full of rhino, (I wish it was mine, oh,) he whipt from her pocket, and cleared like a rocket. But soon he was taken, while tracks he was making, and lodgings assigned him, where justice may find him. But the maid, on the morrow, came forward in sorrow, her little heart heaving, and tears her eyes leaving, and begged that his Honor, would pity poor Connor, to which he consented, as Connor repented—when off went the couple, with limbs a might supple, and left us presuming, that maiden so blooming, herself to a life of much trouble was dooming; for Jonny, the blockhead, who picked the maid's pocket, when married, I'm thinking will whip her like winking."

☞ The *native* Marbleheaders, we suppose most of our readers are aware, have a written and pronounced language of their own. A sea captain, who hailed from that town, once wrote, whilst at a foreign port, to the owners of the vessel which he commanded, as follows: "Owen to the blockhed of the post, my wig is spilt," which being rendered into English, signifieth, "Owing to the blockade of the port, my voyage is spoiled."

MECHANICS

Anecdote.—Soon after the close of the war of 1812, an American merchantman manned by green Yankees, went into London. One of the Yankees pitched ashore and landed in a large ware house. The proprietor stepped up to him and said, 'My fr-fr friend can you t-t-ell m-me,' he could go no further. The head clerk advanced and, said, I *guess* I can tell you what he was going to ask—he was going to ask if you could tell him the reason why. Balam's Ass spoke?' 'Wall replied Jonathan, I guess Bal-aam was a stuttering man, and could'nt speak, and so his Ass stepped up and spoke for him.'

☞Modern elegance of expression renders "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs" in the following manner:—

Inform your aged maternal relative, now of a generation fading fast, of the manner in which the nutritious interior may be imbibed from the oval article produced by the female of the fowl!

☞"Don't meddle with people's names Simon," said an anxious father to his confiding son, "for remember, Simon, what the preacher says--Who meddles with my name won't get nothing by it, and he who steals trash is a d--d sight worse!"

Beauty.—There is a surpassing charm in the perfection of female beauty. But it is only when the *mind* and the *heart* shine through the dark lustre of the eye, or leave a legible and beautiful language upon the cheek, or lend a deeper music to the rich voice, that the outward impress of beauty can be deeply and lastingly felt. Unillumed by the spirit, the most perfect form is but a cold and desolate temple. Like an iceberg glittering in the light upon sunset, with the rainbow hues of beauty, it may dazzle for a moment, but none may dream of communion with its frozen sterility.

"Why, sir," said the latter, "I put my plough into the ground, and after it is well broken up, I drop in seed; and thus I raise potatoes, wheat corn, cabbages, parsnips, and—the *rent*."

The following inscription is said to be now in existence in a country church yard in England:—

Here lies the body of Gabriel Dunn,
Who died in the year one thousand and one.
Pray for the soul of Gabriel Dunn—
You may if you please, or let it alone.
For it's all one,
To Gabriel Dunn,
Who died in the year one thousand and one.

☞An affected lady once said to a fair neighbor at a party—"I am told that you say I am very pretty but very silly" "Oh, no, madam, gently returned the other, "I never *said* so, but I have *often heard* it said." The questioner spoke naturally for a week afterwards.

New Idea.—Speaking of a way to tame *horses*, an exchange paper says a man breathed into the nottrils of "a most ungovernable mule; and it became not only tame, but fond—following him about like a horse."

A *mule* following a man *like a horse*, is rather new.

Foreign Fashions.—In Norway it is said to be no uncommon sight to behold a gentleman dancing with a *pipe* in his mouth, or in waltzing contact puffing the smoke into some lady's face.

☞The editor of the St. Louis Organ expresses an opinion, that "a cousin is the sweetest relation in human nature."

ON NOSES.



SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Some artists have contended that the eyes are the most expressive features of the face; others that the lips are the most *speaking*. It is our opinion that the nose is the most expressive feature of the face and the most strongly indicative of character. The man who possesses a pug or a snub has rarely much individuality of character or bravery and nobility of soul, while the greatest heroes of ancient and modern times have had good substantial handles to their faces. The Cæsars had "eagles' beaks" that seemed to say to Goths and Huns, and Greeks and Gauls and Britons, "Pull our noses if you dare!" The Roman nose of the Duke of Wellington, in modern times, has shone like an oriflamme in the van of battle, and procured for him the honorable *soubriquet* of "Nosey."

A Roman-nosed man can boast with some pride that he never had his nose pulled, for a large nose is extremely tempting to the thumb and forefinger of humanity. Vivian Grey could not resist "one last pull" at the sausage-nose of the Grand Duke of Schloss-Johannisberger. If any vanity is excusable it is that of the possessor of a goodly-sized nose. We never knew an individual in this category who did not pet his proboscis with pertinacity and constancy. Some pet their noses with burgundy—a sort of electrotype process by which they became handsomely coppered.

"For a jolly red nose, I sing under the rose,
Is a sign of good company."

Others are "up to snuff" and feed their pets on maccaboy. This is the least expensive and most successful method. Our artist has illustrated one of the uses of this prominent and celebrated organ.

Queer Amusement.—The editor of a Western paper thus introducs some verses: "The poem published this week, was composed by an esteemed friend who has *lain in his grave for many years, merely for his own amusement.*"

Quackery.—Are you as poor as a church mouse? And do you wish to fill your pockets *honestly*, and *without work!* Study quackery—study it day and night until you become master of all the stops and keys of this omnipotent instrument, and know them as familiarly as the wandering minstrel knows the holes in his bagpipes—and your *work* is done. All after this is perfectly easy—and, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "comes by nature." Nothing is now wanting but impudence and swagger, to make you—"a finished scoundrel." So says a contemporary, who undoubtedly knows.

From the Sunday Mercury.

WORDS.

BY SPOONS, O. G.

We know the meaning of most words
By sound as well as well as sight;
They *mean*, although they have no *mien*,
So mind and *write* them *right*.

For thus—in 'eccentricity,'
One *sees* good many *e's*,
Also, in 'hubbubbubberous,'
The *b's* are thick as *bees*.

There are no *i's* in English '*eyes*.'
But *e's* there are in '*ease*,'
A does want *ye* to make it '*aye*,'
There's but one *p* in *peas*.

Some *judges judge* the English tongue,
But kill it with a breath;
With wind and words they *sentence* some
Fine *sentences* to death.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse, when
You *see* him in the *sea*;
But when you see him in a *bay*,
A *bay* horse then is he;

Of *course* a race *course* isn't *coarse*,
A *fine* is far from *fine*;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble *pine* tree *pine*.

If *miners* are all *minors*, then,
Their guardians get their gains;
All glaziers extra *pains* should take
To put in extra *panes*.

A kitchen *maid* is often *made*
To burn her face, and broil it;
A lady knows no labor, but
To *toil it* at her *toilet!*

'How *do* you *do*?' said Sal to John,
'*So so*,' replied he:
'How do *you* do?' said John to Sal;
'Sometimes *sew*, *sew*,' said she.

If one were ridden o'er a *lot*,
He might his *lot* bewail,
But 'twould be of no use to him
To *rail* against a *rail*.

A bat about a farmer's room
Not long ago I knew
To *fly*. He caught a *fly*—and then
Flew up the chimney *flue*;

But such a *scene* was never *seen*,
(I am quite sure of that,)
As when with sticks, all hands essayed
To hit the *bat* a *bat*.

A *vane* is *vain*, one would suppose,
Because it wants a mind;
And, furthermore, 'tis blown about
By every idle wind.

'Tis *pun*-ishment for me to *pun*,
'Tis trifling, void of worth;
So let it pass unnoticed like
The *dew* that's *due* to earth.

Duelling—Dr. Franklin.—When Dr. Franklin was in England, prior to the American Revolution, he was in one of the coffee-houses of London, in company with a number of literary and scientific gentlemen, who greatly admired his conversational power, both for its strength and originality. A stranger who was afflicted with a most offensive odor, but liked the Doctor's conversation, came into the box where the party was assembled. Franklin proposed that his friends should remove to another box, to escape the horrid smell. They did; but the stranger followed them. Again, at Franklin's instance, they removed, and again he followed; when the Doctor's patience getting threadbare, he said to the stranger that he would be much obliged to him not to follow them again, for his scent was so offensive that it could not be borne. He of the smell took it as a gross insult, and challenged the Doctor the next morning, who replied by saying to the offended party, "If I accept your challenge, we fight, and you kill me, I shall in a few days smell as badly as you do now; if I kill you, you will, if *possible*, smell worse than you do at present: in neither case can I see how any benefit can result to ourselves or others, and therefore decline your challenge."—*Ohio Jeffersonian.*

Desperate Encounter.—A Petticoat at Stake.—The Brooklyn Star is informed by a gentleman from Gravesend, that a prize-fight of a novel description "came off" at that sober Dutch village on Saturday evening last. The prize was a lady—the combatants a blacksmith and a farmer. The parties, accompanied by a number of spectators, repaired to a fair field at the turn of the road to Coney Island, were they pummelled each other for about half an hour in the *natural way*, and without any regard to the refined since of pugilism. The blows of the blacksmith fell *hot and heavy* upon his opponent; yet, nevertheless, the farmer *thrashed him out* until he was perfectly satisfied, and did not want a *grain* more.

Tasso's Cure for Speaking Ill.—The character of Tasso has obtained the highest praise. It is said of him, that there never was a scholar more humble, a wit more devout, or a man more amiable in society. Some person reported to him that a malicious enemy had spoken ill of him to all the world. 'Let him persevere,' said Tasso; 'his rancour gives me no pain.—How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world, than that all the world should speak ill of me to him!" We particular recommend this sentence to those editors who are constantly heaping all manner of malicious abuse upon their co-temporaries.

Keep out of debt.—A Western paper is very eloquent on the subject of keeping out of debt. The editor says:—"When every man raised his own 'garden sauce'—when the women, like mother Eve, done their own sewing, they lived to a most 'numerous age,' but when they took to trading and bothering about the 'difference of exchanges,' when Egypt sold corn and the grand game of 'financiering' began to be played, folks then took to dying. They regularly fretted and stewed their lives out of them, or took to hard drink, which is all the same as dying, only a great deal worse."

Courtship is like looking at a pretty face with the naked eye—we see naught but beauties; marriage is like looking at the same face through a telescope of tremendous power—we see naught but defects. So says a Southern editor, who doubtless speaks from experience.

Rather Equivocal.—A newly married lady, who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding the extreme ugliness of his person once said to a friend: "What do you think? my husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other; "well, *it is just like him!*"

Affectionate.—The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home *without a head* provided you come safe."

The following arthmetical toast is worthy of attention:

"The fair daughters of America—may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination."

How to make Money.—Shut up five live Yankees in a room 4 feet by 5, without a cent in their pockets—give them each a shingle and in three hours they will be worth five dollars a piece.

'My dear friend, that man has been talking about you again! He has been telling the most awful lies you ever heard—why, he railed away a you for a whole hour!' 'And you heard it all did you?' 'Yes.' 'Well, after this, just bear in mind, that it takes two to make a slanderer—one to tell and one to listen to it.'

Lend, and never ask to be repaid; soft soap every body with whom you come in contact; coincide exactly with your neighbor's sentiments; ask every owl's advice; make presents, give treats, meekly suffer yourself to be spit upon and to be cheated, have no mind of your own, dispute no man's bill, and—you will be universally despised.

How delightful to steal to your chamber-window, and after watching for a space, the twinkling stars and the gleaming meteors as they shoot athwart the blue vault of heaven, while all nature seems hushed into deep and blissful slumber, to be suddenly startled by the music of your neighbours—*squalling cats.*



RIPTON AND AMERICUS.

This accurate representation of Ripton and Americus, in the Match of Tuesday last, at the Beacon Course, was taken on the ground by that talented artist, MR. MANNING, expressly for the New York Sporting Whip.

☞A newspaper should be a vehicle of instruction in every thing that would be of advantage to its readers. It is with a desire to be a benefit, therefore, that causes us to give the following admirable advice, which we clip from the Picayune:

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Let the business of every body else alone and attend to your own. Dont buy what you dont want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful. Think twice before you throw away a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Find recreation in looking after your business, and so, your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation. Buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits. Look over your books regularly, and if you can find an error of a cent, trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, *retrench*, work harder, but never 'fly the track.' Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverence, and they disappear at last. Though you should even fail in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the track, and you will be despised. By following these rules, however, you 'need not say fail.' Pay debts promptly, and so exact your dues. Keep your word. *Take the papers.* ADVERTISE."

BROTHER AND SISTER.—As fathers love their daughters better than their sons, and mothers love their sons better than their daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burning jealousies, that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, it is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from all the selfish blots that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and brother.

☞ She who makes her husband and her children happy, says Goldsmith, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies describe in romances, whose only occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eye.

WIDOWHOOD INDEED.

'He was an only son, and his mother was a widow.'

We turned into a narrow street, and shielded ourselves from the piercing northwester, that had been for some minutes blowing, showing us that our cloaks were not wholly weather proof. It was certainly a comparative pleasure after such a searching blast, to stand in the lee of the houses; and as soon as the blood began to circulate a little, we considered what should be our next step in the errand which we had undertaken to perform, when our attention was arrested by sounds of wailing from the house near which we were standing; and as the evidences of sudden grief continued we felt emboldened, if not called on by our mission, to knock at the door. We repeated this several times, but as there was no answer, we determined to enter. Raising the latch with some force in order to arrest attention, we opened the door and stepped into a small parlor; there was no 'entry.' The noise of opening the door had called from the adjoining room, a female, whose countenance was marked by the deepest grief. She started at our appearance, but with a courtesy natural to her sex, pointed to a chair near the stove.

We apologized for our unbidden entrance by stating that her exclamations of distress had seemed to give warrant for our boldness, as we were in the discharge of our duty to a class in which she seemed to be included.

There was no answer; but it was evident that all feeling was merged in one overwhelming grief, and the sobs which shook the frame of the afflicted one were rather evidences of its concealment, than attempts at its expression.

'Are your sufferings,' said my companion, respectfully approaching the female, 'of a kind which we can mitigate? Our means, whatever they are, shall be cheerfully devoted to that purpose.'

'Unless you can bring back to my arms a husband who has been dead for months, and restore to my bosom an only child, stretched out on yonder bed, you cannot minister to my sufferings.'

We knew too well the feelings of a mother to attempt formal consolations in the freshness of her bereavement, and so we mingled a tear with the childless widow, conscious that sympathy would do more than advice.

The door of the little room was open, and the light from the window fell upon a bed. The suffering widow trembled as she turned her face in that direction.

We followed her.

The little one lay upon the bed in the newness of death. Sickness had not emaciated the face, no pain disturbed the features. It was the beauty of quiet. Silence and rest had set their seal upon his lips; but the blue vein lay across his temple and adown his cheek, as if the current of life had only pansed in its career, not chilled. The thin silky lock of hair that lay upon the forehead of the dead child, trembled in the agitation of the air as we approached, but settled still again upon the brow to whose glossy whiteness marble is a poor comparison. The long eyelashes were in beautiful relief to the delicate skin over which they hung, and served to shade the eyeball, where alone death seemed to have set his seal As we gazed upon the beautiful object before us, the grief of the mother broke out afresh. We felt that something should be said.

'The Lord gave,' said my companion, as he took the mother's hand from the cold, tiny fingers of the boy, 'the Lord gave this treasure.'

'Who else, O who else could have given such an one?' said the woman, gazing downward upon the bed.

'And the Lord hath taken away,' added my friend.

A shivering of the mother's frame indicated that she was sensible her comfort was taken away.

'Let us then, bless the name of the Lord,' continued my friend.

'O! not now—not yet—I cannot do it with that form before me. Let me grieve without reproaching my Maker, but I cannot mock him with blessings. It may prove good to me to have been afflicted; but while my heart is bleeding with the freshness of its wound, I may, like Rachel, refuse to be comforted.

With due respect for the sacredness of her recent grief, we led the mourner away from the sight of her child with a view of proposing to her, as soon as possible, some plan of decent sepulture.

The room indicated poverty, but not squalidness. There was a sad deficiency in the means of comfort, but what there were bore evidences of being the remainder of a sufficiency. Entire neatness distinguished every thing, but even the clothes upon the bed were insufficient for necessary warmth; and chairs and tables had gone to provide for herself and little one: when the sickness of the child had prevented her from work.

While we were arranging the measures which should insure decent burial to the child, a slight noise from the bed-room arrested my attentlon. I went to the bed.

A small dog was lying at a little distance from the dead child, and gazing intently into his unchanging face. The affectionate animal had reached forward to lick the cheek of the boy, but its coldness prevented a repitition, and he contented himself with constant watching and an occasional low moan.

'Poor Rolla,' said the mother, who had followed me to the bedside, 'poor Rolla, he feels but does not understand his loss. He and I were the constant and only companions of dear little Henry, and now we are his only mourners.'

The next afternoon a plain carriage took away little Henry in his coffin—and his afflicted mother. At the gate of the grave-yard my friend and I met the carriage. The sexton took the coffin and proceeded. My friend placed the widow's arm beneath his own and helped her onward, and I followed them—but not alone—poor Rolla joined the little procession and completed its numbers.

The solemn service was performed by my friend to the scanty congregation, disturbed only by the deep sobs of the mother.

At length the sexton prepared to fill in the earth—the anguished mother bent over the little resting place of her boy, and with heart-rending grief took leave of the last human being with whom she could claim affinity—she turned and moved slowly away. Rolla paused, as if in doubt whether to follow the living, or lie down and rest with the beloved dead. The widow remembered her faithful companion, and called to him to follow. Rolla looked wistfully at the grave for a time, and then obeyed. Heart-broken, the widow, with her sympathizing dog, returned to the desolate home once made cheerful by the presence of her husband and her child.

☞The less the quantity of brains a man has, the greater the noise he makes in the world. A full cask rolls in silence, but one nearly empty dashes and rattles incessantly.

☞Friendship is often but a traffic of interest, dying with the emergency that called it forth.

☞Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

Deacon Snowball's

THIRTY-SIXTH SERMON.



Beluvved Bruddren.—Dis am a berry important day. It am de berf day ob Big Dick, and I hab been called upon to preach his funeral sarmont. We take de text from dese words:

De deff ob Big Dick was a calamity dat fell upon de Bosson community like a thunder-clap, or a basket of clams tumbling down Sam's late cellar on de head ob de company. Every body cried out in amazement—'What! am Big Dick dead!' De doleful tiding were conveyed to de place where de colored Siety for Encurridging de 'provement ob Boot Blackin' was assembled, and dey move to journ 'mediately. Sam Jonsing was libing in Bosson at de time, and he pronounced a elegy on de diseased. Noboddy was glad of de disease ob our extensive brudder, 'cept de worms, and dey hab a big feast on dat portant 'casion.

To gib you de history ob our wordy brudder would be only a history ob continual triumfs all de way through: for he begin in his young day, to knock down and drag out. When he was eighteen year old, he knock down a nigger name Sam Tompkins had licked Pompey Truepenny and most ob de odder colored gentry on de hill. For dis exploit Dick receive de praise ob a white gemman named Boss Thomas dat kepp shop on de corner, and sell matches and apple. He pat dis promising young man on de head, and sez he—'Dis young youth rise high in de world, and will hab de name ob whippin' ebery body on de hill.' De next exploit ob Big Dick was when he was sent to skool, and de master tried to teach him white larning, and he wouldn't hab anyting to do wid it, and he insist on habbing colored larning; and den de master tried to lick him, and he cotch de master in his grip and make him holler 'nuff. Arter dat, he licked two niggers on de wharf and kicked a paddy in de posteriories. When he got to be thirty year old, he opened a shop and dar he make his fortin, and got to be a gemman, and 'sociate wid none but niggers ob quality. He 'tend church berry strict and put plenty ob money in de hat and set good example to odder niggers.—Arter dat he got de name ob being de bully ob Bosson.

'Bout dis time all de big gemmans tried to get 'quainted wid Dick, and he hab de 'tickla' respect ob Gubbernor Guss. When he used to go thro' Ann 'treet, de white gemmans take off dar hat and show him 'tickler respect. He look like a mountain on wheels. He wear a little coat dat hab short sleeves and show his big fist and big wrists to advantage. De loafers get round him and try to raise a fite and he slap em over like a steamboat runnin' down a passel ob row boats, and he make dem white fellers 'tand back. Dis is de history ob Big Dick, de flower ob colored poppylation—and when he time come, he render up he soul to him dat gib it. De time cum dat he go out ob dis world. He shut up he eye and he go to his long home. Dick was berry big, but he hab to die like a little man, and de whole world was astonished to hear dat Big Dick was dead.

De colored folk hab to die as well as white people; so dat in dis respeck dey aint no better. You hab to kick de bucket, and how you suppose you feel den? Big Dick is gone away. You see him no more. He hab end de days ob his life.—He was like de flower dat is nipped by de frost in Summer, and de rose dat is plucked up by de roots and de oak dat grows into a big acorn and is cut down to put in de stove. Dat is de end ob Big Dick. He was de Webster ob de colored poppylation and I 'spose if he hab lived de bobbolitioners would have had him up for President.

Dis season ob de year is favorable to de cultivation ob your morals, and a colored school will be opened by a white lady from Connecticut to teach de young idlers to shoot, and I hope you all tend dat school, and larn to behave yourseff and be a civil niggar.

Dar is to be a raffle at de sullar tomorrow arternoon for chicken and turkey, and I tink I shall put in a pair ob white top boots dat I hab at home. I hope you all attend. De grate speech ob Webster printed on brown paper will be in de shoop. Dar is no pickturs in it, but it teach you all about Gografy and de hard currents, and dem are tings dat white fokes care so much about. I rede dis speech berry carefully and 'speck to find somethin' 'ticklar in it; but dar is nossin a'bout de eend of de world and Massa Miller and Hymns I tink he forgot dat subjeck. He say nossin 'bout de woman's rites siety and de moral reform and all dat, and I tink he better go back to Washinton and 'tend to his farm in dat place.

Now I'm gwoine to prove upon de hole by tellin' dis congregation dat I hab applied for de use ob Funnell Hall to make a speech myseff about de wedder and de 'proaching thanksgiving, and de dissolvin' ob de union by de poppylation ob color. De discourse will be divided into forty-five parts, and each ob dem parts will be diwided into forty-five sections, and dem sections into fifty tree parts more. You will invite de people to be dar on dat 'casion, and hear your 'spected preacher, and dar will be no use to hand round de hat dar, but a big wash-tub dat will hold a plenty ob money. Arter your 'spected preacher hab done speaking, it will be put to vote whedder your 'spected preacher of Massa Webster hab made de best speech. I hab de speech published in all de papers in de city ob Bosson, and 'ploy Massa Bennett ob de New York Herald to print it for haff a dollar.

I hab to make ticklar quest dat de poppylation ob color in dis city meet on de Common yesterday afternoon at tree o'clock. Your 'spected preacher and tree more gemmen will 'dress de people from de branches ob de big tree on de 'lection ob de nixt president. I don't know who we 'lect die time—but I hab been axed to put myseff up as a candidate by de bobbolitioners, wich I tink I will, and shall be 'lected by de woman's rights siety. Amen.

☞The human race has three leading strings—Custom, Interest and Passion; while Reason sits by as a supernumerary, and is little regarded.

'That motion is out of order,' as the chairman of a political meeting said when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

'Come to the point, if you please,' 'as the soldier said when he charged bayonet on the wolf.

Catching fleas in a fish net, is considered absurd.

'How do you like country life, James?' asked a gentleman of his son, who had been spending his vacation in the country. 'Oh, very well, pa,—for there I got such good cows-milk every day!' 'Well my child, so you do in town!' 'No, pa,—I only get *milkmen's* milk here.'

The following story is related of a St. Lawrence boatman, a half-horse and half-alligator sort of a critur. He was hard-headed, for he stood under a tree in a thunder-storm; and when the lightning struck the tree he dodged it seventeen times—when finding that he could not dodge it any longer, he stood straight up and took *nine hard shocks without flinching*.

Aristhenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack, yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice. How few persons at the present day would ever discover and apply so beautiful and striking an analogy!

At a country muster, after an order was given 'return ramrods,' one of the soldiers broke from the line, and was off full split. 'Hallo!' bawled the commanding officer—'where are you going?' 'Down to squire Muggins to *return the random* that I borrowed of him—as you told me.'

Little people sometimes perform great and noble deeds; and great folks are often guilty of little and mean actions. We don't measure men as we do cattle—by girting with a string round the body. There are no brains in the belly—excepting after dinner, when one has dined on calf's head.

CAUSE OF, AND CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

BY AN OLD FARMER OF 1788.

I profess myself to be an honest farmer, for I can say that no man could ever charge me with a dishonest action. I see with great grief, that all the country is afflicted, as well as myself. Every one is complaining, and telling his grievances, but I find they do not tell how their troubles came on them. I know it is common for people to throw the blame of their own misdeeds on others, or at least to excuse themselves of the charge. I am in great tribulation; but to keep up the character of an honest man, I cannot in conscience say that any one has brought my troubles on me but myself. "Hard times—no money," says every one. A short story of myself will show how it came to be hard times with me and no money at the age of sixty-five, who have lived well these forty years.

My parents were poor, and they put me at twelve years of age to a farmer, with whom I lived till I was twenty-one. My master fitted me out with two stout suits of homespun and four pairs of shoes. At twenty-two I married me a wife, a very good young woman she was. We took a farm of forty acres on rent. By industry we gained fast. I paid my rent punctually, and laid by money. In ten years, I was able to buy myself a farm of sixty acres, on which I became my own tenant. I then in a manner grew rich, and soon added another sixteen acres, with which I was contented. My estate increased beyond all account: I bought several acres of outland for my children, who amounted to seven when I was forty-five years of age. About this time I married my eldest daughter to a clever young man, to whom I gave one hundred acres of land. This daughter had been a working, dutiful girl, and therefore I fitted her out well, and to her mind; for I told her to take of the best of my wool and flax, and to spin herself gowns, coats, stockings, &c.; nay, I suffered her to buy some cotton to make into sheets, as I was determined to do well by her.

At this time my farm gave me and my whole family support on the produce of it, and left me, one year with another, one hundred and fifty dollars, for I never spent more than ten dollars a year, which was for salt, nails, &c. Nothing to wear, eat or drink, was purchased anywhere, as my farm provided all. With this saving, I put my money to interest, bought cattle, fatted them, and made great profit.

In two years after, my second daughte was courted. My wife says, "Come, you are now rich; you know Molly had nothing but what she spun, and no other clothing has ever come into our house for any of us. She must be fitted out a little; she ought to fare as well as neighbor N.'s Betty. "Well, wife, it shall be as you think best. I have never been stingy, but it seems to me that what we spin at home would do." However, wife goes to town in a few days, and returns with a calico gown, a calimanco petticoat, a set of stone tea-cups, half-a-dozen pewter tea-spoons—things that were never seen in my house before. They cost but little—I did not feel it—and I confess I was pleased to see them. Sally was as well fitted out as any girl in the parish. In three years more, my third daughter had a spark, and wedding being concluded upon, wife again comes for the purse; but when she returned, what did I see? a silken gown, silk for a hat, looking-glass, china tea gear, &c., and a hundred other things, with the empty purse. Then followed family jealousies and quarrels.—Molly ought to be fitted out as well as Betsy. Good homespun and cotton fixens were ruled as vulgar, and white feathers and silks must take their place; Sal's husband must speculate in stocks backed by my endorsement; but *he* had all the fun of speculating, and *I* all the miseries of *paying*. Then children came tumbling into the world, and grand-pa must be their treasury department for all things needful. Nothing was heard but arrangements for journeys, balls, parties, and such like.

In about a year Bet's husband made a mistake, and signed somebody else's name to a check, instead of his own: he was arrested and sent to jail, and I had to spend half of my earnings to get him out. Sal's husband died, leaving a legacy of nine children, whom, with the mother, I've got to support. Bet's eldest boy was trained for a doctor—took his degree, and sent his first six patients out of the world by improper treatment—for which he had to fly the land, leaving his dear incumbrance *attaches* on my purse.

I could fill your paper with further particulars, but that might not be so agreeable to your readers. I will only say in regard to hard times, let every man exercise the ability nature has given, in his proper and prescribed sphere—let contentment rest within the breast, nor envy reach its threshold. Regard not the apparent glitter of thy neighbor, nor aim at an equality beyond your comprehension; live more to please yourself, and less to please other people—be frugal, industrious and just—bring your ideas down to a proper level, nor let them be disturbed by bad example. So shall you avoid the mishaps I have experienced in family matters, and rejoice in old age over a life well applied, with just hopes for peace hereafter.

MACHINE POETRY.

Oh, what should he say, whose moments of sorrow
Breathe nothing of hope or of joy for to-morrow,
When he knows that forever his hours of gladness
Are changed, by dark fate, into ages of sadness?

Snipe.—Well, by all the sparmacitty whales New Bedford ever used up, that last ileing I gin the machine done it up with a crust on.

Should he kneel at the fane of the lost, buried hours,
To look on life's thorns, but forget all its flowers,
Or just go to work like a sensible fellow, kick care to the devil, and laugh like ——

Snipe.—Pumpkins and baked beans! Oh, wrath! what a sneezer!—another peg out, by Jehosaphat!

Go to bed, Snipe!

A Reason for wearing Mourning.—A lady paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long? 'Dear madam, don't you see?' replied the daughter, 'this saves me the expense of advertising for a husband.'

Dress.—The most graceful principle of dress is neatness—the most vulgar is preciseness.

Always remember that you dress to fascinate others, not yourself.

A fool may dress gaudily, but a fool cannot dress well—for to dress well requires judgment.

A crowd about a tavern door were busy discussing what animal, of all others, was most contrary: some present contended that a mule was, some a hog, some a stubborn yoke of oxen. A Dutchman who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave in his experience:—Te mule, te hog, and te hox, is all very stubborn, but te hen is te stubbornest hannimal in te world. I had von dat I vanted to hatch some eggs; I make one fine leetle nest, and put her on it, and she gits up and runs avay. I den makes anodder leetle nest, and puts her on it, and she runs avay agin: I den makes one very nice leetle box and puts over de hen, and for all de trouble mit I have, ven I peeped under de leetle box, de tam hen was *setting standing.*—*Louisiana Chronicle.*

Physic-al.—The state of health in this vicinity we believe is good; at least we should infer that such were the case from the conversation of two young scions of Esculapius, which we overheard just now under our window.

'Well doctor,' said one to the other, 'how is business up your way.'

'It is *lamentably* healthy,' was the reply.

'I can't say that we have the advantage of you, for it is not much better here. However we are in hopes that fall fruits, decaying vegation, &c., may do something for us.'

'Yes, and then it is most time for rheumatic and typhus fevers; they hold on long and pay well, those fevers.'

So, good readers, we caution you to be on your guard—square away at those two emissaries of grim death—keep up good spirits, and that you may do so, subscribe for the Bulletin—laugh and grow fat—and above all—eat fruit with moderation.—*Portland (Me.) Bulletin.*



SONGS OF THE SENTIMENTAL SEEDY.

"Oh! ever thus, since childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
When all was fixed, the very hour,
Eleven, on the happy day.

"The hackney-coach, too, number nine,
Engaged, and every thing but paid;
My cousin decked with bonnet fine,
To act as thy fair bridal maid.

"When all seemed settled—ay, quite sure,
And fingers we might snap at fears,
Grief's turncock doth some demon lure,
To turn on her whole main of tears.

"And I am left to sigh alone,
And thou alone, too, must remain;
We still are two that would be one,
Both preys to grief—yet grief is vain."

"I do not understand thee, love,
Or thou art mad, or I mistaken;
Hast thou, once constant as the dove,
Jane Anne Matilda now forsaken!

"You speak of things of little worth—
Of number nine, a hackney carriage,
Of bonnets, bridemaids, and so forth,
But not a word you speak of marriage"

"Ay, there's the misery—there's the curse;
My hopes are blighted—lost forever;
There is no 'better,' all is worse,
For I can wed J. A. M. never!

"Yet I adore thee—madly so!
Let that one thought thy bosom ease;
'Tis useless to the church to go,
MY DEAR, I CANNOT RAISE THE FEES!"

Patch-work.

"Scraps old and new pasted together."

'I hope I see you,' as the hound said when he raised the fox.

'Am I my brother'r keeper?' as one Siamese twin said of the other.

'Don't rise,' as the flat yeast said to the dough.

'I've taken a decided stand,' as the fellow said, in the pillory.

'We are diving into the *elements* of Euclid,' as the worms said when that gentleman was laid in the ground.

'Measures not men,' as the chap said when he put in a vote for himself.

'Will thee have me, Sarah,' asked a young Quaker of a pretty little girl. 'No, John! but *thee may have me!*'

A gentleman, on a rainy day, met a farmer, who observed, 'Fine weather this, sir—it will make every thing spring out of the earth.' 'I hope not,' said the gentleman, 'for, *I buried my wife yesterday!*'

Lorenzo Dow once said, in speaking of the grasping disposition of human nature—'though a farmer should get the whole world within his enclosure, he would still want a little spot on the outside for a potato patch.'

Why is Sarah Anderson's son always with her wherever she goes? Because wherever she goes, goes Sarah *And-her-son.*

'John,' said a rich Quaker to his extravagant son, 'I'm afraid thou art getting to be a rake.'—'Nay, father,' returned the youth drily, 'It's thee that hath raked and I am *spreading* it for thee.'

Patch-work.

'He who steals my purse steal tr , as the poet said when his pocket was picked of a pocket-book which contained a volume of his poems.

'I'm in time,' as the mite said when he fell into the key-hole of a watch.

'I've got sealed proposals,' as the girl said when she received a love letter.

'We are a college for the suppression of quack-ery,' as the ducks said when they came under Bennett's window.

Why is an exchange from which all editors steal, like an oyster?

Ans. Because it is only opened to be swallowed.

Why is a clock like a merchant?

Ans. Because, when it stops it is wound up.

Why is one who loses his presence of mind like a widow?

Ans. Because he is unmanned.

Why is a stingy fellow when he is asked to treat, like an inclined plane?

Ans. Because he slopes.

Attractive. An auctioneer advertises that he will introduce ventriloquism with his usual performances. The razor-strop man gives lectures and sermons on various subjects, until those who come to laugh, are prepared to buy a razor-strop.

☞A duelist perceived that his antagonist was pale and trembling, and shot him through his head; because, as he afterward said, 'he couldn't have the heart to see him suffer.

When a whale is tried out and used for lamps, you make light of a heavy subject.

When a girl slams the door in your face you may consider it a hint to slope.

Question for the learned.—How much talent does it require for a man to be able to find fault with all that he sees and hears?

☞Gold and silver are the proper currency of this world: Universal Charity is she currency of heaven, and hypocrysy is its paper money.

☞A writer says that the heart is the seat of good and evil affections. The heart is a tough and scarcely sensible piece of flesh, whose design seems to be to cause the blood to circulate through the veins.

☞Matri-*mony* is better than no money at all. It is *change* to a bachelor—N. Y. Mercury.

Many that have matrimony would like a *change* too.

Absence of Mind.—A man at Nantucket at the sheep-shearing, caught three darkies, and began shearing off their wool. He did not perceive his error until he felt the heels of his cattle.

☞An exchange says that 'a humble woodsawyer is a better member of society than the fop without brains or employment.' Guess the writer is used to seeing people without brains, if he thought this sentiment required types.

☞Why is a soldier who fears that his cannon will burst, like a henpecked husband? Ans. Because he is *afraid of his own piece.*

Singular use of terms.—One editor says that 'an important murder' has been committed. Guess it is an old uncle to whom the editor was the heir. Another editor says that 'fine stout wives' may be obtained in his county. Another gives an account of a 'disgraceful epidemic' that has broken out among the horses of his neighborhood. Another speaks of a good person who was very kind to the widows of his parish, as he proved a friend to them and a father to their children.

Useful Precepts.—Never use your razor to eat hot soup with. It takes off the edge.

Never use your took-brush to black your shoes—it is too small.

Never flog your sweetheart till after marriage. It may create an early misunderstanding.

When you are up for an office, always appeal to the people. It shows your disinterestedness.

Never leave off drinking while you can see through a ladder, for the street is wider than many ladders and you will be able to see your way home.

Signs.—If you spill ink, it is a sign you will go hungry if you don't eat your victuals.

If you need a new coat, it is not improbable that some tailor is about to suffer.

If you laugh in your sleep, it is a sign that you can't do all your laughing when you are awake.

If you cross your knife and fork, they don't lie straight.

Lady Editors.—When the ladies tak up the quill, we find a dash of the strawberry thrown into the rough, cutting sod of editorship. Few lady editors there are which is in keeping with nature's plan for although many rough oyster shells ar dragged from the deep, yet there are fe pearls among them.

Amid the stormy, and not always discreet, war of words, we see the mil beams of the sun struggling through th tempest and dissipating these lowerin clouds which are big with thunder an wind.

A MORAL TALE OF THE TIMES,

BY THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars, bad as the times were. He called at the counting house a few days since in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—ver sick," replied Monsieur.

"What is the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*De times*—what disease is that?"

"De maladie vat break all de marchands ver much."

"Ah—the times, eh? well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough? but how do they affect you."

"Vy monsieur, I lose de confidence."

"In whom?"

"In every body."

"Not in me I hope?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; but I do not know who to trust at present, when all the marchand break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of *l'argent.*"

"Can you do without it?"

"No, Monsieur, not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank book—drew a check on the good old Chemical for the amount and handed it to his visiter.

"Vat is dis monsieur."

"A check for five thousand dollars with the interest."

"It is von," said the Frenchman with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in the bank?"

"Yes."

"And it is perfainment convenient to pay the sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy dat you have got him in dese time."

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moments notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, Monsienr, you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some leetle year longare."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire.* I no vant *de l'argent*, I vant the grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I vant him not at all. *Vous comprehennez, eh?*"

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored—and although he did not stand in need of the money he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

This little sketch has a moral if the reader has sagacity enongh to find it out. [N. York Mirror.



MORE INDIGNATION—RAGS, LOAFERS AND THE TARIFF —At a meeting of a numerous number of loafers held on the battery one moonlight night last week, the subjects of the new tariff and of the heavy tax upon woollen goods and cloths were warmly, feelingly and eloquently discussed. The chairman of the meeting—elected to fill that responsible station on account of his 'numerous' rags—thus addressed his compeers:

Feller Loafeys:—I arnt a goin' to worry myself about a long spitch, nor to treat you with a werry short un—howsever I shall spick to the pint right slap off as soon as that gen'l'm'n there has adone scratching hisself, and making mugs.

Feller citizens, I'm 'posed to all sorts of 'nopolies and all other lies. No 'nopoly in paugies or pigs, and no 'nopoly of rags nor nothin'. We has bin bandboxed by the locyfocys, our gitimit 'sporters. It wor Wright as carried the teariff, and so riz the price o' old clo's. Down with old clo's I says. (cries of hey, hey.) Course you know Wright's a fosey. *Whar* was Clay, that 'fernal federal black-leg, d—n him, playing brag with Wan Buren or Webster. Wot on airth made Tyler a *igh* teariff man; not the low price of putty; (a voice, putty are riz) clear of it. I'll tell you what it was. (cries of do! do!) It was the lowness of the 'chequer, and the demand of Sherman's lozingis. Them's my opinion (a voice, 'go it swell headed Jim!') In a *great rage*—'if that federal 'ristocrat in rags and a dirty shirt collar will wait till this 'spectabie meeting is zolved, I'll settl' that pint with him.

What made Magy Noah a igh teariff man? Specks in old clos, the price of wich he wants to rise My eyes, look at that chap there with his eye in mourning! One of the puglists I spose, and a reader of the 'Eral' What made our friend Webb 'posed to the teariff? The great 'sumption of 'ported bars grease and ile for his whiskeys, and the s'periority of the Inglish crutches. Webb's a'gen'l'm'n. Bennett was once when he was one of us, but now he's worse nor stinking fish (Hear! hear!) Whar! you stewpid loafer! There's no stinking fish here. (At this moment the loafer who first disturbed the meeting cried out, 'aint there though!' and at the same time threw a long deceased paugy at the head of swell headed Jim, the chairman, with a facetious request that he would 'smell that.')

The meeting of course broke up in disorder, and the further discussion of the *igh teariff* question is left to the next congress—of loafers.

Touching that woman, who was so large that her husband, being unable to hug her all at once, was compelled to *hug and chalk*, a correspondent suggests the propriety of making a State work of her—being too gigantic to be compassed by individual enterprise.

'Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?' asked a wife, seating herself by her husband. 'Don't know,' replied the husband, scratching his head, 'I give it up' 'Why,' replied the wife, hitching up closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, 'I am your other self, and you are beside yourself.'

A poor corset maker out of work, and starving, thus vented her miserable complaint: 'Shame, that I should be without bread; I that have *stayed* the stomachs of thousands'

☞ Our late London and Liverpool papers state that there is no *change* in the money market there. What a go! We've four cents in solid copper in our pocket. John Bull, Esq.! they are at your ser-

---

A SUCKER.—These wicked editors have much to answer for. Among some of the most audacious attacks upon human credulity that has ever astounded our eyes, the following is the most surprising. We dont know the "distinguished author."

A man somewhere out West in hunting bears, discovered a nest of cubs in a hollow tree. He descended, with the idea of capturing or killing them, but found them too much for him, and fearing the return of the dam, backed out, but not until the gentle infants had sucked all the buttons off the breast of his coat!

☞ We observe that Mr. William Dorr has united himself, for good or ill, to Miss Plank, in Windsor, Vt. He ought to be a carpenter, for sundry *plane* reasons, which we could easily give. At all events, if he dont look out, he never will be a Master *Bill-Dorr*, in his own household. Miss *Plank*, however, no doubt re-*joist* on the day she took possession of Bill's "bed and *board*." What's the shape of shingles?

LOVE AND LOTTERIES.—A handsome young fellow, poor as a church mouse but fit to spend a Princedom, put himself up at a lottery, in Lyons. The tickets sold well, producing the pretty sum of 200,000 francs. The fortunate holder of the prize ticket was a young beauty, herself a lady of fortune and fashion. A young widow, who was desperately enamored of the lucky fellow and had bought *thirty tickets*, wanted the successful lady to pass him over to her; but this was declined, the parties were pleased with each other, were married and as a *finale* to the romance the widow went out of the world by a garter or a corset string, we dont know which. The French papers tell that whapper; and it is not bed—is it?

☞ Is'nt the following pretty?

The Rainy Day.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

A traveller perceiving two crows flying side by side, exclaimed, "Ay, that is as it should be; I hate to see *one crow over another*."

INTOXICATION—is derived from the Greek word *toxicon*, which signifies a *poisoned arrow*. How many have been wounded by this arrow.

OLD SPEAR'S LAST.—Why is an indifferent sempstress like a *drain*? Give it up? Because she 's a *common sewer!*

The following stray specimen of *truth* in short hand, we clip from the Boston *Transcript*. Its parentage is unknown; but whoever he was there can be no doubt he was a real screamer.

Notes for a Tourist.—"Madam,', said a free-spoken, warm-hearted, enthusiasic, and a little quizzical son of old Kentucky, while paying his devoirs to one of the famous lady tourists of America, "Madam you shoul dhave been born in America; the greatest country in the known world; nature has clustered all her stupendous and dazzling works upon this land, and you should be among them! We have got the greatest men, the finest men, the finest women, broadest lakes, the tallest trees, the widest prairies, the highest waterfalls, and the biggest hearts in all creation.

"Madam go and see the falls of Niagara. May the Lord take a liking to you, my dear ma'am, if I did'nt think I'd waked up in futurity when I first seed that big slantendicular puddle, (slantendicular's an alge-*bra* word, ma'am—you mayn't know it.), Why madam, I could tell you something about them falls—but you musn't put it in your book, 'cos nobody'll ever believe it. The people that live round about there all lose their speech, and never hear each other speak for years, with the noise of the cataract! Fact, ma'am; true as that's a pencil and notebook you're taking out of your pocket. Why, there was a man lived there ten years, and he got so *deef* he never knew a man was speaking to him, till a pail of water was poured down the back of his neck! When you go to see the falls, ma'am, you must do all the talking you want to before you get within twenty-five miles of them; for after that, not a word of any kind can be heard!

"Then, ma'am, you should go and see the great cave in Kentucky, where the bats hibernaculate in countless millions. There is not such another hole in the ground to be found upon the face of the earth. 'Ma'am, if you go back to England without seeing our mammoth cave, you'll put your foot in it—no, beg pardon, excuse me—that's quite *un*possible; but you'll leave a big hole in the book you're going to write. There is no end known to it, ma'am; and there is a salt-water lake in the middle of it, twenty-five miles broad. One of the rooms is called the 'Antipodian Chamber,' from the unpronounceable fact a man can walk just as easy upon the ceiling as upon the floor; and, in this apartment, there's a natural fountain of pure brandy!

"The same cave, too, is a positive cure for consumption.

"You haint been South yet, have you, ma'am? you haint seen the Mississippi river and the city of New Orleans? Well, ma'am, New Orleans is a hundred and twenty-five feet below the level of the sea, and the Mississippi runs through a canal bridge right over the city! The inhabitants are chiefly alligators and screech-owls, the last two words have been vulgarly perverted in Creole. Their food is chiefly gum, procured from trees in the swamp, and which they call gumbo. There is a paper published there called the Picaroon, the name being well chosen as significant of its professed piracies upon Kant's Philosophy, Baron Munchausen, the Pilgrim's Progress, Joe Miller, Washington Irving, and Bell's Life in London! It is a violent and stupendous political print, and the Government of he country has endeavored in vain to suppress it. One of the peculiar marks about this extraordinary city is the entire absence of those small quadrupeds of the genus most commonly known as rats. One was seen many years ago, by a citizen, who brutally murdered the unknown creature, but was immediately tried, and sentenced to be hung for the enormity.

"You will hear, madam, a great deal about the 'floating population of New Orleans,' a phrase which you will understand, when I tell you that the town is half the year under inundation from the Mississippi! You should have been born in America, my dear ma'am; but as you were not, you may possibly die here, and that's some consolation for you."

☞ One of our celebrated dandies was in company with a young lady the other evening, and observed her kiss her favorite poodle. He advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to a dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog while he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint and sloped.

ADVICE.—If you ask a gal to have you, and she says "no," dont for gracious sake ask her again. If you do, she might twit you about it, when you growl because the toast *is* burned and the coffee *is'nt*. Take our word for it, if you aint worth snapping up, reasonably quick, you had better open shop at some other place. We know it strains one's gizzard, awfully, to want a pretty lump of human flesh, for which the spirit burns—but then, hang it man, you must grin and endure it, if she dont sigh right off when you squeeze her fist, and blush vermillion deep, her stammering consent.—Beg a man to give you a cast-off shirt, but *never* beg a woman to pick you up, like an old stick. Dont go in for compassion—but strike for the heaving, wheezing, glorious, extatic delight of true Love, and not a peg less. Them's our remarks on the subject.

CURIOUS THINGS.—A lady, with a four hundred dollar shawl on her back (which was bought by her husband) swearing that she will have her rights. In the mean time the husband is out at the elbows, and the good lady keeps seven servants.

A young man who has squandered an estate at the gambling house and brothel, going into the pulpit to recruit his fortune.

Young gentlemen who can't pay their board, driving a horse and gig out of town every Sunday.

A friend to the people drinking champagne and eating roast turkies, while his workmen are hard at it, fifteen hours out of twenty-four.

"HENRY." said a beautiful blushing damsel to her lover, "pray in what manner did they pay respect to Mr. ——, the other night?"

"O, in several ways, my dear; when he entered the room, the company rose, *uncovered* and *toasted* him."

The lady fainted, and her alliance with Henry was broken.

So says the gallant editor of the Mound City—the best paper in all Missouri—the saucy rascal!

MACHINE POETRY.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

I see
Each tree
Begins to fade;
Each hour
A flower
Is withering laid:
No bird
Is heard
To sweetly sing;
And frogs
From logs
(To logs)
No longer spring;
The plain
Again
Is sere and sad—
And hills
And rills
Look all but glad;
The pall
Of fall
Is spread above
The bier of beauty, promise, hope, anticipation and love.

Be careful, Nimrod—turn the machine steadily; we are engaged upon a serious subject.

The breath
Of death
Lays posies low;
They quick
Get sick,
And off they go;
But spring
Doth bring
Them back to life,
And then,
Again,
They flourish, and feel, for what I know, just like a knife.

Easy, easy, Nimrod.

But when
Us men
Once quit this sphere,
We go
Below,
And disappear;
And further than this deponent saith not.

SPOONS, O. G.

Fishy—Very.

We are opposed to all monopolies, especially those which tend to injure the poor by means of forestalling the markets on the part of bankers and speculators. A new and serious combination has recently been concocted in this city, and what may be the consequences to our industrious farmers, no one can tell unless this odious combination be at once annihilated.

"Are these ducks fishy?"

"Yes sir."

"Are they all fishy?"

"Yes sir."

"Give me two?"

"Yes sir?"

Such were the questions of a genteel dressed stranger, and the answer of a well trained son of ancient Greece, who acts as waiter in a celebrated Restorateur. Whether this newly arrived descendant of philosophers in olden times had received lessons from his employer to speak the truth we do not pretend to say. Certainly he did on this occasion. As the dining department was exceedingly crowded, the above questions were put and answered at the time, spoons, knives, forks, and glasses fell from the hungry and thirsty mugs as they were in the act of conveying the delicacies prepared by mine host, and *fishy duck* stuck in the throats of each instead of their own smoking turkey or sirloin.

"What on 'arth does he want with ducks *fishy*?" says a just arrived Varmounter.

"Parbleau, monsieur one grand stomach!" exclaimed an old Frenchman.

"What a d—d fool," roared out a jolly Yorkshireman, who was discussing the merits of a beefsteak smothered in onions.

Whilst a Philadelphia friend of ours, noted not only for keeping a good table, but has the reputation of doing justice to the good things of this life, quietly seated himself to witness the end of this strange and to him unusual beginning.

The ducks were placed before the hungry guest with suitable accompaniments, and in a short time one disappeared entirely, save the bones, whilst the voracious gourmand declared it was the best attempt he had made to dine since he left Paris, where he had dined with Louis Phillippe, on ducks fed on carp, minnows, and other small fish, adding at the same time, that the farmers in the vicinity of the French capitol could not dispose of their ducks unless they tasted fishy, and the stranger the taste, the higher the price. The stranger was not long in dispatching the second duck, and after ordering two to be ready every day at 4 P. M., paid his bill and departed.

"Nick, hast thou any maer of them fishy ducks?" bellowed out the Englishman.

"Yes sir, plenty!"

"Let's have one." And shoving his beefsteak and onions aside, attacked a duck that was put before him.

In a short time he pronounced it first rate, and persuaded the Yankee and Frenchman each to try one, which they did, and declared nothing could be finer, and wondering how the deuce it was they had never discovered this before.

Our friend who was laying low, whether for black ducks or not we do not know, ordered one in, and by the time he hed finished a leg and a wing and a bit of the breast, declared it to be unequalled in the way of eating. And gave two good reasons for it.

First. It saved the trouble of having two dishes, viz. fish and fowl, for it was both, and secondly, having but one dish, his dinner only cost half what it had hitherto been. The consequence was, that on that very afternoon all the ducks that had been accumulating for the last month on the hands of our worthy host, and who was beginning to think of throwing them in the street, met with a ready sale, and all on account of his initiated servant accidentally speaking the truth. Who doubts the answer would have been "No sir!" to the interrogatory of the stranger had Nick or an older waiter uttended him, and yet see the result of speaking the truth. Had not this stranger been to Paris and dined with the king fishy ducks would, as they have hitherto been, voted "strong!" The gourmands would have remained ignorant of the flavor of fishy ducks, the fashionable tables been void of one of the most saaory dishes, and Nicks old ducks given to the dogs instead of to bipeds who would rather undergo any torture either in dress or taste, no matter how absurd or nauseous, if they can only imitate foreign airs (hairs,) and graces (greasies.)

'Pa,' said a precocious urchin, 'haint Mr. Clay got no house?' 'Certainly he has, a very elegant house at Ashland.' 'Well, the papers always say he's in *the field*.'

'There is a great pressure in the money market,' as the mouse remarked when a keg of silver rolled over his nose.

☞ It is said that an old lady 'down east' advertises over her door 'New laid eggs twice a day and three times on Sunday by Rhody Riggs'

Deacon Snowball's
THIRTY-EIGHTH SERMON.



Beluved Bruddren:—I 'spose you hear how one ob dem rebellious rascals ob Road Island hab ben took up and severely fined for speak 'bout de hair dat wan't on de head ob my brudder Venon ob New York. We take our text on dis 'casion from de words,

'The parson wore a wig.'

Dis rebellious willin is named Mike Walsh, and hab ben a new-cents to de poppylation ob New York, for our 'loved brudder Greely, ob de tribbune tell you so, and massa Webb tell you so too. Dis Mike Walsh hab de 'sumption to 'speak 'bout my rebberand brudder's wig. He tell dat he hab wig on his head, and print it in de Rearer. Den de judge make him pay twenty-five dollar; bekase de judges am put on de bench to defend de gemmen ob my cloth. I 'vise you to take warnin' from dis. Do you hear dat, you white fokes up in de gallery dar? Arter dis I guess you be keerful how you 'peak 'bout my curly wool, as you call him, or I hab you up, and hab you fined de sum ob twenty-five dollars. De gemman ob my cloth hab found protection at lass, and de hair ob our head is all numbered for sartain. I don't know 'zactly how de law stand 'bout a clergyman's hair, but I 'spose dat to hab de law take effeck I must shave my head and get wig. Den arter dat you 'peak 'bout my head if you dare, for you can't make one hair white or brack, you sarpints, you.

De hair is bery 'portant part. De 'possle Poll tell you dat it is a disgrace for men to wear long hair. So my brudder Venon fulfil de law, and Poll shave his own head when he make a vow.

Den de bald head of my brudder Verren was blasphemed by Mike Walsh. What you tink? If he had done dis, a while ago, dey put him on de rack and stretch him out, and dey put him on de fire and stretch him a *otto de few*.

I shave my head rite away, and den you tutch him if you dare. We'll soon know dat ole times is comin' back agin, and dat de reverend clergy can't be trifled with no more. De tribbune man hab moved down close to de Rora offiss so dat he can hab eye on dis Mike Walsh and take him up wheneber he 'tack de clergy.

I shall get wig rite off and send him round to take up de coppers, bekase dey will reverence de wig, and will put in de munny. Den when you see dis bald head ob mine, you will undertand' dat a bald head is de wisdom ob youth, and dat a head unspotted wid hair is ole age. I hope you undertand' de portance ob dis point ob christian doctrine. It am berry important dat you perceive 'bout de hair, bekase de hair grow out ob de brains, and dar roots is de soul, and partake ob de holiness ob de soul, and de sap run into de hairs and make dem grow. Dat is fact, nigger. Mind what I tell you.

Now I go to prove upon de hole ob dis subjeck. De wimmin is forbid to shave dar head and wear long hair, bekase dey look so much like de angels wid dar long hair on, and dey tell me dat dey hab somethin' grow out dar back dat dey call a bussle, and dis must be one ob de wings ob dis fare sect, dat begins to grow. I 'spose when de wings are grown dey fly away like Chloe Stratton dat fly away wid Brudder Brun de white Bobbolition. But it am a disgrace to man to wear long hair. Esau hab hair and lose his berfright rite off. Absalom hab long hair and katch to a tree, and lose his life. Dis is de history ob hair, and dey mix it up to make mortar. Dis is berry different from de hair dat dey hunt wid dogs, for dem hair hab legs.

De colored woman's rite society hab took up dis ting, and dey intend to hab a petition sent to de legislator for de protection ob de rites ob de gemman ob my cloff, and all dem dat wants to sign it will hab de goodness to call down de sullar ob de late Sam Jonson, and put dar name to de petition. De grey hairs am honorable; but de bald head am more honorable, as in de case wid brudder Garrison who hab no hair on de top ob his head, bekase he is under a vow

Anybody dat 'peak 'bout de hair ob your 'spected preacher agin, shall be fined twenty-five dollars, or get your speaker a new coat, and in dis lass case I get de prosecutin' turner to enter a *nolly prossequy* dat will squze him from payin' de odder twenty-five dollars.

De hair is diwided into five parts:—de red hair, de brack hair, de curly hair, and todder two parts is no consequence now. De red hair is for white fokes and disgust your 'spected preacher bery mutch. De brack hair is bery good for injins, but dey can't make it curl. Den de curly hair is bery 'portant and 'lude 'ticklarly to de poppylation ob color. I 'spose you tink you hab short hair; but when you come to traiten it out, you find dat you hab long hair arter all. Mind I tell you. Cut down your hair, nigger.

Amen.

☞ Some abolitionists recently published a book called 'Tales of the Blacks.' It was sold in a shop kept by colored persons. A girl went in hastily to procure one copy, and for shortness, asked the shopkeepers if they had got *Black Tales*.

☞ A general lover of the fair sex is guilty of *lass-any*.

☞ The last case on record is that of a person in this city who imagines himself to be a pump, and when an acquaintance shakes hands with him, he thinks he is trying to pump him, and complains that he is *dry*, so a glass of something must be poured down.

The Vulgar.—A fellow leaning against lanthern post, the other day, declaimed against cold water as a drink because it was *vulgar*.

Air, exercise, and water—the three most useful things to man, and which most conduces to health and personal purity are the most vulgar or common of all earthly goods.

Fear is catching. In times of danger, people frighten each other, and they are dreadfbl mad if one is so obstinate as to refuse to be frightened.

☞ There is now every appearance of having a long spell of weather.

☞ Madame de Staël has been censured for saying that she would gladly exchange all the bright qualities of the mind for those personal graces which win the regard and admiration of *all* men. Why censure *her* for saying this? The fault lies not with her, but with our own sex. It is both just and proper that woman should desire admiration, and she knew that her large feet and unattractive features were not exactly the thing to inspire the regard of the opposite sex. Yet there is something in this very *regret* of hers, which appeals loudly to every manly breast, and atones for the want of many personal charms.

October.—October has come—the sweetest, saddest month of all the year. Its sunsets and its gorgeous forests, how beautiful—and brief as beautiful their gorgeous dyes.

There is a pensive beauty in October days; autumn is now clothed in her lovliest drapery; the forest leaves are not yet dry and crisp; nature has not yet put on her friged aspect, but the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf is nature's knell for her fallen glories; soon all these beautiful things will have lost their beauty, all these bright things their brightness. This changeful though lovely scenery, lend a touching interest to autumn days. Go into the thick deep wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze, as it gently undulates the glorious and richly colored foliage; look away into yonder vault of heaven, in this sunset hour; how the resplendent hues of topaz, and amethyst and gold beautifully blend with each other, and stream in living light accross the other sky. It is the very gate of heaven—and that lone star, seems a beacon light, hung out from his golden portals, to guide us, erring wanders, home. We can also hear their blest voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High. Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with extacy on contemplating scenes like these? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings, that he is

> "Just on the boundary of the spirit land,
> Close to the realm where angels have their birth?'

How eloquent is nature?—who is not purer and better when he listens to her voice! How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet sad season. How he lets his goodness and glory pass before us. He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy his beauties.—Sweet flowers, ye too, in your ever varying hues and delicious odors, whispering the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as you are about to fade and die. Apt emblems of life.

The autumn of our days is coming. But if we are ready, like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments about us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in "beauty immortal," in the gardens of God.

A Witty Parson.—A Scotch clergyman, by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretend; and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the old Testament, without any preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and gave him for a text—"And the ass opened his mouth and spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon that text.

On another occasion Mr. Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so, if he would, in return, grant him the first favor he should ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two afterwards, the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman agreed to it, and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said:

"As I am a minister of the church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the church."

"Certainly," said the Major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question—*Do you acknowldege yonrself the father of this puppy?*"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

Blarney.—'A bright morning to your fair face, Mistress Murphy.' 'Well, a good morning, John.' 'Och! Mistress Murphy, whinivir I see a rale shiny, Irish mornin' like this, it puts me in minn of the old counthry, and of the time when I lived wid yer father, (rest his sowl,) a decenter man niver drew breath, and sorra a poor craythers niver passed his doors without a bit or a sun.' 'Troth he was, John.' 'Mistress Murphy, (pulling a flask out of his pocket,) would ye thrust me for half a pint till I go down till the wharf, and may ——— fly away with the roof of my jacket, but I'll pay ye before the sun goes to bed!' 'Burn the dhrop, John, till ye pay for the half pint ye got yesterday.' 'Mistress Murphy, *(emphatically,)* I know'd yer mother, and she was an ould hod carrier, un' yer fadther was a dirty washer-woman, an' I seed him hauled wi' six roarin' big bulls to the gallows, you ould ugly ——.'

John *sloped* in double quick time, and a pewter beer mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT! BOSTON IN AN UPROAR!!

"Blue Spirits and White, Black Spirits and Grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

We hasten to lay before our readers the particulars of one of the *darkest* transactions that ever disgraced a civilized nation. The peaceable, quiet, and orderly disposed citizens of this hitherto tranquil city have suddenly been thrown into a high state of mental excitement by the unexpected uprising of the whole Nigger population. Words being inadequate to depict the scenes that were enacted, we have called to our aid the inimitable Crooked-shanks, whose spirited illustration

"Holds the mirror up to nature."



For the Sunday Mercury.

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE—A MATRIMONIAL DUET:

(The lady, *of course*, having the first word.)

How brightly the moonlight is beaming,
And, Lord, how the baby is screaming!
Pray do get up, my love,
Just to quiet the dove;
I'm sure long enough you've been dreaming.

I believe your two voices you mingle
But to vex me and make my ears tingle:
With Daffy's Elixir
You surely might fix her,
And let *me* sleep as if I was single.

Before marriage if I had reflected,
Such base conduct I might have expected;
Still it makes me feel wild
To think how the poor child
By its father is always neglected.

Had I once thought before I got married
Of a child at midnight to be carried,
To the sound of a scold,
As I shivered with cold,
A bachelor long I had tarried.

Mr. Smith, it is useless to grumble,
So, quick out of bed you'd best tumble—
Now to pinch her *do* try,
Just to make the *dear* cry—
Be quick, sir, and mind you don't stumble.

She knows it must get a good rocking,
Whilst my knees 'gainst each other keep knocking
As I pace the cold floor,
Between window and door,
With bare feet without slipper or stocking.

The brute always his temper is losing,
As if marriage were not his own choosing;
Now I'll turn round and sleep,
Having taken one peep,
At his antics so very amusing.

I should die were I tougher than leather,
Of the cold and the baby together;
While she, warm and snug,
As hot punch in a mug,
Heeds neither the wind nor the weather.

Really, Smith, your good nursing I'd flatter,
If your teeth didn't so loudly chatter,
That not one single wink
Of sound sleep, I think,
Will the child get, while exposed to the clatter.

I declare the young urchin I'd smother,
Were it not that she may soon have a brother;
And the aim of each sex
Being t'other to vex,
I shall then be revenged on her mother.

(It is presumed the lady had resigned herself to slumber, otherwise, *of course*, she would have had *the last word*.

H. S.

SUICIDE.—A toad, in an abertated state of mind, threw himself, yesterday, under the wheels of the Harlem rail road cars, and was smashed all to smashes in an instant! The crows held an inquest on the body, and the jury pronounced it a case of suicide, committed in a fit of derangement produced by pecuniary embarrassments, caused by the pressure of the times, brought about by president making and the rascality of politicians.

☞ The Boston Mail says:—'It is said that an old woman, now in New York, has gone almost crazy on the subject of the Rhode Island difficulties Reason—she left her cat and kittens in the latter State.'

We don't believe it, by gosh! We never had any such old woman among us. It's a story got up to frighten children, and effect stocks in Rhode Island.

☞ A married and miserable mortal in the Bowery says he should be glad to swop off his wife for a good dog, as she is such an inveterate scold there is no living with her If we had a wife that was forever brussling and clucking about like an old setting hen, she'd be apt to get her feathers rumpled a few. That's all.

QUEER LANGUAGE.—A late English paper announces some happy event 'with *severe* pleasure.' We think the expression a nonsensical one; but Eliza thinks not. She says that getting married affords one the severest kind of pleasure. So it does—Eliza is right.

☞ We should like to go East this fall, and renew our acquaintance with the skunks, squirrels, and winter squashes; but we have so many mouths to feed with *intellectual* food, that we don't know but we shall have to stay here among the city tigers, bears, wild cats and other beasts of prey—till spring.

Lines to Isadora,

Written on leaving San Juan de Nicaragua.

BY INK.

1

Adieu fair Syren—for my native land
My bark now spreads her canvass to the breeze
Which aids her not—my sighs alone expand
Her flapping sails—now filling by degrees.

2

And e'r our anchor's hove, one word for thee,
My throbbing heart would speak it now to thine,
When I've departed, O grieve not for me,
But all the past to deep oblivion consign.

3

Mourn not for me—nor pale thy beauteous cheek,
That orient olive shade so finely blended,
Forget me, let the past ne'er to thee speak,
Nor tell thee that our love's had e'er begun—have ended.

☞ In taking a view of nations and national character, we are sometimes puzzled by the inconsistencies we discover. England was the first to abolish the slave trade and has also abolished slavery in her West India Islands and is exclaiming against the Americans for continuing it. Yet, on the other hand, her unjust wars, her despotic interference with other nations, and the condition of her own poor, are enough to make us doubt the purity of her motives. She reminds us of a violent temperance man, who would not take a glass of wine for the world; but will take the bed from under a sick debtor.

THE BEE *vs.* FOOT-SCRAPER.—The Boston Bee tells the following story: A lady who ordered "The Bee" to be left at her house, yesterday morning, hearing the bell ring about the time she expected the carrier, and being busy at the moment, raised an upper window and told the supposed newsman to leave it on the step. The man, who had been employed by the landlord of the house, replied—

"I intend to leave it on the step ma'am, but which side would you like to have it?"

"Why, what difference can it possibly make?" said the lady.

"Not much ma'am, mere matter of taste—left side is handiest for a *scrape*."

"You are getting *yourself* into a scrape, Mr. Saucebox—for I shall make your impertinence known to your employers. But since your stupidity requires explicit directions, leave it in the *centre* of the step."

The lady then closed the window, and opening the door some time afterward, she found a new *foot scraper* nicely planted in the centre of the passage where the workman, followiug *explicit directions* had drilled and leaded it in.

THOSE EPAULETTS!—We found the following in the Balt. Argus:—

'Pray, Miss C.,' said a gentleman the other evening, 'why is it that ladies are so fond of *officers*?' 'How tupid,' replied Miss C., 'is it not perfectly natural and proper that a lady should like a good *offer, sir*?'

☞ "Mother, I reckon Jonar was a Abolitionist."

"Why, my child?"

"Caze when he got into the whale's belly he couldn't stay where there was so much *ile* and so much *light*."

"Oh, you're a sad dog, John."

A clergyman, by his dull, monotonous discourse set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth, listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, 'What! all asleep but this poor idiot?' 'Aye,' quoth the natural, 'and if I had not been a poor idiot, I would have been asleep too!'

Quills, though very active now-a-days, are certainly *stationary*.

Great aches from little *ache-corns* grow. Ah!

'Pa, when is this Maine election coming back again?' 'Coming again, child—what do you mean? It is never coming back, I hope.' 'Well what does the paper mean by saying 'Maine election *returns*,' I should like to know?'

A lady who has been twice married, remarked to us a day or two since that she was a friend and admirer of the *United States*. We instantly blushed clear out to our fingers' ends.

True Independence.—Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. 'Why, sir,' replied Franklin, 'I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion, for a more luxurious living?' One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts: 'Meal, your Majesty, is but a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing.'

☞ There is a striking resemblance between editors and frogs, for they are both obliged to jump from one thing to another.

☞ A young man writing the history of his life, says that he early ran away from his father, as he discovered that he was only his uncle.

☞ 'The candid of all parties' are those who support *our* measures.

☞ Persons who live much on potatoes are apt to be of an earthly, carnal nature. As they become refined and educated, they eat fewer potatoes.

☞ Pious persons who don't return borsowed books, must expect to ride quarantine in purgatory a while before they enter at the golden gates.

☞ As a wound in the foot is more dangerous than a wound in the head or arm, so the oppression of the poor is more destructive to ths well-being of a nation than an injury dene to the rich.

☞ A benevolent society in Passamaquoddy is engaged in providing flannels for grasshoppers to preserve them from the rheumatism during the winter.

Infidelity to Woman.—Of all the heinous offences of which man can be guilty this is the worst, and it is generally followed by rue and misfortune. Infidelity, cannot, however, exist unless there is a real attachment on the part of the woman; when a man is convinced that he is strongly and devotedly loved, he had better part with his own right hand than cast from him the being who lies at his mercy. The world may smile at his inconstancy; but the hour will come when the glitter of false joys will be dimmed, and then alone and desolate upon the earth, it will seem to him as if his heart had been wrenched from his bosom, and thrown, warm with life and quick with feeling, upon a cold marble floor in the time of frost.

Love and Marriage.—Sentimental misses might save their tears when they read of love crossed and maidens and youths who went down broken-hearted to the grave, if they would just look in upon one of these loving couples after their fervent hopes have been realized, and they have actually been joined in matrimony. If the love-lorn swains and damsels of whom we read had had their wish and been married, the reality of love would have been doubted by themselves.

☞ A Mobile paper announces the marriage of James Daug. He will now proceed to make Daug-ereotype liknesses.

Politics and Parties.

One of the parting admonitions, addressed to the people of the United States, by George Washington, the father of our great republic, was "Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally."

He had held the national helm for ten long, dark, trying, troublesome years, when he uttered the sentence, during which time the ship of state had passed through such storms, tornadoes and tempests, as no pilot, but one like himself, could have weathered. *His* experience prompted the sage advice, while *our* experience at the present day, fully confirms the comprehensive wisdom embraced in it.

A violent party spirit works serious mischief to every member of society; it is not only opposed to a wise and harmonious administration of the government, but creates vicious propensities in office-holders; it excites malevolent feelings among neighbors; it creates a degrading hunt after office and its emoluments, with a long line of attendant evils, among men who might otherwise be industrious in their respective calling, wise, temperate and happy; and, finally, it perverts the moral tendency of that mighty avenue of mind, *the Press*, into a vile, degraded, loathsome engine of mischief.

Who can take up a party newspaper, from day to day, full of the most revolting execrations of the opposite party and their measures, without throwing it down in unutterable contempt? Some will tells us that we are not half as bad as our European neighbors, and that there partizans are more violent in denouncing their opponents and much worse language is used! What a comparison! Europe to be the pattern for American freemen in political discussions! Europe? where the passions and violence of an hereditary king and priest-ridden populace, has infused its gall through every fibre in the framework of society! Europe? where the principles of democracy and monarchy have been battling with each other for sixty years and a prospect of keeping it up until the former is victorious! Such a country as that to be a pattern for our own sweet home of freemen, heaven forbid! No, no, here the principles of our government are so clearly defined, and the people so much more enlightened, that, for our part. we can see no necessity for countenancing that deadly animosity between citizens which the spirit of the party press is so well calculated to infuse into the minds of their readers, and which the support furnished to that press convinces us prevails, to some extent, in the community. While we would thus oppose the vehemency of party madness, we would encourage the magnanimous discussion of public measures by the press, in a calm and philosophical mood: we would also be understood to favor changes every six or eight years, at least, among the men entrusted with public affairs, from the President down to the street sweeper; but we would have the compensation of public servants so graduated, that the frugal and economical would be enabled to retire at the end of that time with a sufficient pecuniary security against the infirmities of age. These we believe to be the principles of every man who will scrutinize the weather-cock turnings of partizans and parties—their advocating a certain measure this year—repudiating it next year—re-adopting it the third year; and the notorious fact that nominations are made, and measures adopted, by a half dozen persons in some bye-corner. A party press, too, is a curse to a community, for the simple reason that its editor is blind to every thing except the aggrandizement of his party. These evils, however, are likely soon to work their own cure, and we are much mistaken if the approaching election will not witness a trial of that most wise and salutary mode of electioneering, the *voluntary system*, by which each candidate comes out, declares his principles, defines his position, and asks his fellow-citizens who think with him to vote for him. Unless the rancour of faction shall be thus providentially overthrown, where will it carry us?

☞ The Boston Times says that a lady walked into the Police office the other day, and asked the clerk if he had any silk and fur cloaks. "No, ma'am," replied the clerk, "we are all fair and above board, here—we've no *cloaks*." "I beg pardon, sir," said she, "I really thought this was the celebrated *Pelisse* Office."

The New York Aurora says, "Whoever has nothing more than modesty and talent, has a slim capital and must burst. It takes plenty of brass a good stock of impudence, and a thimble full of brains to get along in this world." How does the man of the Aurora succeed?

More effects of the tariff.—A Yankee editor says the girls complain that the times are so hard that the young men can't pay their *addresses*. Another asks, why don't the girls sue and have them bound over to *court*.

MISCELLANY.

[For the Evening Bulletin.]
[The Oats Correspondence No. 1.]

A DISMAL GO.

Vherein Oats sings of the wery exceedin' cruelty of a young voman.

"Now this young voman I'd have you know
Loved that are young man but werry so so,
For she vas wery vell versed in letters,
And fit to marry poor Billy Vites betters."

Oh she's a hangel Dick! the girl
Vot has my offerings
She goes the character entire,
Except she don't wear wings,
Vich in course you can't hexpect
Of the vimmin vot live here,
Since the thing vots called a *bustle* Dick
Vith their use vould hinterfere.

I don't know vot 'tis ails me Dick
But I'm growing werry lean
I think tis sitting up late nights
Writin' verses to the quean,
Gin dont come natural to me now
And toddies is a bore,
Vich as you ought to know, Dick
Vorn't never so before.

If you never vos in love, Dick
Vy the symptoms' werry plain,
You feels within your buzzim Dick
A sort o' gnawing pain,
And you valks out evry pleasant night
And you axes of the moon
Vot the deuce she means by shinin' bright
Ven *your* spirits aint in tune.

I've been this vay two veeks Dick
And I'm werry far from fat,
And the folks vith solemn mug vill talk
'Bout dyspepsy and all that,
For I'm werry still about it Dick
And never lets it out,
But lets concealment like a worm
Eat my witals out and out.

Oh Dick! if you could see the girl
You'd say I vant to blame.
Miss Julia Anna Betsy Ann,
Maria ***** is her name.
I vent to see her tother night
Vith some pretty presents too
Vich by the vay in these hard times
Twas wery hard to do.

Vell in course, she took the presents, Dick,
Vith von of those strange smiles,
Vich a trusting heart like mine, you know,
So werry soon beguiles.
In consekens I courage took
And was bold enough to say,
"Divinest creature, if you please
Just name the happy day."

Vell she straightvay took to sobbin' Dick,
And says she, "Sir, there's the door,"
And then vent into high strikes, Dick,
And tumbled on the floor;
I vas afeared I'd kill'd her, Dick,
But she came too so far,
As to sing out werry loud indeed,
"O murder! oh! papa."

In rushed the old 'un werry mad,
Vith both eye-balls flashin' fire,
And says he "vot in the vind my dear,
If 'taint saucy to enkvire?"
Vell, all she did was squirm and shriek,
'Till she found breath to say,
"Just take that creatur out of sight
You phenix! go avay!"

Vell, then the old 'un kicked me hard,
And begun to swear and rail,
(And them kicks! I yonder how it vas
They did'nt end my tale;)
And then there came a final kick,
Vile the door vas opened vide,
And I found myself a kissing, Dick,
The flaggin' stones outside.

Oh, Dick! all thro' that awful night,
My brain vas seething hot,
Despair and rage, and groans, and sighs,
And whirl-vinds and vot not,
Came round me and flew from me, Dick,
As if the fiends below
Were torturing me, and had been sent
Hexpressly to do so.

I'm growing little better, Dick,
And my tale is painful now,
But I vill vear loose pantaloons
And a calm untroubled brow;
I'll never see her any more,—
I'll write a horrid note—
I'll sue her for a horrid breach,
I'll cut my fated throat
Yours, hin Despair,
OATS.

POETRY.

AFFECTING COPY OF VERSES.

Gently o'er, the meadows prigging,
Joan and Colin took their way,
While each flower the dew was swigging,
In the jocund month of May.

Joan was beauty's plummiest daughter;
Colin youth's most nutty son;
Many a nob in vain had sought her;
Him full many a spicy one.

She her faithful bosom's jewel
Did unto that young un' plight;
But, alas! her gov'nor cruel,
Said as how he'd never fight.

Soon as ere the lark had risen,
They had burst the bonds of snooze,
And her daddle link'd in his'n,
Gone to roam as lovers use.

In a crack the youth and maiden
To a flowery bank did come,
Whence the bees cut, honey-laden,
Not without melodious hum.

Down they squatted them together,
"Lovely Joan," said Colin bold,
"Tell me, on thy davy, whether
Thou dost dear thy Colin hold?"

"Don't I just!" with look ecstatic,
Cried the young and ardent maid;
"Then let's bolt!" in tone emphatic,
Bumptious Colin quickly said.

"Bolt?" she falter'd, "from the gov'nor?
Oh! my Colin, that won't pay;
He will ne'er come down, my love, nor
Help us, if we run away."

"Shall we, then, be disunited?"
Wildly shriek'd the frantic cove;
"Mull'd our happiness! and blighted
In the kinchin-bud our love!

"No, my tulip! let us rather
Hand in hand the bucket kick;
Thus we'll chouse your cruel father—
Cutting from the world our stick!"

Thus he spoke, and pull'd a knife out,
Sharp of point, of edge full fine;
Pierc'd her heart, and let the life out:
"Now," he cried; "here's into mine!"

But a hand unseen behind him
Did the fatal blow arrest.
Oh, my eye! they seize and bind him:
Gentle Muse, conceal the rest!

In the precincts of the prison,
In his cold crib Colin lies:
Mourn his fate all you who listen;
Draw it mild, and mind your eyes!

A LEGISEE.

"Now prithee, stay!"—fair Jane did say,
As Jack turned sulkily away,
"Now prithee, do not go from me!
For Aunt grows old, and has, we'er told
Uncounted heaps of yellow gold:
And *fifty guineas* MINE will be!"
"Ho, ho!" quoth Jack (and here the track
Was inches deep, in mud as black
As London mud can ever be;)
And Jane her dress, to clear the mess,
Had lifted up a yard or less:—
"A very pretty LEG-I-SEE!" H. F.

Great Sport.—We, and another notorious scamp, went a gunning last Tuesday; and between us both, we made out to slaughter a little woodpecker, about as big as a small piece of chalk. We might, however, have got any quantity of game—had we found it.

P. S.—We shot at a chickadee and frightened it pretty considerably.

Arkansas Lyrics.—Some Arkansas man, in whom the Promethean spark burns as brightly as a prairie on fire; addresses a song to one L. D. Evans, Esq., a candidate for Congress. It is to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." The following is the chorus, and is sufficient to show the talent of the writer:—

"Go it Evans with a squeeze,
And go it with a looseness;
Or go the figure as you please,
But don't betray your *goosenss*!"

☞ Perhaps there never was a more eloquent passage written than that of Ossian, which is applied by a lover to his favorite maid—'Thou art to me the beam of the east, rising in a land unknown!'

A higher compliment coould not be paid to mortal woman—neither could man desire a nobler creature for his partner than one who was capable of feeling the full force of the comparison. Its beauty lies principally in its similitude to the dawning of Original Truth upon the mind of benighted man, in all the freshness of Eden, unclouded by the traditions and prejudices of men.

Dreams.—These events of sleep—this life without the operation of the animal senses has given rise to many very curious speculations. That dreams do sometimes come to pass in a remarkable manner no one will doubt; and, therefore, many nations have decided that there was something supernatural about them. A singular dream occured to us recently. We dreamed that a man resembling Mr. B. stood before us, at his side were some of the finest oysters we ever saw in our life. As we approached, he pointed to his oysters, and cried, 'Lay hold, friend, and solace yourself to your heart's content.' Should this dream come to pass—should he really send for us to come up and taste those beautiful shell-fish of his, we should also believe that 'coming events cast their shadows before.'

Revenge.—There is a very good paper on this subject, in the Bee of 18th inst. There are many honest Iagos in the world, who never 'let their angry passions rise;' but who invariably keep cool, and attract no observation. But the mischief that they do is incalculable; while the honest indignation of injured innocence is regarded as the mark of a violent temper, and when they attack one of the saintly villains, all the world 'swears the *dog* is mad to bite so good a man.'

☞ Some wag of the Green Mountains says, that ladies' lips are like flowers—all the sweeter for pressing.

☞ Two things are particularly unpleasant to the natives of this vale of tears—the nightmare, and a parcel of old debts to pay off.

☞ When you borrow money, you expect to pay it back; but when you borrow another person's ideas, it is pretty certain that you have none of your own wherewith to pay.

'Have you got chain cables?'
'Yes sir—large ones.'
'What's the price?'
'Three cents per pound.'
'Are you sure they are good?'
'First rate—warranted.'
'Then give me sixpence worth.'

☞ A stump orator at the West uses the following appropriate language: 'If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents ss the sea represents the earth, or as the night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet human society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through new cheese. My chief recommendations are, that at the public dinner given to ———, I ate more than any two men at the table—at the last election, I put in three votes for the party—I've just bought a new suit of clothes that will do to wear to Congress, and I've got the handsomest sister in Old Kaintuck.'

☞ An exchange says that 'a poor fellow left his wife in a straight.' We have seen many such walking our fashionable streets. They were in so *great a straight* that they could not have stooped to pick up their fans without first loosening a piece of furniture belonging to the toilette.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NEW SERIES—NO. CXXI.

At the request of a subscriber to the Sunday Mercury in Alabama, I will preach from this text:

To love is painful, that is true—
Not to love is painful too;
But oh! it gives the greatest pain
To love and not be loved again.

My hearers—I love to preach about love; for love forms a rosy wreath for the heart, in which the green leaves of friendship, the flowers of affection, and a few thorns of pain are entwined, just for the sake of variety. It is the precious cement that adheres soul to soul—the food of angels in heaven, and a stimulant to mortals on earth. It smooths down the asperities of human nature—lines the breast with the velvet of sympathy—and gives a silken coating to the rough exterior of humanity. To love ardently, deeply, devoutly, I acknowledge is sometimes painful; nevertheless it is a pleasant pain, attended with some delightful sensations. It is a kind of inward itching, which requires the continual exercise of scratching, and yet the irritation is never allayed. The more we scratch, the more we itch—and nothing but matrimony can serve as an effectual remedy—and that, in too many instances, is far worse than the disease.

My friends—not to love is also painful. To have all our thoughts entombed in the dark sepulchre of selfishness, and our hopes lost in the cold mists of misanthrophy, is about as bad as being confined in a dungeon, to be fed with the fragments of one's former follies. The light of love, admitted through the windows of the heart, warms and nourishes the soil of the soul—causes the buds of benevolence to expand, and the capsules of charity to be filled with the ripe seeds of sympathy. Without the genial influence of love the bosom freezes, and becomes as barren as a goose pasture in winter. If a flower chances to bloom, it is destitute of fragrance; or, if it have any, it wastes its sweetness, as the poet says, upon the desert air. To be without love is like being without a fire in winter, a lamp at night, and a sun at mid day. The heart that never loves is as hard as a brick bat, as insensible as a pickled clam to all the finer feelings, and a stranger to every delightful emotion. An old bachelor, my friends, whose heart is never warmed with affection, is a miserable nobody in the world. He is as cold blooded as a turtle, and looks as melancholy as a clam. His hopes die as soon as they begin to pinfeather—there is no more sentiment in his soul than there is music in a corn stalk fiddle—his thoughts are wrapped up in the shroud of self—he knows not the pleasures attendant on the sexual amalgamation of souls—his abode is fixed in the solitary wild of celibacy, where all is cheerless, comfortless and dreary. There he lives and there he dies, unhonored and unwept; and when he is finally carried away by the current of time, we can only say, There goes another parcel of rubbish into the gulf of eternity!

My hearers—it is painful to love, and painful not to love—painful anyhow you can fix it; but oh! it is excruciating pain to love and not have it reciprocated! To go to an extravagant outlay of affection, and then have it all wasted, or sent home as sour as swill, is enough to make a man tear his shirt and tread on his own corns. It's manslaughter for a girl to spurn a young chap's love, when she knows that by so doing she will drive the poor fellow to destruction in a considerable of a hurry. It's murder in the first degree—it's cruelty to helpless animals—it's worse than skinning eels alive; and any female guilty of such a wanton act, ought to be courted by fiends during her lifetime, and wedded to the devil at last. When any of you, my young male friends, get so tangled up with the object of your loves that you don't hardly know to which gender you belong, you know very well that you care a precious little who, what or how you are so long as you remain in such a happy, pleasing perplexity; but let the least breeze of jealousy, doubt or disappointment blow, you straighten right out, like a dead frog. Your bosoms fill up with buttermilk and bitter meditations—your stomachs with bile, and your heads with suicidal ideas. You grow saturnine—get sick—neglect your business—and then perhaps, to wind up the whole, admit the common atmosphere into your gizzards with a dirk knife, or ventilate your brains' cells with a pistol. Oh! unreciprocated love has fed the jaws of Death with many a precious morsel of humanity; and Cupid's arrow, which is said to tickle while it wounds, sometimes tickles pretty confounded hard. Its head is often dipped in poison, and wo betake the poor victim it pierces! I don't know, myself, exactly how a fellow feels when he loves almost to distraction, and then suddenly sees his adored one flirting with, or wedded to another; but I suppose he feels at first as though a piece of ice was thrust under his shirt, and his bosom ready to collapse. He must endure the torments of the damned, for a time at least; and the only way in which he can heal his wounds, is to plaster them over with the salve of forgetfulness, and swallow this consoling anodyne: 'There are yet as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught.'

My dear friends—if you were all to love one another, in a moderate but sincere christianlike way, you might be sure of being loved, not only by your sister, woman, and your brother, man, but also by your Father, God. Then would peace, harmony, and happiness prevail upon earth, and joy among the angels of heaven. Then would our thorn covered ways be turned to flowery lawns—then would the rank weeds of hatred put forth the sweet blossoms of friendship—and then might we all partake of the pleasures of love unpoisoned by pain. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

October—Is the season for decay. If we might be allowed the figurative style, the warm pulses of nature begin to congeal, and the throbbings of the mighty arteries to grow less firm. So in the autumn of the life of man. The dimness of the eye comes—and the arm cannot weild the heavy implement of labor, as in the early years—and the feet are not tireless and active, bnt easily wearied. Even the heart feels the change—and that is the dreariest change of all. It is no more, as in youth, filled with high thoughts, and generous wishes for the good of its fellows. and swelling aspirations after things better than the gross aims of the outer world. The *heart* is waning too. Frozen apathy comes, and forgetfulness of the delights of youth, and many a sombre change, to brood over the soul, like dark clouds over the face of the beautiful earth. Thus we may learn a lesson from October.

☞There are three brothers in Peekskill so green that they bud out every spring. One of them was such a voracious devourer of pork, that they were obliged to circumsise them.

The Pride of Ancestry.—We doubt whether the most vulgar plebeian of us all, could make out a more disgraceful ancestry than Queen Victoria—nice little woman as she is. Just look at the *virtues* of some of her ancestors, as recorded in the London Sun. Of course she can be none the worse for it—it only shows what a ridiculous thing ancestral pride is:

Victoria is the daughter of the late Duke of Kent, who was the brother of William the IV., who was the brother of George the IV., who was the son of George the III., who was the grandson of George the II., who was the son of the Princess Sophia, who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister of William and Mary, who were the daughter and son-in-law of James the II, who was the son of Charles the I., *who was a traitor to his country*, and decapitated as such, who was the son of James the I., who was the son of Mary, who was the sister of Edward the VI., who was the son of Henry the VIII., *who was the cool-blooded murderer of his wives*, and son of Henry the VII, *who slew Richard the III., who smothered his nephew*, Edward the V., who was the son of Edward the IV., who, with bloody Richard, *slew Henry the VI.*, who succeeded Henry the V., who was the son of Henry the IV., who was the cousin of Richard the II., who was the son of Edward the III., who was the son of Edward the Ik., who was the son of Edward the I., who was the son of Henry the III., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the I., who was the son of Henry the II., who was the son of Matilda, the daughter of Henry the I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, who was the son of—*a woman of bad fame.*

Marriages.—Look at the great mass of marriages that take place over the whole world; what poor contemptible affairs they are. A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks, two sheepish-looking creatures are seen dangling on each other's arms, looking at water-falls or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cakes; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine; the wife sits on one side of the hearth and the husband on the other, and little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares and little children gradually gathering around them. This is what ninety-nine out of one hundred find to be the delights of matrimony:

Our Objects!

"From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes;
To animate the weak, unite the wise;
To trace the deep infection that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades;
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of science, learning, taste;
To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant dullness back to day;
Much yet remains.—To (us) the themes belong,
The favor'd sons of virtue and of song!
Say is the field too narrow? Are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?"—*Canning!*

Printers.—A writer in the Moble Herald, who has been for sixteen years connected with the public press, holds the following deserved commendatory language of the members of the craft. None who have had an opportunity of judging, will fail to admit the justness of his remarks. He says:—"In all our experience, and we have visited in that time four different governments from the one under which we were born and educated, we have always found among printers, not only more intelligence, but more liberality in opinion—more of that noble and high-minded cast of principle, that looks with a forgiving eye, as well upon the frailties of erring humanity, as upon the jars and contentions that grow out of either religion or politics, than among any other class of men—not excepting the teachers of the religion of the bible themselves, or the statesmen who thunder in the forum. Printers have a sort of freemansonry with the whole world—conversant not only with events that are transpiring in their own neighborhood, but over the whole universe; their very occupation, and the peculiar province in which they move, are all calculated to bring within the scope of their vision and the circle of their interests, the opinions and the feelings of the entire family of man. It is a similar community of interests, and a personal converse with the whole world that makes the honest tar a whole-souled man, a friend to his species, in whatever port he meets them; but the printer is his superior in one respect—the field of letters, the garden of science, and the very fountains of learning, are in his range, and measurably under his control. With only three or four exceptions, we have never known one of the profession that a good man might not be proud to take by the hand as an associate and a friend, or that the statesman might not take into his counsel, with satisfaction to himself, and benefit to the world."

How to choose a wife.—The Ladies' Rose Bud gives the following directions:—"Lay a broomstick in her way;—if she steps over it, *don't take*. If she takes it up and puts it carefully in its place, brush end up, *take her*, IF YOU CAN GET HER!" Pretty good advice! A *broomstick* not unfrequently has a good deal to do in matrimonial life, and the lady's behavior in connection therewith should not be *lightly* regarded.

To a Misanthrope.

BY CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

Though all the world desert thee—
And yields thee but its frown—
Though sorrows do begirt thee
And weigh thy spirits down,
Here, here is one heart willing,
To sympathise with thine,
And thoughts would be instilling,
Of happiness divine:
Then from remorse awake thee—
Thou 'rt not of friends bereft,
I never will forsake thee,
While thou hast a RED CENT LEFT!

Honesty and Justice.—He only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest and dares to do it; that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's.—Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.—[Dr. Fuller.

A bachelor down east has issued proposals for publishing a paper, to be named the 'Bustle.' He expects much support from the ladies.

Ladies, in the choice of husbands, should look to future as well as to present happiness.—It is not the handsomest nor the richest partner that makes life sweetest; it is the congeniality of tastes and feeling, and a reciprocity of love. An honest heart and a good head are more to be desired than the proudest title and richest heiress, for a happy old age.

☞A gentleman espying a number of little rogues stealing fruit from his orchard, bawled out very lustily: "What are you about, you rascals?" "*About going!*" said one, and scampered off at double quick time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Picket Guard.

THE THRONES OF EUROPE.

They totter to a speedy fall;
Those regal tyrant thrones,
God's curse is hanging o'er them all—
Earth blushes and disowns.
The Affghan, in his native wild,
Beneath the Indian tree,
Is taming Power's favorite child,
The Mistress of the Sea.
Aye, she upon whose varied soil
The sun has never set,
Whose crown is rich with abject toil
With Sorrow's tear-drops wet:
She quails—her red-cross banners droop
Before her Eastern slave,
Who from his hills, with eagle swoop,
Comes conq'ring but to save.
And he that owns the Frozen North,
How fares his rugged band?
Circassia in her might is forth,
To scour them from the land:
His legions shrink in fear, aghast,
Death follows fast and near;
Lips, breathe adieus!—eyes, look your last!
Man!—man redeemed is here.
The blaze of Liberty has flamed—
The tyrant's moments wear—
The simple Eastern boor has tamed
The furious Russian bear.
So be it ever, where the hand
Of vile oppression sweeps,
In wrath, across an injured land,
And man in fetters weeps:
And let the tyrant ever know,
That certain is his fate,
And fraught with more than common wo,
Though vengeance may be late.

SIGMA.

Quips About Marriages.—Marriage is like a silk purse, most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it. Marriage is like a mouse-trap, once get into it, and you are caught, without the least prospect of recovering your liberty. Marriage is like a "rose tree in full bearing," how attractive are its flowers! but the bright leaves fall after as reason and the thorns alone remain. Marriage, among fools, is like a boiled calf's head without the accompaniment of brains. Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday, served up cold on Monday, ditto with pickles on Tuesday, and hashed up on Wednesday.—Marriage is the sunshine of life; beneath its genial influence spring up the best affections and the noblest virtues of man, which, in the sterility of selfish celibacy, would have lain dormant and useless. It is the source of virtuous pleasures in youth; the helm and solace of old age.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Here's a good un from the Calais Advertiser, Maine:—

The other day an old lady walked into the printing office and let out the following:

"You've got all sort o' books ha'nt ye??"

"No ma'am—some kind o' books we hav'nt now on hand."

"Wall, now, what ha'nt ye got? Seems to me ye might have everything."

"We hav'nt got Foster on Flea bites, nor Cook on Town-meeting, Dwight on Hot Nights, nor Lathrop on Physic, nor—"

"Wall, should'nt ha' thought it, but you've great Bibles, ha'nt ye?"

"Yes, ma'am, all quantities."

"Wall, then, let me put on my specs and look at 'um, them that have got the apothecary in 'um are the sort I want—d'ye take apple sass?"

"Yes, madam, we take all sorts of sauce."

"Wall, I guess if you're a mind to look out that good un that's got the fox and geese marked on the lids, and throw in the sarm book, I'll take it, and bring in the sass if we have a good apple season this winter."

"Could'nt throw in the psalm book no how."

Grammar.—A young lady at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun *bachelor* was singular? She replied immediately, and with much *naivette*, "Because it is very *singular* that they don't get married."—*Plebeian.*

Mrs. Squizzle being puzzled at the phrase "Elephant tribe" in Slumburgus' Natural History, requested *Simon* to aid her.

"They must be Injuns," said the old man, sagely.

"No, I think they is beastuses," replied the lady doubtfully.

"Pooh!" answered Simon, with a pompous air—"don't you see *tribe* spoken of—*tribe*, Mam?"

"Eh! La! yes."

"Ah-h-h-h, I have it—Elephant *tribe*—'*Tusky*-roarer Injuns,' Mam—that's the thing. I've heern of them many a time, I have."

"Dear suz, so 'tis."—Ephraim.

Richmond Star.

The following is the hardest effort we have seen for ten ages. The Boston Bee does it up.

"I am an *Unit-hair-ian*," as the man said who had but one hair on his head.

Deacon Snowball's

THIRTY-SEVENTH SERMON.



Brlubbed Bruddren: Dis day ob our Lord, I 'spose to 'zamine de proofs ob de 'struction ob de world and massa Miller's day ob judgment. We take de text for dis ebening at de seventy 'leben chapter ob de gospel ob de apostle Judas:

'The proof of de puddin' is eating it up.'

Dis 'lude to de fack dat you must sarch de scriptur to find out 'bout de eend ob de world. In de fust place, de world hab four corners as de scriptur tell you: and den dar are de eend ob de world. One eend is de beginnin' ob de world and de odder eend is de finish ob de hole bizness. Now I go for to prove dat de world is destroyed in 1843, and dat is de odder eend ob de world. In de fust place, Eve says to Adam: 'if you eat dis apple you surely die.' Now I 'speck dat apple was a punkin' accordin' to Scriptur language; bekase you all knows dat de scriptur always mean different from what it sez. Now when Adam eat dis apple, he find a worm in dis core, and dat 'splain de ollegory, which mean dat dar was somethin' in de apple dat would eat Adam after he was dead. Dat is de fust diwision ob our subjeck, and prove dat men shall die. Now I hope you not forget dat all men shall die, for de scriptur tell you dat for sartin. Dis prove to you dat de world was created, bekase if dar was no world created, it couldn't be destroyed. Den de sun and de moon was made to give light by day and de stars by night. Sometimes de stars don't shine in de night; dat is because de moon is not out; but you can see de stars on de bright moonlight: and dat is de proof dat dar is stars in de hebbins, tho' I wouldn't blieve it if de scriptur didn't tell us ob 'em. Dis is de proof dat dese tings was made; and dey was made to be pulled to pieces and destroyed as de scriptur tell you. In de fuss place dar is de rainbow dat was placed in de clouds arter de flood, and dat prove to you dat de world has been destroyed once, and dat it will be destroyed again; like de hot corn dat is fust put in de water and eat up arterward.

Since de days ob de flood is just four thousand year, den if you add de age ob your 'spected preacher, it will make up de 1843 year exackly. But we must go back and reckon from de beast ob Daniel. Dis beast hab feet dat was clay; dat is a prophecy of dis bery age ob de world when Clay is de last president and de 'struction hit de feet ob Clay; it happen in his reign. De golden head ob de image show dat de gold currency ob gineral Jackson happen fust, jest before about de same time. Den de legs ob iron is ole Tyler dat has ben as obstinate and hard as iron to his ole friends.

De little stone is Massa Miller dat nobody blieved in, and he is so little dat he is 'jected by de builders; and when he prove true, den he find all de world blieve in him, and de little stone will be a mountain. Den we come to de beast in de revelation dat hab seven horns and ten heads on each horn. Dis grate beast 'spress dis age ob de world and de tings dat happen now. It is de Croton water works and dey spout out water out of dar mouth which is de fountains in de Park, and St. John's place, and de Bowling Green. De locusts dat swarm out so thick is de grate Croton procession.

Now de prophet Daniel and de prophe Nebuchadnezzar, and Julius Cæsar prophecy de 'struction ob de world in 1843. De lass prophet tell you to 'member de ideas ob March. Now March means April in de scripture, and one day means a year and a year means one day, and when it say 'resist not evil,' it means dat you must 'ploy massa Colt's machine to blow up de enemy. Now put dat to dat, and you find dat de apostle Judas, de banker, prophecy de 'struction ob de world when he sell his massa for thirty pieces ob silver—for if you add thirty to de time dat your 'spected preacher was thirteen years old, it will make it jest 1843 year. When St. George and St. Blue Beard turn de water into wine, it was a wedding. Now de total absence fokes turns de wine back agin into water, and dat is a type ob de marriage ob Cain in Galalee, dat de / should be married and given in marriage, when de flood came and destroy 'em all. In de ole country dar was St. Peter, and St. Juggernaut de one kill two people to get dar money and de odder drowned all de infants in de ribber Ganges. St. Herod kill all de babes ob Bethlehem, and St. Moses kill all de women and babes ob Canaan. Dis was all done to 'struct us bout de 'struction ob de world, and is de type what show dat what would come to pass in de lass days When de debbels enter into de swine dar was just 460 hogs, and each hog hab tree pigs, which makes 1840 hogs in all, and Peter, John and James make up de 1843. Dis is de reckoning ob Massa Miller. De scarlet naughty woman in de rebbelation 'lude to dat gal dat threaten to slap de chops ob your 'spected preacher, in Sam Jonson's sular tudder night.

Now I go for to prove upon de hole.—De moss important effeck ob dis bizness is to make you put munny in de hat. If you want to get clear ob dis 'struction ob de world, you must tend on de discourse ob your 'spected preacher. If you come heah, it is no use for you to come 'less you put munny in de hat. Dat big back niggar dat sets up yander in de corner nebber put a cent in de hat, and I 'speck dat he is de man dat fling chaw ob tobacke in de hat and your 'spected preacher find noting dar but tree cents and dis chaw ob tobacke! Dis munny get him little clam soup; but de chaw ob tobacke no use to noboddy at all. I guess dat when you is 'stroyed for dis ting, de dibbil put you in one corner of his mouth and chaw you up like dis ole soger out of 'espect to your 'specteed preacher. Amen.

☞It is said that a man may be known by the dogs to which he is partial—that one fond of spaniels is fawning—one fond of bull-dogs is a blunt, honest fellow, and so on. We believe there is some truth in this, for Jonah was very fond of fish, and in running away from his duty and afterwards desiring the destruction of the city, he proved himself to be a *scaly* fellow.

☞Why is a soldier who fears that his cannon will burst, like a henpecked husband? Ans. Because he is *afraid of own piece.*

☞An Irishman thus describes a wheelbarrow: 'It is a little carriage with one wheel, and the horse is a man.'

Miller.—Some one inquired of another whether he thought Miller had reckoned right with regard to the destruction of the world.

'Is the earth male or female?' asked the interrogated.

'We say *she* when we speak of the earth,' was the answer, and Cowper says that 'the old and crazy earth has had *her* shaking fits.' The earth must be female.'

'Then,' said the other, 'Miller cannot know anything of the matter; for no one ever could find out the age of a female.'

KOSCIUSZKO AND HIS LADY LOVE.

[*From "Delineations of public and domestic life."*]

The maiden to whom this Polish hero gave his heart, was daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, and therefore raised, by birth, above Kosciuszko. But true love is a true leveler—its alchemy detects merit in the meanest station, and its power of affinity can overcome material obstacles. The lady Louisa Sosnowski returned the love of the poor officer as the truth and fervency of his attachment deserved—but a life of happiness was not for him. How different would have been his history had the grand wish of his heart been achieved! But the disappointment of his hopes in love, concentrated his whole soul to freedom and the happiness of man.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears, and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendor of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and, to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss; the marshall's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciuszko draws his sword, and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When, after a three hours swoon, Kosciuszko regained his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness, but its recollection, and a white handkerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agnoy. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

* * * *

"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland and France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life."

School Examination.—We find the following in the Knoxville Tanes—it was not written in Tennessee, though:—

"John, whar's your passin' lesson?"

"That sentence on the black board:—*There go a gentleman and a scholar.*"

"Pass *there.*"

"*There* are a noun of multitude, fust person sing'lar, nomerative case to *go.*"

"Very well—*go,*' the next.—[Tom makes for the door.]—Come back! Pass *go.*"

"I was trying to go past."

"Next."

"Go is an insensible rig'lar verb, finity mood, perfect tense; 1st person, go it; 2d person, go ahead; 3d person, no go; made in the 3d person to agree with daddy's old grey mare understood."

"Very well, next pass gentleman."

"*Gentleman* are an abstract noun, substantive mood, neuter gender, put in opposition to scholar."

"Right; *scholar,* the next."

"*Scholar* is an obstinate, pronominal adjective, ridiculous mood, imperfect tense, fust person, because I am speaking and governed by *a*"

"Give the rule."

"Scholars are governed by indefinite articles."

"Very good; take your seats with 9 merit marks apiece."

The whole secret in choosing well in matrimony, may be taught in three words—*explore the character.* A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance—for there is not a daughter of Eve, who has merit enough to justify a romantic love, though thousands may inspire that gentle esteem which is infinitely better. A woman-worshipper is a fool—a woman-hater a knave—both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world. For, if the characters of women were fairly understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized. [Bee.

THE CONFESSION.

There's something on my breast, Mary,
A something heavy there;
Shall I tell you what it is—Mary,
Oh I think 'twill ease my care.

I cannot take my rest, Mary,
And sleep is sweet you know;
Say, can you nothing do—Mary,
To help me—oh, dear! oh!

I am not in love—Mary,
It was pleasant for a day,
When I called you duck and dove—Mary,
But the fever went away.

It is not that I doubt you—Mary,
I never can do that,
And though you did deceive me—Mary,
I gave you tit for tat.

I am not deep in debt—Mary,
Nor owe a single fip,
And my health is very good—Mary,
Why should I get the hip?

I'll tell you what it is—Mary,
That makes me feel so queer,
It's those cursed apple dumplings—Mary,
A sticking just in here!

☞The peace men think the eagle should not be our national bird. They are for substituting an *owl.* But owls prey upon mice. How's that?

'Every dog must have his day.' In this country they have forty of them.

☞Some editors are boasting of the ugliness of the women that they wot of. There are three rather hard-featured ladies now residing in a village, in the State of New York, about five miles from Cabbage Place, in a small hamlet called Skunk's Paradise. One of them frightened a hail-storm so that it stopped, by just thrusting her head out of the window. A second, made an ox shed his horns by looking at [illegible] and the third made a roast pig squeal on the table. This is the same woman that a portrait-painter attempted to draw, but her face was so crooked that the paint would not lie still on the canvass. She once went to confession, and the priest declared she looked so much like the devil, he could not conscientiously pardon her sins.

Lady Editors.—When the ladies take up the quill, we find a dash of the strawberry thrown into the rough, cutting soda of editorship. Few lady editors there are, which is in keeping with nature's plan; for although many rough oyster shells are dragged from the deep, yet there are few pearls among them.

Amid the stormy, and not always discreet, war of words, we see the mild beams of the sun struggling through the tempest and dissipating these lowering clouds which are big with thunder and wind.

☞A cockney inquired why a louse was like a balloon. Nobody could tell. 'Because,' said he—'it goes into the *hair*'

Absence of Mind.—A late case is that of a man who intending to cry when his wife died, began to sing

'War's deadly blast is blown,
And gentle spring returning'—

He didn't perceive his mistake till he married a second wife.

Party.—The very spirit of party is adverse to truth and honesty. It is a continual struggle for certain advantages—for place, honors, and money. We hear tell of the integrity of this or that party leader, but it all amounts to nothing.—The wire-pullers yell and scream about the rights of the people, and then cheat the people before their eyes. Nor is this all—getting into the habit of practising favoritism and applauding their own party, right or wrong, all their actions are tinctured with the same character; and a thorough obliquity of mental vision renders then unworthy of confidence on any occasion.

☞When is a fashionable lady like an inexperienced printer? When she makes a great *bust* in correcting her form.

POETRY.

[From the Ladies' Companion.]

"LOVE WILL NOT STAY TO BE WEIGHED."

A SONG—BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

The maiden in doubt,
Said to love with a pout,
"I shall weigh you with Wealth, ere I take you!"
"Ah!" said Cupid, "take care!
Little Beauty, beware!
Lest Love should forever forsake you!"

She tossed back her curls,
Braided lightly with pearls,—
"So saucy, young sir! I defy you!"
Then in one scale she roll'd
Half a million of gold,
"Come hither, you rogue! let me try you!"

Love sighed and Love smiled,
Love's a very queer child;
"Come, come now! Jump in!" said the maid;
But she coaxed him in vain,
For he flew from her chain,
Singing—"Love will not stay to be weighed!"

Then since my heart's offer,
With Wealth's shining coffer,
You balance—remember, fair maid!
It were idle,—'twere naught,
It were not worth a thought,
The love that would stay to be weighed.

[From the Boston Daily Bee.]

THE REFUSAL.

BY CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

It was not in the banquet hall
In glittering suit arrayed,
When first she did my heart enthrall—
My own, my peerless maid!
Ah, no! we were alone together
Upon the sandy beach—
The timid sheep had sought the heather;
And hushed the night owl's screech.
The moonlit waters sported fair,
As I confessed devotion there.
She fondly gazed—said I, "be mine—
This jewel in my heart shall shine."
Quoth she—"good night!—do nothing rash!
You're pretty—but you've GOT NO CASH."

MISCELLANY.

THE HOLE IN MY POCKET.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and turned my purse inside out, but it was all space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it my dear; positively there must be a hole in my pocket!" "I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbens. "How did that ice cream set?" said Tom. "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there! really."

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who, like a dutiful helpmate, as she is, always gave me her loose change *to keep*, called for a twenty five cent piece, that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried, so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other;—but vacancy returned a horrid groan. "On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguey pocket is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater.

"Sure! ay, that I am, it's gone! totally gone." My wife dismissed her promise and then in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species, "husband," I was very loth to go home to tea: I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not think that Mrs. Slackwater is a tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty five cent piece, which I had invested, in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloon pockets.

Thus things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pockets looked worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate; as an Irish song says,

"And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'Moore,
As his purse had the more rents, he had the fewer."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan Asylum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," she said, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied "he can't afford it, he can just scrape any how, and in these times it a'n't right for him to do it."

My wife smiled in her sad way and took the paper to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I could go with her to see the Bowens, and as I had no objection we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about six hundred dollars a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of housekeeping. We were admitted by Ned and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been schoolmates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed some how or other, though we had no refreshments, an article which we never have at home but always want when elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied.

"But how can he, on six hundred dollars?" was my answer, "if he gives ten dollars to this charity and five dollars to that, and lives so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly, if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without twenty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to health, as it is not to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice cream, or apples at one hundred per cent on market price, or oranges, at twelve cents a piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used; in short my dear Mr. Slackwater, *he has no hole in his pocket.*"

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject; and it cut me to the quick. 'Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up—me and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening. [Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE RETORT.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Old Birch, who taught a village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Kitty sadly miss'd him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole and fondly kissed him!
The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
'Less freedom, ma'am!—Kate sighed and said,
'OH DEAR! I DIDN'T KNOW 'TWAS YOU!'

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible presented his face and said—"Now kiss me, madam!" He did'nt discover his mistake until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

To the Commodore and Fighting Captain of the Boston Despatch:

Sirs,—I suppose you can find storage in your snug little craft for a few notions of an old sailor that has been about forty years in the service, and that now, when he has got to be old and sea-worn finds his calling getting worse and worse.

In my young days it was considered that God made wind for the purpose of helping along our profession; because its of no other use that I can see, and that's proof enough it was made for vessels of all sizes and shapes. Therefore sails were invented ta catch the wind and carry the ship across the ocean to any part of the world. All we had to do was to turn our sails and see that the silk was according to the wind. When it piped a little we took in the light sails—and if it came on to blow a little we reefed down to it, and so on till we got her under bare poles. All this, you see, was a good healthy business and just the thing to make a man of a young fellow. It was nat'ral too, and I take it that what's natral is right—but now-a-days they've changed all that. They thought people were not drowned often enough by cold water, and they got up their big copper kettles and invents a way to make a vessel go by the steam of the boiling water. In my early days if you spoke to a lubberly fellow about being boiled in the cook's coppers, he thought it a very dreadful affair; but now the finest ladies and gentlemen think nothing of being scalded to death by dozens, like so many hogs: so that they go every where by steam, and among the other ports they are bound for, they go to heaven by steam. Able seamen that know their duty are not wanted now—only a fellow that can chuck in coal and pine wood into their fires, and roast himself till he is red as a rooster. This steam business has got to be so much the fashion, that an old salt like me hardly dares to look at a tea-kettle spout when its boiling. Now the wind that we used to employ for our packets, never cost anybody a farthing, because it comes by nature: but they are burning up so much coal and wood in their steamboats, all for nothing, that poor folks cant get enough of it to keep them warm in winter, and many an able seaman is lying on his oars for want of something to do.

Yours to sarve. BEN BLOCK.

Eloquent passage.—The light of the lamp was dying away in the socket: the midnight clock swung heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air: It was the hour when disembodied spirits walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf prowl for their prey. The lonely watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood on his pale brow—the door gently opened, and in came a strange cat.

If he is well dunned when he is dunned, it were well he were dunned quickly,' as the tailor said when he saw his customer stepping on board a car.

☞The Green Mountain girls are highly spoken of. Disconsolate bachelors of these parts would do well to get a girl from those diggings.

☞Nothing is greater proof of vulgarity than taking pains to conduct fashionably and remarking upon those who do not so.

☞A cotemporary says that 'duelling is a breach of the peace.' We think so, except both combatants are shot, in which case it conduces much to the *preservation of the peace.*

☞The dentist business is not so good as it was, owing to the fact that the people have very little use for teeth, in these hard times.

The Duel!

Picked up a short time ago in Wall street.

AIR.—"*We met.*"

WE met—'twas nearly dark,
And the loneliest of places:
My friend and *his* friend
Set us up at twelve paces.
We spoke—his words were few—
But he swore he'd not humble—
Ah me? how queer I felt!
I thought I should tumble!

I wore a large white hat—
And I rivall'd its whiteness!
And my old green silk cravat—
How I choked with its tightness!
I fired before my time—
Accidentally—*kinder*—
But I didn't, though I thought
I had given him a *blinder!*

And once again I fired,
Taking aim at his gullet;
But, oh! dear! his ball turned out,
Not exactly a *bull*-et.
I loaded yet once more,
For I thought I would frighten
My man; but I was wrong—
He's the devil for fightin'.

At last they "walked me off,"
And at the "Astor" he'll tell it;—
How, before the word was given
I let fly my lead pellet.
The *Press* may call me coward,
But henceforth I had rather
Not fight—*I'll get "sent up"*
Just for people's cursed *blather!*

A Broadway Melody!

FROM THE "GALLUS" BUTCHER, J. F. P.,
TO NANCE S—N!

You deem me gay because I sing,
And play on the guitar;
But if you knew just what a thing
Of misery I *are;*

You would not wonder that the tear
Unbidden oft will start,
Nor waste your hours, in vain to cheer
This joyless, broken heart.

You do not dream that when I dance—
And do the thing so neat—
My pumps—oh! pity me dear Nance!—
Are a pinchin' of my feet!

(But what is life?—A dream of pain,
I'm always in the dumps:)
I wont go to a ball again
Until I get new pumps.

But times are now so cursed hard,
Love! I can't raise the "tin;"
You can't [I havn't paid my board,]
Go with me to a ball *agin.*

☞Learning is only obtained by labor; it cannot be bought with money, otherwise the rich would uniformly be intelligent. Learning regards all men as equal, and bestows her treasures on those only who work for them.

☞If you wish a pig to go forwards, pull him backwards by the tail. For the same reason, when dealing with an obstinate person, persuade him to do just the reverse of what you want, and you will gain your end.

☞When Stella was extremely ill, her physician said to her. "Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavor to get you up again." She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get to the top.

☞*A Jack Tar's discription of a locomotive*—"There's nothing manly about the fabber, and it isn't like a ship at all. Bah! that there concern comes insinivating, sneaking along, crawling on his belly like a thundering long snake with a pipe in his mouth."

A GRAVE JOKE.—Some wags took a drunken fellow and placed him in a coffin with the lid slightly put on so that it might easily be raised and placed him in a graveyard. On waking in the morning he burst off the lid, sat bolt upright and after looking around, exclaimed, well *I'm the first that's riz!* or else I'm confoundedly belated.

Married, at Holmes' Hole, Charles A. Luce, Esq., to Miss Lydia C. Luce, both of Tisbury.—[N. Bedford Bulletin.

"Going it with a perfect *Luce*-ness," sure enough.—[Richmond Star.

No one will deny that the above is the Corporal's most *luce*-id pun.

DISRESPECTFUL CONDUCT.—A paper giving an account of two bulls, who broke into a school-room, says that they upset and broke benches, stools, and 'even the master's desk?' This is equal to the rain which wet 'many of our most respectable citizens.'

Taking things as they go, and receiving things as they come, may be set down as a very right philosophy.

THE TROUBLES OF COURTSHIP.

Sally Loveone lived with a family in the interior of this Thanksgiving State, where she was instructed in the mysteries of spinning and weaving, and the fabrication of pumpkin pies out of yellow potatoes; and in these desirable qualifications Sally was well initiated before the commencement of this story. Sally was a good girl, that is, she could lift a huge back log, and mend her own stockings; but she had two of the failings so universal in your sex, and against the indulgence of which, I intend at some future time to advise you. Sally never saw a riding whip so long as her tongue; and a riding whip never did so much execution among unruly children, as did this same ominous weapon. But in addition to her love of argument, Sally would—the sex are all alike, as has been proved upon my own person—Sally would fall in love; and, my faith, when she set about it, rock never sank deeper in water than Sally did in love, and said rock never made more splashing than did Sally's perpetual motion. I never heard her talk but once, and by the blessing of a good pair of heels, I will never again. A mutton chop which was broiling at the time, was absolutely covered with huge drops of perspiration, and the butter she had put upon it, positively stopped melting, in astonishment. For myself, I was skulking away but the wench laid both hands to my queue and held me fast till I fainted. How I got out of the house with unbroken bones, is a mystery to me, but when I recovered my senses, Sally was singing as if nothing had happened.

I have never passed by that house since, although I am aware that Sally has been married and has gone to live in the Western country; yet I cannot master my fears sufficiently to enter that kitchen. But to my story, which came from Sally's mistress. Happy woman! she was hard of hearing.

Sally Loveone tumbled into a puddle of tender passion merely through obstinacy;—and although she made many woful struggles, and threw about her limbs like a drowning person, she was only in up to her ancles, and might have walked out with the smallest exertion, if she had been inclined. But alas, she was not inclined, for she had stolen apples in her youth, and knew full well that sour grapes were better than sweet ones, if she only helped herself instead of being helped.

The plain truth is, her mistress wished to get up a match between Sally (her cook) and her son; but Sally was all brimstone, and the modest youth blushed like an alder berry, at the very thought. His love warmed his fond heart, as a willow switch did his back, in the days of erst; but although a bold youth, and a corporal, he dared not attack the citadel of Sally's affection without the aid of his notable mother.

One day when dinner was belated, and the old lady was singing one end of a goose, while Sally picked the pin feathers from the other, the matron broached the subject. She did it as she would have broached a barrel of cider, taking a little at first, to see if it was riley and mending her draught if the taste was agreeable.

'Sally,' said the lady, as she cut off one of the fowl's legs, 'you are a good girl, and'—

'Yes'm, I know I am. You might have searched the whole town over, and never came across a girl that could do half the work I can in a day. I swept'—

'Yes, Sally, you are'—

'I swept all the chambers, except that where your lazy son sleeps, who wasn't up before you had done breakfast this morning; I dusted all the chairs and the paper in the east room, darned a little patch on your husband's old great coat,'—

'Well, Sally, but my son'—

'And he promised me jean enough for a pair of stays, if I'd work so well another morning. I cleaned up the cellar, and put all the potatoes into one bin, and lifted both barrels of cider on to the old horse, after trying to get that lazy son of yours'—

'I should like to speak of that son. Elnathan's'—

'He's a plaguey dunce; he tried to kiss me the other day, but I guess he got a mouthful of dishcloth, and a little dirty water'—

'Will you let me speak,' asked the mother, who had barely opened her mouth. 'Elnathan is'—

'He's a Corporal, and mighty smart with that queer cockade, but I'll let him know that if I am hired'—

'Why, Sally,' said the old lady, stamping her foot, and at the same time catching up the goose's leg, as if to hurl it at her maid. 'Why, Sally,'—

'I'm sure you talk all the time,' said Sally, brandishing the whole goose, which she seized by the neck, as if she would baste her mistress; 'I'm sure nobody that had any spirit would stay here as long as I have. I never open my mouth without being snubbed'—

'Mercy on us!' ejaculated the old lady, turning on her heel, and leaving the field to the victorious damsel.

Sally proceeded forthwith to distend the defunct fowl with stuffing, and to arrange it for the roasting. But while in this peaceable employment she cooled down her wrath. 'I do as well as I can, and the old lady is always scolding. I get along well enough with her 'pa,' as she calls him, but she's always preaching about my long tongue. I'll let her know that when I am gone off, and married to my John, she won't get another girl to put up with all her whims, that's what she won't.' And so she roasted the goose.

Poor Sally, she was a smart girl, and she would have made a capital wife—for a deaf man; but any other must have been up to his arm pits in love to have taken her, with 'all her imperfections on her head.' She soon found out what the dame wished to say, and as she heartily despised corporal Elnathan, she set about counteracting any predeliction she might have for his family. She could conceive of no method so efficient as bringing a rival into the field, and therefore baited her hook for the village blacksmith. He had long sighed like his own bellows, for the love of Sally, but it was given out that Sally and the corporal were to be one flesh, and he had not courage to face all these difficulties. At the first nod of encouragement, however, he flew, like a spark from his own anvil, to her feet. From that time Elnathan's chance was small, and he knew it. But he thought to tire out the maiden, and work upon her affection, a little at a time, until he finished,—even as he ploughed one furrow after another until the whole was completed. He little knew the strength of the corporation he was besieging. He might have talked till this time, had he not been in bodily fear of Sally's dishcloth, without producing the least effect. His mother knew better, as she thought, and therefore, to cut the matter short, she prohibited the appearance of the fortunate blacksmith within the precincts of her kitchen corner. This was indeed a poser, and Sally, who had really some affection for him of the sledge-hammar, deeply felt it. She depended upon her old weapon, but her mistress saw fit to keep out of the kitchen; she consulted her husband, but he never meddled with his wife's affairs: she threw away Elnathan's cockade, but the price was deducted from her wages; she lost the dish-cloth, and finally went slip-shod from very grief, but the old lady was not not to be moved. It was the first time she had ever found a way to tame the unruly damsel, and she was disposed to punish for some of the old sins.—Sally soliloquized, for want of a companion, but although she could convince herself, her mistress would not admit the blacksmith.

I feel great yearning to insert here an essay upon love, but am admonished by the length of this true legend to forbear. I shall however, before I leave this world of whiskey punch and oysters, declaim and write upon its marvellous operations upon my own person, which hath been ground down like a carving-knife, by the resistless little god.

The blacksmith and Sally had some secret interviews, and almost concluded to decamp: it was, however, thought best to leave that as the last step, and try talking once again.—The old woman was deafer than ever, and Sally came very near accepting Elnathan, just for the pleasure of tormenting him, or, as she phrased it, talking to him. But in those moments, when her passions got the better of her love, the shade of the blacksmith came over her heart, even as she was girded with her own checkered apron, tied with tape, which he gave her.

'O!' sighed she when burning coffee one evening, 'I wonder if some folks didn't love courting, 'I wonder if some folks didn't love courtning in their younger days,' and as she sighed again, the big tears rolled down her cheeks, and the water in the teakettle boiled over.—'Ah,' sighed the hapless Sally, as she swept up the hearth.

Not long after the last mentioned sigh, while Sally had her arms up to the elbows in the flour and water which she was kneading, corporal Elnathan mustered up courage to advocate his suit in person. He sighed, and Sally kneaded more furiously, and as he sighsighed again, she turned in a little more yeast.

'My dear Sally,' said he.

'I don't want none of your dears; I wish you'd keep 'long side of your mother's apron string in the parlor, and let me alone; for I'll never marry you, if I live and die an old maid, I'll grow cross every day I live; boo hoo, hoo, hoo,' answered Sally, bursting into tears.

'Now don't cry, Sally, and I'll give you back the money mother took for my cockade: what don't you like in me, I should like to know?' said the amiable youth.

'You and your stingy mother may keep the money, I shan't want it when I am married. 'I wish you'd keep out of the kitchen. Your mother says the kitchen isn't the place for men and there was a better one here than ever you'll be.'

'But you know mother never could like the blacksmith, he's so big and makes such a pounding when she has the headache; it troubles her nerves.'

'You'd better talk about her nerves; she han't got any nerves, or she wouldn't make me grieve so. But I'll be even with you yet. I'll run away next.'

'Oh, Sally, you would'nt do any such a thing.'

'But I will though, and then we'll see who's who.'

'I'll tell you what, Sally, if you run away I'll tell mother, and I'll—

'You'll what? I guess you'd better keep out of the way of somebody's sledge-hammer, if you know what's good I should like to see you get a good lickin.'

The corporal pricked up his ears, his courage, and his shirt collar; 'I'd have you to know, Miss Sally, that I'm a man,'—

'A very little, weak, puny, good for nothing one, that can't hardly lift an ox-yoke.'

'I can defend my country, when it's war, and I shall see that no one insults me. As for this fellow, this blacksmith, he's beneath my notice.'

'By gracious, Elnathan, I'll have you banged for that. If my hands waren't in this bread-troth, I'd kill you with my slipper, as easy as I would that cockroach on the hearth.'

Elnathan moved to the other side of the hearth, either to avoid the cockroach, of which animal he had a mortal dread, or to be farther from the incensed Sally, whose eyes began to flash, and her tears to dry, as she warmed in the dispute

'I don't see what you've got against me;'—said the desponding youth. 'I might make a better match.'

'Go and make it then, and keep out of the kitchen. I hate you worse than a rat.'

'I'm a very good looking man,'—

'You're as thin as the old mare that shows every rib, and as weak and cowardly as a chicken.'

'I sing pretty well, and I talk very good sense.'

'So did Balam's ass.'

The youth was silent for she grew tarter than a cranbery pie—the silence was unbroken for some moments, except by the sound of Elnathan's knife as he shut it up after cutting a chip into small pieces, and by Sally who added both flour and water to the ingredients of her bread trough, and worked away with great industry. The corporal began again;

'A——h! Will you let me court you?'

'N—o! I wont have any thing to do with you; clear out.' But Elnathan grew more valorous, as he saw she had neither hand at liberty, and nothing to throw at him.

'Now—dear Sally—wont you'—

'Begone,' replied Sally, waxing wroth, and looking about as if for her dish-cloth.

'Come, come,' said the youth soothingly, and walking round behind her, 'let us be friends, and let this kiss,'—

The kiss if it ever departed from Elnathan never reached Sally; for at the mention, and before he could dodge the blow, the maiden seized him by his waistband and hair, and with the strength of Glumdalca, put him, head downwards, into her bread trough.—How he ever got out I don't know, but Sally Loveone and John Horseshoe were married that day four weeks.

Moral.

It is dangerous for little men to court large women, especially when making bread—a natural deduction from the above detailed facts.

THE PHANTOM.

The occurrence I am about to relate to you I had of an old lady, a fitting person, no doubt, and though she really wore the black silk gown, small haunch hoop, and tripple ruffles, which form the apparel most proper to her class; yet, I must do her the justice to say, that in wit, spirit, sense and intelligence, she greatly exceeded various individuals who have been known to me, although their backs were clothed with purple and military uniforms, and their heads ornamented with cocked hats, or three-tailed periwigs.

I feel not the slightest doubt but that she related the affair to me in precisely the same words made use of by the principal party concerned—Whether it is to be believed to its utmost extent and taken for a supernatural vision, she could not pretend to determine; but she strongly stated her conviction that the lady to whom the occurrence happened was a woman not easily to be imposed upon by her imagination, however excited, and that the whole tenor of her character, as well as the course of her life, exempted her from the slightest suspicion of an attempt to impose upon others.

Now, without giving you any further preface or any effort at ornament or decoration, I will at once proceed to my relation. The lady's name is well known to me, but I suppress it out of respect to the surviving relations of the actor, who are well known and highly respected.

A lady, the wife of a gentleman of good property, on the borders of Argyleshire, England, was left a widow, about the middle of the last century she was left in charge, and had the management of an embarrassed estate, and the care of the only son.

This young gentleman grew up, and when he came to that period when it became advisable that he should be placed in the world in some active line, the natural inclinations of the youth were like those of most other youths of the time, they ran in favor of the army, which his mother did anything but approve of. Seeing her desolate condition, and this acting upon her mind pictured the sorrows of war in such characters as her imagination, that it grieved her much. A circumstance occurred at this time, which induced her to grant her permission for her son's embracing the profession he wished, and this she did with less reluctance than would have been supposed.

A Highland gentleman named Mackay, who was nearly related to Mrs. Campbell, about this period obtained the command of one of the independent companies levied for protecting the peace of the Highlands, and to prevent the youth of the wilder and more lawless clans from engaging in those marauding parties in which they still occasionally exercised themselves.

These companies, it is well known, were called Sidierdhu, that is, black soldiers, to distinguish them from Sidier-roy, or red soldiers of the regular army, and hence, when they were embodied into a marching regiment (the well-known 42d second,) the corps long retained, and still retain the title of Black Watch.

At the period of our story the independent companies retained their original occupation, and were generally considered as only liable to duty in their native country. Each of the corps consisted of about three hundred men, all the Highland arms and dress, and commanded by such gentlemen as the Brunswick government imagined they could put confidence in.

were understood to engage only to serve in the Highlands, and nowhere else, and were looked upon rather as volunteers than regular soldiers

A service of this slight nature, and which appeared to expose them to little, if any danger, and which was to be exerted in their native country alone, was well calculated to obviate any scruples that the tender mother might feel in regard to her son who was about to enter the perilous scene that the army offers to men when in actual service.

In addition, she had the highest veneration for her kinsman, and the greatest confidence in his kindness and judgment; indeed, at the time he received him as a cadet into his independant company, he solemnly assured her that he would watch over and protect him as if he were his own son, and would prevent his exposing himself to any unnecessary danger until he should have arrived at an age and experience necessary for his own guidance.

Mrs. Campbell was thus greatly relieved in her mind. When she had done all this, as she considered, and secured the safety of her son, she became reconciled to his departure with this kind officer. It was settled that he should join the company at a particular time, and the interval was spent in getting all the necessary paraphernalia in readiness for his departure.

These necessary arrangements had nearly been made, when Mrs. Campbell heard the melancholy intelligence that her kind-hearted cousin had fallen; it not only filled her with grief on his account, but it revived all her womanish fears that he had so effectually and kindly lulled to sleep

A body of Katerans or freebooters, belonging to the country of Lochiel, had made a descent upon a district of Argyleshire, and driven away a considerable creagh, or spoil of cattle.

Captain Mackey, with such of his independent company as he could collect upon so sudden an alarm, set off in pursuit of the depredators, and after a fatiguing march, came up with them. A sligh skirmish took place, in the course of which the cattle were recovered, but not before the unfortunate gentleman had received a severe wound.

It was not immediately, perhaps not necessarily mortal; but was rendered so by want of shelter and surgical assistance, and the same account of the fray brought also the news to Mrs. Campbell of the death of her kinsman.

To the grief for his loss that she felt, she had to add the agonizing reflections that if her son pursued the same profession, he would be exposed to the like accidents, or, at least, he would not have the kindly and affectionate assistance and guidance that he would have received from the captain, had he been alive.

And the very event which was otherwise attended with so much grief and perplexity, served at the same time to shew that the services of the independent companies, however limited in extent, did not exempt those engaged in it from mortal peril. At the same time there were many reasons for not retracing her steps, or altering the plan in which so much progress had been made, and she felt on the one hand as if she sacrificed her son's life by letting him go; and on the other, that his honor or spirit might be called in question by her obliging him to renounce the situation.

These contending emotions threw her a widow, with no one to advise her, the mother of an only son, whose fate depended on her resolving wisely, in an agony of mind, which many will consider a sufficient account of the following extraordinary fate.

I need not remind those who have visited Edinburgh, that in ancient times their forefathers lived as they do still in Paris, in flats, to which you have access by a common staircase.

The apartments of Mrs. Campbell were immediately above those of a family she knew, and she was in the habit of drinking tea with them every evening. It was duskish, and she began to think that her agitation of mind had detained her beyond the hour at which she should have joined her friends, when, opening the door of her little parlor to leave her own lodging, she saw standing directly opposite to her in the passage, the exact resemblance of Captain Mackey in his complete Highland dress, with belted plaid, dirk, pistols, and broad sword.

Greatly terrified at this vision, she started back, and shut the room door, and tottered to a seat, and endeavored to convince herself that it was merely a creation of her disturbed faculties. She, being of a strong mind, in a great measure succeeded in inducing herself to take this view of the case, but she could not bring herself again to open the door, which seemed to shut out the image of the deceased officer, until she heard the tap underneath the floor, the signal her friends used to gve her that the tea was ready.

On this she took courage, and walked to the door of the apartment and flung it open, and again the spectre appeared full before her. He held his hand, stretched out, not in a menacing manner, but as if to prevent her passing him. This was more than she could endure; she fainted, and fell on the floor with violence, and the noise of her fall alarmed her neighbors below.

They ran up stairs, and entered her room. She was still lying on the floor, in strong hysterics, but they saw nothing of import on the stairs. It was some time ere they succeeded in bringing her to her senses; but when she did come to, she carefully concealed the cause of her sudden indisposition.

Her friends, naturally enough, imputed it to the late distressing intelligence of her relative's death, and remained with her to a late hour. The time for retiring for the night had now arrived, and there was a necessity (and she felt it was an alarming one) that she should go to her solitary apartment.

She had scarce sat down the light which she held in her hand, and was in the act of composing her mind in addressing the Deity for protection during the perils of the night, when, turning her head, the vision she had seen in the passage was standing in her apartment. On this occasion she, with a desperate effort, summoned up her courage, and addressed him by his name, and required him, in the name of Heaven, to tell her why he haunted her.

The apparition instantly answered with a voice and manner in no respect differing from those which were natural to him when alive.

'Kinswoman, why did you not speak sooner? I come but for your good; your grief disturbs me in my grave; and it is by the permission of the Father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow, that I come to tell you not to be disheartened by my fate, but to pursue the line which, by my advice, you adopted for your son.'

'He will find a protector more efficient and as kind as I would have been: he will rise high in the military profession, and live to close your eyes.'

When it had uttered these words, the spectre of Captain Mackey vanished from her sight

She was quite positive about being awake and sensible through her eyes and ears of the presence of the apparition, and she declared herself perfectly convinced.

She said, when minutely questioned by the lady who told me the story, that his general appearance differed in no respect from what he presented when in full life and health; but on the last occasion, while she fixed her eyes on the spectre in terror and anxiety, yet with a curiosity that argued her somewhat familiar with his presence, she observed a spot or two of blood on his breast, ruffle and band, which he seemed to conceal with his hand, when he observed her looking at him.

He changed his attitude more than once, but slightly, and without altering his general position.

The fate of the young gentleman in after life seemed to correspond with the prediction. He entered the army and rose to considerable rank, and died in peace and honor long after he had closed the eyes of the good old lady who had determined or at least professed to have determined, his destination in life upon this marvellous suggestion.

The parties connected with the above story are —that is, the actual parties engaged—are dead; but there are those living who have received the relation from the lips of the lady herself, who was a worthy and shrewd woman, possessing much worldly sense, and those who knew her believed her incapable of fabrication. The nature of this singular spectre I must leave my readers to judge for themselves.

'NATURE WILL BE NATURE STILL.'

A TRUE TALE.

Marian was an only daughter, and was bred up under the auspices of Caroline, a lady equally distinguished by her piety as a christian, and her affection as a parent. The temper anc genius of the daughter was naturally susceptible. The offices and duties of religion had habitually inspired her with such a zealous and fervent devotion, that she seemed to have no happiness that did not flow from those exercises and attentions which religion required.

Her knowledge of books was little, and of human nature less. She had notwithstanding conceived an infinite contempt for that world to which she was utterly a stranger, and concluded that to enter into the interests and engagements of society would be a voluntary sacrifice to vice and folly.

Marian was, in natural good sense, beauty, and sweetness of disposition, equalled by few women of her time. These qualities engaged the affections of Eugene, a gentleman whose genius and penetration gave him a kind of intutive knowledge of the human heart.

He concluded that every attempt to introduce Marian into the world, or to establish the social life in her good opinion, would be in vain. He knew that it would be fruitless to argue with her on the pleasures she had never experienced, or the miseries she had never known. He therefore did not expatiate either on the advantages of society, or the inconveniences of solitude, for such had been the condition of Marian's life that as yet she was in a great measure a stranger to both.

Upon the death of her parents, which happened before she attained her twenty-fifth year, her fortune and manner of life were at her own disposal. She now determined to put into execution a scheme she had long meditated. It was to retire, but not to a convent. A spirit of liberty had always saved her from that sacrifice, however, industriously solicited by the emissaries of the church, or encouraged by relations.

She was possessed of an estate situated in a very retired part of Champeigne, and there it was that she had determined to live sequestered from the world, with no other society than an aged confessor, and necessary domestics—of the last she made a very few, and those females, sufficient.

At this crisis it might have been expected that Eugene would have used his utmost address to dissuade her from her purpose—by no means.—On the contrary, he encouraged her resolution, and applauded the piety of her purpose, and expatiated on the happiness of a solitary sanctity. He assumed not the least of the lover's character, but that of the religious friend.

By this means he gained one point which he had used all his industry, all his art to obtain—he had obtained Marian's permission to pay her a visit at the end of three months after her retirement, a favor which was allowed to none besides, either of her friends or acquaintances, and which Eugene herself, though through the mediation of religion, had scarcely address sufficient to obtain the boon.

Marian retired—she approached the confines of her estate, and paid a kind of idolatrous worship to the groves that surrounded the habitation.

'Hail!' she cried, 'ye innocent and happy foresters. Ye shall at once be the witness and the guardian of my repose. Enjoy your vegetable existence, secure from the cruelties and ravages of men. I have fled from the evils of society to enjoy peace and innocence with you, my undesigning friends, my blameless companions. Often shall I associate with you, and repose under the kind protection of your shade.'

With the same kind of enthusiastic pleasure she walked through the several apartments of her house, consecrating each with a kind of petitionary ejaculation.

For the first week of her retirement she found sufficient employment in the economy of her family, and the distribution of their several offices to her domestics. The second she devoted to religious exercises and the raptures of devotion.

But whatever is rapturous cannot last long.—Those exercises that raise the mind above the usual pitch, if too frequently or too long indulged, will at length totally destroy it, or deprive it of that sobriety which is necessary for the preservation of its due poise.

Nature seems in kindness to have guarded us against the inconveniences that might arise from hence, by shortening the influence of joy, by inclining us to variety, and by giving the property of either indifference or disgust to every object that has been too long or too assiduously pursued, with whatever avidity it might have been embraced at first.

The little society to which Marian had been accustomed hitherto was a necessary relief from the assiduities of religious studies and exercises, and, far from being any prejudice, was in reality favorable to the interests of religion. It was certain, however, that she was of a different opinion upon her first seclusion from the world, but many weeks had not passed before she felt the inconvenience of her mistake, if she were unwilling to perceive the mistake itself.

The exercises of devotion by being too frequently repeated, became languid and unaffecting. Her mind having been accustomed to communication, sunk under the weight of its own sentiments, and every succeeding day approached less welcome and more feared than the former.

In this dissatisfied and dejected state she recollected the appointment of Eugene's visit—with joy she recollected it, and remembered, with a blush, the difficulties she had started against it.

'How,' said she, 'shall I conceive the pleasure which I cannot but feel at the sight of Eugene? If I express my real sentiments, he will have reason to think his presence of some consequence to my happiness, and if I receive his visits with indifference equal to that with which I received his proposal of it, I shall do violence to that candor and sincerity of heart which cannot bear even the shadow of dissimulation. In the former case I should appear a weak and unsteady creature to Eugene: in the latter I should become insupportable to myself'

While she was thus meditating in which manner she should receive her friend, the time appointed for his visit was at hand, but Eugene did not appear. Master of every key to the human heart, he knew that by delaying his visit to Marian he gave it the appearance of uncertainty, that uncertainty would probably create an anxiety on her part which might not be unfavorable to his design.

This had the desired effect: day after day passed away in the same solitary languor, and Marian concluded that the many objections she had made to Eugene's visit had determined him at last to think no more of it. This reflection made her miserable, and now she wished for nothing so ardently as that the presence of her friend would prove these apprehensions vain.

At length he came. A tear fell from the eye of Marian when she received him, he observed it, and knew he had nothing more to do than to reconcile her to herself, and enable her to acknowled her mistake without shame or confusion.

'I hope, madam,' said he, 'that a life of solitude has been more comfortable to you than it has been to me.'

'How!' cried Marian, 'has Eugene been a solitair?'

'Such, madam, have I ever been since I lost the happiness of your conversation. It was my ambition to imitate you. Shall you,' said he, 'a woman, have fortitude to forsake the world and retire to solitude, and shall I not profit by the example of that virtue I cannot but praise? But alas, madam, shall I confess to you ——'

'What would Eugene confess? Either the miseries and inconveniences of absolute solitude must be very great, or I must have an uncommon and disgraceful weakness of mind for thinking myself devoted'

'I have not spent it in happiness, but in languor and discontent,' replied Eugene.

Marian shed another tear.

'How kind,' said Eugene, 'thus to pity the unhappiness of your friend!'

'I cannot,' replied Marian, 'accept of compliments I do not deserve. The tear you observed has something selfish in it. Eugene can have no uneasiness that is not the weakness of human nature, and could it be any satisfaction to know that his friend has been as miserable as himself, his own confession might countenance mine.'

It would be needless to say that Marian and Eugene soon after united their fates.

A Grave Joke.—Some wags took a drunken fellow and placed him in a coffin with the lid slightly put on so that it might easily be raised, and placed him in a graveyard. On waking in the morning he burst off the lid, sat bolt upright, and after looking around, exclaimed, *well I'm the first one that's riz!* or else *I'm confoundedly belated!*

Sentimentalism.

She spoke of hearts, of darts and doves,
Of music and moonlight,
Of Moore, his "angels," and their "loves"—
Of first affection's blight.

The soul's refinement in her eye
Beamed out, when I said, stopping,
"Lavina, dear, I just descry,
A large HOLE IN YOUR STOCKING!"

CAROLINE CROCHARD.

A TALE OF PRIVATE LIFE.

I.

Caroline Crochard seemed to have been born for love and gayety. Love had painted two perfect arches over her half closed eyelids, and had endowed her with so thick a forest of chesnutt locks, that under her ample tresses she could have concealed herself as seeurely as under a tent, impenetrable to a lover's gaze. The gayety of her soul was apparent by the constant agitation of her restless nostrils, and in the dimples of her fresh and laughing cheeks; a gayety which made her forget every care, and which, like hope, threw a ray of sunshine over the arid desert of her life, and made her view, without apprehension, its unpromising perspective.

The young girl's graceful head was always arrayed with a marvellous and elegant simplicity. According to the custom of the Parisian seamstresses, her toilet was complete when she had carelessly arranged her tresses, and twisted into two bows the dark brown locks which crowned each temple, and by which the pure whiteness of her complexion was enhanced.

II.

The stranger, who every morning and evening, passed by the window where Caroline was constantly at work, appeared to be about thirty-ffve years old.—He was tall, sleaderly-formed, pale; was always dressed in black, and walked with a steady, stately step. On his austere and sad features, Caroline discovered the traces of long and patient suffering of heart. His early wrinkled brow, his slightly hollowed cheek, bore the signet which sorrow imprints upon its offspring, as if to leave them the consolations of recognizing each other by a fraiernal resemblance, and of uniting together to bear up against its influence. If, at first, the gaze ot the young girl was animated by an innocent curiosity, it assumed, by degrees, a sweet expression of sympathy and of pity, as the stranger receded daily from her sight, like the last frrend who closes the mournful procession of a funeral.

III.

One evening during the inclement wiuter of 1816, the stranger passed by Caroline's residence at midnight, and heard the grumbling tones of the poor girl's mother, intermixed with the sobs of her daughter, busily employed as she was in embroidering some roses sn a splendid muslin dress. He slackened his pace, and, at the risk of being taken for a robber, crept close to the window, and closely scrutinized both mother and daughter throvgh the crevices of the shutters. A sealed strip of parchment was upon the table between them, which he guessed to be a summons; and the lamentations of the mother, and the melancholy, yet caressing consolations of Caroline, confirmed him in his thoughts.

"Why do you vex yourself so, my dear mother?—Our landlord cannot possibly sell our furniture, or attempt to turn us out of doors before I have finished this dress. In two days I shall carry it home to Madame Chignard."

"And if, as usual, she makes you wait for payment? But, in any case, will it pay the baker too?"

The stranger who witnessed the scene, was accustomed to read the emotions of the heart upon the features, and he distinguished as much ill-nature and rancour in the old woman, as truth in the quiet sorrow of the girl. He disappeared silently and swiftly, and returned before half an hour had elapsed.

When he looked again through the crevice, Caroline was alone, her mother having retired. The indefatigable girl was leaning over her work, and her slender fingers were moving to and fro with inconceivable rapidity. On the table, by the side of the summons, was a plate with a slice of bread for her nourishment during the night, which she was to employ in her task.

The stranger was agitated with tenderness and sadness. He held in his hand a silk purse, which contained twenty golden Napoleons. He drew aside the shutter, and flung it through the paper pane of the window, so that it should fall at the girl's feet; and without stopping to notice her surprise, he fled away with beating heart, and with crimsoned cheeks.

The next morning, the sad and taciturn stranger passed on his usual way, affecting an abstracted and pre-occupied demeanor; but he could not escape the recompense which awaited him. Tears were rolling down Caroline's cheeks, as she pretended to be employed in removing the snow from the window-sill, a palpable and ingenious pretext, which sufficiently indicated to the stranger that she did not desire tha he should again see her only through the windows.

She bowed to her lofty and silent protector in a manner that seemed to say, "I can only repay you with my heart."

He affected not to understand this mute acknowledgment of a true and heartfelt gratitude. On his return in the evening, Caroline was employed in repasting a sheet of paper on the broken sash. She smiled upon him with the smile of an angel, and in so doing showed, as a promise and a pledge, the whits enamel of her snowy and lustrous teeth.

IV.

In newly built houses in Paris, there are apartments which seem expressly desinned for recently married people to spend their honeymoon. The paintings and papering are as fresh as the enamoured couple, and the decorations and their love are in their first blossom. All is harmony with young desire, and the purple light of love.

In one of these mansions of the Rue du Helder was a suite of rooms which had been occupied for about a month by a young female. She had found everything furnished and arranged for her by one of those modern upholsterers, whose genius, taste, and tact entitle them to the appellation of artists.

A succinct description of one chamber will suffice to afford an idea of the wonders of elegance and refinement which this charming and mysterious spot presented to its new mistress on her installation there. The walls were hung with hangings of dove-colored satin, relieved by figures of green silk. The furniture was covered with sky-blue cassimere, and was fashioned in the lightest and most graceful forms which the latest caprice of the mode had devised.—A wardrobe of rosewood, exquisitely polished, contained the treasures of her dress; and a writing-table, of a similar material, was furnished with every accessory for tender correspondence. The bed, with its drapery disposed after the antique fashion, inspired an idea of voluptuous ease, by the graceful and seducing folds of its skilfully arranged muslins.—Curtains of gray silk, with green fringes, hung down across the wiudows, to intercept the glare of light, and admit only a softened shade into the room. The clock on the marble mantelpiece represented Love crowning Psyche, and a thick carpet, with gothic figures upon a crimson ground, brought into bolder relief all the accessories of this chamber of delight. Opposite a glorious marble statute of Psyche was a dressing table, at which was seated a young lady, who was impatient at the slow progress of her *coiffeur*.

"Do you really intend to finish dressing my hair to-day?" inquired she.

"I should have done so long ago, madame, only your hair is so long and so thick!" replied the celebrated *Plaisir*.

The lovely girl could not help smiling. The flattering excuse of the artist, no doubt, awakened in her heart the recollection of her beloved's admiration of the beautiful tresses which he idolized.

The door of the room was opened, and a gentleman hurried in, seized the lovely creature in his arms, and clasped her to his heart, with that effusion of tenderness which always accompanies the meeting of two persons who love each other passionately, and see each other but seldom. He led her, or rather they walked by one impulse, although entwined in each other's arms, toward that bridal and balmy apartment. An ottoman before the fire received the fond pair, and they gazed upon each other in silence, while the warm pressure of their hands expressed the rapture of their meeting; and the fervid feelings of their hearts were communicated by the speechless intensity of their mutual gaze.

"Yes," she said, "it is him! It is my Eugene Do you know, sir, that it is two days since I saw you; two entire days? Two centuries rather! But what is the matter? Something has vexed you."

"My poor Caroline."

"Oh! is that all? your poor Caroline."

"Do not smile, for we cannot go to the opera this evening."

Caroline pouted her rosy lip for an instant, but she quickly recovered her serenity. Her face became radiant, and she said—

"How very silly I am! How could I think of any other spectacle when I have you to gaze upon! What dearer pleasure can I enjoy than to look upon him! love?" And she amused herself with passing her taper and caressing fingers through the dark and perfumed locks of her Eugene.

"I am obliged to attend the head of our department about an affair of moment. He met me at the palace, and engaged me to dine with him; but you, my darling, can go to the opera with your mother, and if the conference does not delay me, I will join you there, and escort you home."

"Go to the opera without you!" she ejaculated with astonishment. "Partake of a pleasure in which you don't share! Oh, Eugene, you do not deserve this kiss!" added she, clinging to his neck with an artless and tender emotion.

"You must not detain me, silly one. I am compelled to go!"

"Cruel!"

"Caroline! I must dress to attend the minister. It is some distance from here to the department, and the business—"

"Take care what you say," interrupted Caroline; "my mother has told me that when gentlemen begin to talk about business they have already commenced to tire of us. But never mind, my good Eugene, I will spend the evening in working, and while I amuse myself with my embroidery, I will dream over again these former days, when you passed by my window without speaking, but not without glancing at me.—Those happy days, when the thought of your kind looks kept me sleepless all night. 'You do not know,' ske added, seating herself on the knees of the stranger, who, overcome by irresistible emotion, had sank into a chair. 'Listen to me—what I earn by my embroidery I will give to the poor, for you have made me so rich! Oh, how I love that beautiful little estate of Bellefeuille! not so much on its own account, as that it is your present! Listen,' she said again—I can sing my sonata like an angel.' And while her, fingers ran over the wiry keys, she felt herself caught by her waist, and clasped to her loved one's breast.

"Caroline, I ought to be far away by this time!"

"You wish to be away; very well, go; for what you wish is my wish too." She said this poutingly, but as she looked at the clock, she smiled and cried—"At all eventf, I have detained you a quarter of an hour longer!"

V.

Five years after the installation of Mademoiselle Caroline de Bellefeuille in the pretty mansion of the Rue du Helder, there took place another of those domestic scenes which tighten so closely the bonds of affection which unite those who love.

In the centre of a saloon richly furnished with blue hangings, and which opened on a balcony, a boy, about four years and a half old, was shouting and lashing his rocking-horse, which did not go fast enough to the taste of the young cavalier. His beautiful face, whose blond ringlets fell in a thousand curls upon his embroidered collar, smiled with an angel's look upon his mother, when from her arm-chair she whispered to him—"Not so loud, Charles! or you will wake your little sister!"

Caroline was at this time about twenty-four years old. A happiness unclouded, and an uninterrupted scene of pleasures had developed all her beauty, and she was in the fuil perfection of female loveliness.—The slightest wish of her Eugene had been a law to her, and she had succeeded in acquiring all the accomplishments in which she was deficient. She played and sang divinely. Unacquainted with the usages of a society which she had always shunned, mindful of the axiom which says—"a happy woman will not mix with the world"—she had not acquired that empty polish, nor caught that tone of fashionable talk, so full of words and destitute of thoughts and feeling, so much prized in good society.

During these six years of happiness and transport her moderate wishes had never, by any misplaced ambition, wearied the heart of Eugene, that real treasure of kindness. She had never sighed for a costly diamond, or an extravagant dress. She had decliued the twenty times repeated offer of a carriage—and to wait upon the balcony for Eugene's arrival, to go with him to the opera, or to ramble about the environs of paris in lovely weather—to look for him when absent, to bask in the sunshine of his presence, and to begin again to look for his return when he departed—these were the eras of her whole life, which, though destitute of events, was full of love.

Caroline, on this occasion, arranhed the fair damask linen which was to serve for the repast at which Eugene was expected; she saw that the dessert was in order, and when, with overflowing heart, she had seen that nothing was wanting that might conduce to his comfort, she placed her infant in its cradle, and stepped out upon the balcony to look for Eugene's arrival.

She did not wait long before she discerned the well-known cabriolet. Eugeae hastened into the saloon, and when the first burst of his Caroline's and the little fellow's caresses had subsided, he went to the cradle, contemplated the slumber of his daughter. and kissed her smooth brow. Then drawing from his pocket a long slip of paper, covered with lines of figures—

"Caroline, here is a portion for that little beauty."

Madame de Bellefeuille took the acknowledgment of her daughter's fortune, which was an inscription in the public funds in her name.

Caroline was fresh and fair as a newly-opened lily; her tresses falling around her neck in thousands of chestnut curls, surrounded her head as if with a dark mass of foliage, and the attempered softness of the light from the lamp, brought out all her graces in strong relief, multiplying upon her, around her, and throwing on her vestments and those of her infant's, those picturesque effects produced by the combinations of light and shade. The mother's calm and tranquil visage seemed infinitely gentler than ever to Eugene, who gazed with tenderness upon those soft and vermillion lips, on which the accents of discontent had never murmured. The same thought shone in Caroline's eyes, who furtively scrutinized Eugene's features, either to enjoy the effect which she produced upon him, or to guess at the future which would succeed these evenings of love.

Her companion discerned the innocent coquetry of that sly and exquisite glance, for he observed, with counterfeit sadness—

"I must go now, I have an important matter to decide upon, and I am waited for even now. Duty before everything else, my dearest."

Caroline looked at him with an air both of sorrow and sweetness, but with that resignation which shows that the amount of the sacrifice is felt while it is submitted to.

"Adieu!" she said—"go now, go at once—for if you stay an hour longer, I shall never be able to part with you."

"My angel," he smilingly replied, "I have three days' leave of absence, and at this moment I am supposed to be twenty leagues from Paris."

The scene of domestic happiness was complete.

IV.

In the first week of December, 1829, a gentleman, whose snowy locks announced that he was more oppressed by sorrows than by years, for he scarcely seemed more than fifty, was passing at midnight along the Rue de Gaillon.

He stopped before a house of very humble appearance and gazed fixedly at one of the garret windows, the paper panes of which were scarcely transparent by the feeble glimmer of light within. The passenger looked at the wavering and sickly flame with an indefinable feeling of curiosity and interest, when a young man came out hurriedly:

"Ah, Monsieur le Count," said the young man, with surprisc, "is that you—alone—afoot—and at this hour so far from the Sue St. Lazare? Allow me the honor of offering you my arm. The pavement is so slippery this evening, or rather this morning, that—if we do not support each other," said he, as if to spare the self-love of the old nobleman, "we shall find it difficult to escape a fall...."

"But, my dear sir," said the Count de Grandville, "I am, unhappily, only fifty; and a physician of your reputation ought to know that at that age a man is in the vigor of life."

"In that case, you must be engaged in some intrigue, for it is not your custom, I believe, to move about Paris afoot. If I had such a magnificent equipage as you—and I have no doubt that you have a large sum of money about your person! Are you not aware," said the physician, "that it is an invitation for thedagger of the prowling robber!"

"They re my slightest apprehensions," replied the count, with a sad and indifferent tone. But you have caught me acting the part of a spy. At whatever part of the day or night I pass this house, on foot or in my carriage, for some time past, I have never failed to observe the shadow of a person at that garret window, who appears to labor with a most heroic and persevering courage." At these words the count paused, as if he was struck with a sudden pang; but he instantly added, "do you know I take as much interest in that garden, as a citizen of Paris takes in the completion of the Palais Royal?"

"Ah!" said the young man, eagerly, "I am enabled to inform you that—"

"Do not interrupt me," said the count hastily interrnpting the young physician. "I would not give a cent to know whether the shadow that glances through yon shattered curtain is that of a male or a female, or whether the inhabitant of that garret is contented or miserable! If I was surprised to perceive that no one was at work this evening, and if I stopped to look, it was only to please myself in forming those hundred trifling conjectures which make the business of an idle and unoccupied fancy. For the last few years, I have ceased to wonder that old men take such pleasure in cultivating flowers, and planting trees; the events of their lives have taught them to put no rust in human affections; and, for some little time past, I, too, have become old—and, with the like feelinrs, I would not allow myself to beeome attached to anything but to animals that cannot reason, to plants and flowers, in fact, to the external world; and I only love to gaze upon the surface of things, without exposing myself to the disappointment and misery of examining too closely. The motions of Taglioni are of more consequence to me now than any human sentiment. I am tired of a world where I am alone! Nothing," added the count, with an expression which made his companion shudder, "can agitate or interest me further!"

"But you have children!"

"Children!" rejoined he with a bitter accent.—"Yes—my daughters are all well married. They have their household matters to attend to, and the son-in-law supplants the father! As to my sons, they are distinguished in the world, and the oldest is even now at the head of the law; but they have their affairs, their cares, and their inquietudes, and they, too, know how to calculate—at this moment they are anticipating my fortune."

"How could this fancy have taken possession of your mind, my lord! You, who are so good, so generous, so humane! In truth, were I not myself a living example of that noble and extensive benevolence—"

"It was only for my own pleasure," energetically responded the count. "I pay for a sensation, as I

would give a pound weight of gold to-morrow for the most puerile excitement, if it could only stir my numbed heart. I succour my fellow-creaturess from selfishhess, and for the same reason that I go to the gaming table; but I no longer count upon the gratitude of any one. Ah, young man! the incidents of life have swept over my heart like the lava stream of Vesuvivs over Herculaneum. The city exists still, it is true—but it is dead!"

"Those persons have much to answer for who reduced so tender and warm a heart as yours was, to such a point of insensibility."

"Say not another word on that subject," said the count, with a trembling voice.

"You have a disorder, my lord count," observed the youth, with emotion, "which you must permit me to cure."

"Have you any remedy for death?" inquired the count impatiently.

"I would lay any wager that I could warm that heart, which you fanoy is so petrified."

"Are you equal to Talma?" demanded De Grandville, ironically.

"No, my lord count. But nature is as superior to what Talma was, as Talma surpassed me. The garret in which you are interested is inhabited by a female about thirty years of age, and a youth not yet twenty. In her heart love is a sort of fanaticism.—He is a gambler, and I know not whether he is more addicted to wine than to low amours. This unhappy woman has sacrificed for him a splendid career, and abandoned a man who adores her. But what ails you, count?"

"Nothing at all! Continue your narration."

"She has allowed him to waste a handsome fortune. She would give him the world if she possessed it. She works night and day; and she has frequently witnessed the wretch to whom she is so passionately attached, snatch from her the hard-earned money which she has destined for the clothing and nourishment of her children. Three days ago, she cut off the most silky, and the longest tresses I ever beheld, aud sold them for food. He came, and before she had concealed the money, he demanded it of her and for a smile, a caress, she surrendered to him the means of procuring subsistence and tranquility for herself and children for r fortnight. It is both horrible and sublime! But incessant toil has begun to trace furrows in her cheeks, and the cties of her children have pierced her heart. She fell sick, and is now languishirg on a bed of straw. This very evening she had nothing to eat, and her children were worn out and exhansted with crying. When I came to visit them, it was an affeeting picture."

The young physician ceased. At this moment the Connt de Grandville, as if mechanically, thrust his hand into his pocket,

"I nerceive, my young friend, said he"—"and if you took her in charge, she might yet svrvive?"

"Poor creature," said the physician, "who would not succour her. I wish I was richer than I am; I would try and cure her of her phrenzied passion."

"But," rejoined the count, drawing from his pocket his hadd filled with gold, without the physician noticing the gesture, "why should I pity sorrows, whose blended transports I would purchase at the cost of all my revenues? This woman feels, and though she suffers, her excitement is ecstatic. Would not Louis the fifteenth willingly surrender his broad kingdom, to rise again from his coffin, and enjoy three days of youth and life?"

"Poor Caroline," sighed the physician.

At these words the Count de Grandville trembled. He clutched the arm of the physician, who thought that it was clasped in an iron vice.

"Is her name Caroline Crochard?" asked the count, in a voice whose gasping tones were scarcely intelligible.

"Do you know her?" inquired the astonished young man.

"You have, indeed, kept your word with me," replied the noble; "for you have shaken my heart with the most vivid emotion it can feel ere it crumbles to dust!"

At this moment the count and the physician had reached the corner of the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin. There one of the children of darkness and poverty, with a wicker-basket at his back, and an iron crooked stick in his hand, was leaning against the lamp-post when De Grandvill approached. The count addressed the rag collector:

"Do you ever find bank-notes for a thousand franks in your researches?" asked he.

"Sometimes, sir."

"And do you ever restore them?"

"That's according to the reward offered for their recovery."

"Here, then," said the count, "is one of them.—Take it—but remember the condition on which I give it. Get you to the tavern, spend it in drinking, brawling and rioting; beat your wife, and outrage your friends. That will bring the watch and the surgeon, perhaps the gend'armes, the lawyers, the jailor, and the judge. Mind you attend to all I order."

To give a true idea of this noctural scene, the painter should possess the crayon of Charlet and Calot, and use the pencils of Tenier's and Rembrandt. Painting only can express it.

"I have now had some pleasure for my money," said the count, pointing to the amazed and stupified rag-gatherer. "As for Caroline Crochard," resumed he, "let her perish by the horrors of hunger and thirst, amid the despairing cries of her perishing children, after recognizing the utter baseness of him for whom she abandoned me! I would not give a sou to save her from the extremity of misery; and I will never see you again, because you have assisted her!"

So saying, the count left the motionless physician, and disappeared on his way to his solitary and cheerless mansion in the Rue St. Lazare.

SCENE IN LANDAFF FAIR.—"Walk up here, walk up and see the beautiful misrepresentation of Pharoah and his host a-chasing the Israelites across the Red sea—the only one in the world, and all to be seen for the sum of one penny.—Here's the kangaroo from South America, said to have been known to jump two feet.

"This way my little dears, look—[go away you little ragged rascals, as got dirty noses, and han't got no money]—[pay first, please, sir]—and come here my pretty dears, now blow yer noses, and don't breath upon glass; look to the right, and there you shall see—[this way, young gentleman, here is to be seen, I repeat it without any repetition]—the only living and true live lion from Bengal—the Vest Indies—that is, I mean to say, live picter of Pharoah and his host a-driving the Israelites across the Red sea. Look to the right, and there you shall see a nice looking young man with a Mackintosh and green silk umbreller—that gentleman's Moses; and there's Pharoah (and a shocking man he was) with a blue coat and brass-buttons, and that's his host with a long vip in his hand, and—[valk up, yer honor, only a penny to see all."]

"Please, Mr. Showman," said an acute little querist, "vere's the Hisraelites?"

"Oh they passed over just afore you paid your penny, my dear. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see this ere wonderful show—the performers is just going to commence."—*Carnavon Herald.*

A DUTCHMAN IN TROUBLE.—A serious old Dutchman in days gone by, stopped in the vicinity of a boiling spring to rest his team, and bathe his fevered brow. Having left his son John at the horses heads, he proceeded with his bucket and began to dip his water. At the first dip his pail dropped from his hands, and he returned to his wagon on the full run, shouting, "Shon! Shon!—trive on, Shon! H—l is not von mile from this place!"

☞ Zeph met us yesterday and enquired what Congress were doing. We told him—"Nothing; they have adjourned to attend races." Zeph eyed his shoestring about fifeen seconds, then, catching our eye as he looked up, said—"I have heard that 'coming events cast their shadows before' This accounts for the very *racy* speeches we have had of late."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—About fifty years since, a man named Pitcher, who was famous for his wit, met his friend, the Rev. Mr. Badger, on Weybosset bridge, in Providence, who was vainly trying to force his horse over the bridge, against a heavy wind.

"Let me try what I can do!" said Mr. P., and accordingly the reverend gentleman dismounted.

"Why what does this mean?" said the latter, as he again took the bridle. "Why would he permit *you* to take him over, when he so obstinately refused to be guided by *me?*"

"Your horse is something like me," returned the other, "he *don't like to be priest ridden.*"

LAW CASE.—The following was stated by a professor, at Paris, to his pupils:

"A gentleman dying, made his will, in which he provided that if his wife, shortly to be confined, should have a boy, he would take two-thirds of the property, and his mother the remainder; but if it was a girl, then the mother was to have two thirds and the daughtar one third. Now it it happened that a boy and girl were born."

The professor inquired how the property was to be divided according to the wish of the testator. He called up one of the pupils, and asked gravely—"Sir, what was the intention of the testator?"

"Sir," answered the student, "his intention was to have only one child."

☞ A story is circulated in Lo..don, that a lady, for a bet of £2,000, has engaged, within a twelvemonth, to paper a room of large dimensions with postage stamps which have been used; and that the £2,000 is to be given to various charities.

☞ "Jabe, did you see that fat lady fall in the mud yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you think?"

"I thought she went down like a star in the midst of the ocean."

☞ A Yankee in Texas has invented a new kind of brickbat, which he has christened "The Texan Mosquito Exterminator;' they are laid where these little nuisances frequent, and the mosquitoes sharpen their bills on them; the bricks are so rough that a couple of whettings *settle* them—or at least their bills. He don't warrant them to affect gallinipers, as each of them carries a bowie knife under one wing, to whittle his bill to a point.

"DEM'S 'EM."—A pious old negro, while saying grace at the table not only used to ask a blessing on all he had upon his board, but would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting he would pray for the same at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the *vegetables*, and stole under the window, near which stood the table of our colored christian. Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced:—

"O, massa Lord! wilt dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bress ebery ting before us; and be please to bestow upon us jist a few taters—and all de praise—"

[Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.]—

"Dem's 'em, massa Lord!" said Cato, looking with surprise, "only jist luff 'em down a leetle easier next time!"

☞ "Ah! Noggs—how wise are the provisions of nature; even asses can *hide* themselves from the pelting of a hard shower, and all decent clams are *shell*-tered, through life," said the humane and unsophisticated Shadeye.

☞ A fellow from Kentucky, went the other day into the store of a fashionable milliner in Maiden Lane, and asked—

"Have you any shirts?"

"Plenty of all kinds," answered Madame W.

"What do you ask a cord?"

"A cord?"

"Yes—I wants a cord—up in our diggins the petticoats and things has all gin out. I see you advertise 'cord-ed shirts,' and I thought while my hand was in, I would take all that you had corded up."

The milliner fainted.

ADVICE.—Arise every morning as soon as you get tired of lying in bed, and if the weather is cold, dress yourself before going out. Take your meals as soon as convenient after your appetite becomes sharp. Never lay out or pay out more money than you can possibly command at the time. Do not rob your neighbor's hen roost after the hens are gone off. Never pick an editor's pocket, nor light your pipe with a piece of red flannel. Endeavor to find some amusement when you have nothing to do and cannot sleep. Always be contented when your belly is full, your body warm, and you have nothing to fear or desire.

☞ "Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"O, yes, massa be berry good farmer; he makes two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring, he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

HIBERNIAN HOSPITALITY.—"Sit down, sit down now; eat, drink, and be merry, and jist make yourselves at home, every one of ye's," said a generous hearted, frolicking daughter of the Green Isle to her guests—"I am at home, and I *jist wish ye were every one of ye that same.*"

A LOAFER'S ACCOUNT OF THE MARKET.—Boots is scarce—hats is dear—pants is the demand—shirts is none on hand—dickies is dirty—coats is no where—stocks is low—weather is middlin'—juleps is cold—cobblers is good—toddies is up—and cash is down. No sales of any consequence of any commodity, in consequence of there being none on hand.

CURIOSITIES.—It is a curiosity to find an artist who does not think himself perfect in his profession.

It is a curiosity to find a woman who stammers in her conversation

It is a curiosity to find a dentist who will not tell you he can extract a tooth and cause less pain than any one else.

☞ A countryman from Vermont offered a horse for sale to a merchant. He supposing that the fellow had procured the horse dishonestiy, asked if he knew 'Squire ———, of Windsor, Vt. He answered, 'Yes.' 'Well,' says the merchant, 'he is a great rascal.' 'Very well,' replied the jockey, 'he says the same of you.' Being asked, which he believed—'Faith, I believe you both.'

☞ When I see an individual, rolling in affluence, revelling in the sweets of luxury, and at the same time robbing the widow of her mite, and snatching the bread from the mouth of poor orphans—I say, that gentleman's no gentleman, no how you can fix it.

☞ A writer asserts that the most delicate compliment that can be paid to a young lady on Monday morning, is to say—"I presume you are sleepy this morning."

AMUSING.—To hear of two young fellows fighting a duel about a girl, while she elopes with a third.

Zekiel, why is a hen-pecked individual like our hydrant? Because it is *lead* by the *nose*, sir.

Play fair and pay fare, and when you go to pray don't go to prey. Steel your hearts against temptation and don't steal.

A gentleman, seeing a number of cows in a field grazing, observed, "he did not wonder that the grass didn't *get high*, as it was *cow'd* down." Again—seeing a cellar nearly finished, he remarked, "it was an excellent foundation for a *story*."

From the N. Y. Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY "DOW, JR."

I shall build my present discourse upon this foundation:

There are beauty and joy in the light of a smile.

My hearers—a smiling countenance is not always indicative of a cheerful heart; but, generally speaking, it betrays a kind, frank and generous disposition, and a bosom well filled with the plain, homely but valuable stores of contentment. I care not what kind of a smile a person puts upon his phiz, whether he paint it with the pencil of pride, with the artificial colors of affectation or dissimulation, or whether his features are lighted up with the natural glow of animal spirits: so long as his face presents a picture of cheerfulness, I take it for granted that he is happy for the moment, although that smile may be nothing more than a transient sunbeam of joy dancing upon the troubled waters of a discontented mind. There is a mysterious magnetic influence exerted by a smile—a kind of electrical sympathy which extends from heart to heart, and manifests itself upon the features of all within the scope of its power. The individual who always looks as smiling as a small glass of beer, disseminates more or less of joy and gladness wherever he goes. We look upon his merry face, and, daguerreotype like, instantly give back a partial likeness of it in our own faces without feeling or knowing the cause of its animation. When we see a person convulsed in a fit of laughter, our risible faculties are spontaneously excited—and as for suppressing it, we might as soon think of allaying the excitement of a tea-kettle by telling it to "keep cool." On the contrary, when a wo begone visaged son of melancholy and misfortune happens to straggle into our presence, with a frontispiece as sad and repulsive as Death in the primer, the corners of our mouths begin to turn downward like those of a dying codfish, and we feel as sick in spirit as a monkey with the measles, in spite of our utmost endeavors to keep up a show of hilarity and good humor. Even the howl of a dog, the mewing of a kitten, or the squall of a fretful babe, will cause all the sweet cream of social enjoyment to sour; and curdle for the moment every spoonful of the milk of mercy and forbearance. Such is the influence of a simple smile, and such is the power of a single look, or sound, of misery, misfortune, moroseness, or madness. It is all a mystery—a sort of magnetism between mind and mind, which can no more be explained or understood than the magnetism between matter and matter.

My dear friends—there is beauty in the light of a smile. A young and beautiful female, crowned with a wreath of smiles, is as lovely an object as can be picked up in the suburbs of heaven; and I am not certain but I should as lief go to perdition with such an angel by my side as to slip into salvation in company with a crabbed, sour-faced son of melancholy and sadness. A smile creates joy, mirth, and pleasure, but a frown causes the heart to sink deep in man, and for this reason alone it has been so ordered by the great Omnipotent that the smiles should predominate. The Almighty smiled upon the world when he gave it the finishing touch, and the world smiled back again. The infant universe as it lay in the cradle of chaos looked in the face of its Father and laughed for joy. Eden wore a wreath of smiles in the beginning; and our first parents feasted upon joy in a paradise of pleasure. After many years the clouds of sin and sadness began to gather, and heaven flooded the earth with tears of sorrow; but the bow of promise soon arched the gloomy horizon of man's hopes—the waters of doubt became dried, and the ark of his salvation rested securely upon the Ararat of redemption.

My worthy hearers—there is surely beauty and gladness in a smile. Sol smiles upon mother Earth, and she blooms with beauty, notwithstanding her advancement in years. In the evening, as we behold the fairy frost-work of the skies, we can scarcely help imagining that every star is the eye of an angel, lighted with love, and blinking at us with an enticing smile. The moon alone is the only melancholy looking object in the vast museum of the universe. Its temperament is cold—its aspect is sullen and morose—it yields light without warmth, like the smile of a coquette; and all its pretensions to beauty are mere "moonshine" at the best. There is beauty and gladness in the sweet smile of spring. We rejoice in the resurrection of flowers from their wintry graves; and the little birds, just let loose as it were from thraldom, enliven us with their cheering carols. Summer smiles upon us crowned with roses and perfumed with the richest of fragrance; and even sickly Autumn lies upon the death-bed of the year, with a countenance as smiling as that of a christian, who expects soon, through the mediation of Death, to become a naturalized citizen in the celestial empire of everlasting rest and righteousness.

My dear friends—since beauty, joy and gladness are exhibited in the light of a smile, I would urge upon you to use your utmost endea-

vors to keep your inward works in such order that cheerfulness may be seen frolicking upon your features. In order that the tree of hilarity should flourish, you must enrich the soil of your hearts well with the manure of morality. Allow not a weed of guilt or crime to spring up at its roots, and it will keep green even amid the snows of old age and infirmity. Just let the seeds of my advice sink deep beneath your jackets, and when they shall have sprouted, budded, blown and brought forth fruit, you will be enabled to go laughing through life as though sin, sorrow and Satan were total strangers among the inhabitants of earth. So mote it be!

MACHINE POETRY.

Love me, if you love me true;
Love me; I may not gainsay you;
Love me softly; love me, *do*;
More than you imagine may you.
Love me fondly, love me fair,
Love me kind and eloquently;
As you please and as you care,
Love me well, but *squeeze me gently!*

A beautiful sentiment is contained in the following lines:

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the star-lit bay
When sighing zephyrs o'er the waters play,
And warbling wavelets sweetest music pour,
As their young footsteps mumur to the shore.
'Tis sweet to see the lovely queen of night
Glide on in beauty, in her path of light;
And sweet to see the early sea-bird lave
His graceful pinions in the morning wave,
And watch the dawning of the orient ray,
When blushing skies proclaim the birth of day,
But sweeter far than these—aye, sweet as honey,
It is to find your pocket full of money.

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper is a school in a family worth *ten dollars a year*. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read or hear the contents, intelligence of the affairs of the world, and acquire useful knowledge of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the vast importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and we repeat it, that take two families of children equally smart and both going to the same school; let one of them have the free use of a newspaper, and let the other be deprived of the use of it, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one half, and an important half, of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it—is derived from newspapers. What parent would not wish his children respectable? Who would be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own? and yet how trifling is the sum a paper costs! It is even in these hard times absolutely contemptible in amount, and no man ever felt it, except in its beneficial consequences, who paid the subscription regularly once a year.—*Exchange paper.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF VERMONT GIRLS.—An old bachelor, who had travelled that way, thus speaks of the Green Mountain girls: "They are as plump as a pippin, round as a ring, sweet as a rose; their glowing cheeks are but an index of their warm, ardent, lively, determined dispositions. One embrace—one real clincher—is enough to cause a general rush in the icy veins of an old bachelor, or set on fire the purple channels in a man of sensibility. Allow me, then, to put the fair of Vermont 'against the world,' in every point of view of which you can conceive; they are giants in intellect—soft and enchanting as the snowy couch on which old Sol sinks himself to rest—bold as a lion—easily won—once gained, always faithful."

"Papa, the Temperance men say they put logwood in Port Wine. Is that what dyes your nose so red?" "Nonsense, my son, go to bed."

TO AN UMBRELLA.

Alas! thou lost one! long must I repent
That fatal hour when I forgot your cost,
Learning too late that an umbrella lent
Is fashionably an umbrella lost!
We lend a friend, to shield him from the frost,
A coat or cloak, and it is homeward sent;
But when a friend is by a tempest cross'd,
A loan'd umbrella for a gift is meant.
As for the value, I don't care a cent;
But when a man is made to catch a soaking,
Or be within a lonely shelter pent,
When in a hurry, 'tis no longer joking.
Alas! thou lost one! peace be to your manes!
Cats, dogs, and little niggers! how it rains!

PHAZMA.

The goal of life is the tomb. In the morning, it looks like a fair and stately palace; at noon-day, the dust hides it from our view; and it is only in the evening, when our lengthened shadows fall upon its gloomy portal, that we find time to pause a moment and prepare to enter.

The thought of immortality is a glittering sea in which he who bathes is surrounded with bright stars.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning, esteem; but good breeding alone ensures respect and esteem.

Those who indulge in splendor of dress and equipage beyond the amount of their incomes, are compared to houses on fire, which shine by that which destroys them.

We notice that Joseph Drew has been united in the bands of holy matrimony to Annette Pryes, in Philadelphia. So *Joe Drew A Pryes* that time, didn't he, Anne?

The N. O. Picayune says, "One of our friends, in a punning epistle, declares it is no harm to pick a painter's pocket, because he *piet-ures!*"

Why is a loaded rifle like the publisher of a paper in Portland? Because it has got a *Bullet-in.*

"I'll shock you," as the farmer said when he tied his stalks up in bundles.

A French wife wrote this affectionate and laconic letter to her husband:—"I write to you because I have nothing to do; I end my letter because I have nothing to say."

Prize fighters, though not soldiers, are, at least, *mill*-itary men.

A pigmy was one day boasting to a fat, portly body, of his superior excellence as a worker of metals. "I can cast any thing," said the little one, "from a door key to a brass cannon." "I never wrought at the business an hour, sir, yet I can cast what you cannot." "What is that, sir?" "What!" replied the stout one, looking down upon the little fellow, with great contempt, "why, I can *cast a shadow*, sir."

The editor of a western newspaper thus introduces some verses:—"The poem published this week, was composed by an esteemed friend, who has lain in the grave many years, *merely for his own amusement.*

It is a well known fact, that vessels at sea often run on a rock without running on a *rock;* it is so often, that people go to sea to see.

It takes a man to make a bow, but it takes nature to make a bough; then it takes a tailor to make a beau, and a milliner to make a bow.

If you can but live free from want, care for no more, the rest is but vanity.

Lively, good humored old women, are what raisins are to fresh grapes. They are withered, but they are also preserved, and appear to advantage in the freshest company.

The correspondent of a New York paper says that Elsworth, the great pedestrian, "walks like a book." The book meant was Walker's Dictionary, with double columns.

For the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Crossing of Proverbs.

Proverb.—The more the merrier.
Cross.—Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.
P.—He that runs fastest, gets most ground.
C.—Not so; for then footmen would get more than their masters.
P.—He that goes softly, goes safely.
C.—Not among thieves.
P.—Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.
C.—Yes; lack of meat.
P.—Nothing is hard to a willing mind.
C.—Yes; to get money.
P.—None so blind as they that will not see.
C.—Yes; they that cannot see.
P.—There is no creature so like a man as an ape.
C.—Yes; a woman.
P.—Every thing hath an end.
C.—Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.
P.—Money is a great comfort.
C.—Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.
P.—The world is a long journey.
C.—Not so; the sun goes over it every day.
P.—Virtue is a jewel of great price.
C.—Not so; for then the poor could not come by it.
P.—The pride of the rich makes the labors of the poor.
C.—Not so; the labors of the poor make the pride of the rich.

B.

Platonic Love.

"What," said a lady to a gentleman, "do you think of *platonic* love?" "Madam," replied he, very solemnly, "I think it is, like all other *tonics*, very exciting."

Professor Espy.

The farmers down east, take off their hats before the cloud-king. "There may be something in it, neighbor," said a hard fisted old fellow, "it is well enough to be on the side of the d—l you know."

What's in a Name?

The New Hampshire Whig says it once heard of a facetious person whose name was "*New*," who named his first child "*Something New.*" His second was christened "*Nothing*," it being "*Nothing New.*"

A madman once described money thus: "Money is excessively convenient. It enables me to purchase diamonds, tenpenny nails, gin slings, and salt mackerel."

DIRECTIONS FOR BOARDING HOUSE KEEPERS.—The way to get a good lot of boarders, and to keep them when you have got them, is known in a good many houses in this city. But as there are some unacquainted with the secret, we publish the following rules for their instruction:—

Don't let your boarders fall in love with the cook or the waiter at table. For this purpose get the ugliest specimens of the fair sex for these offices possible, and be careful not to dress them over neatly.

Keep a smart, shrill voiced, cur dog in the back yard o'nights. His yelping is a capital method of frightening away thieves; and some people can sleep sweetly with such music.

Never allow your boarders to fuddle themselves with strong coffee. For this purpose use the following recipe: Six kernels of coffee to half a gallon of water. If the coffee has been burnt and ground for six months, so much the better. If the boarders complain, say the cook went to hear Elder Knapp.

In setting the table be sure to begin earliest with those dishes which will cool the soonest—thus: buckwheat cakes should be first brought on; then the hot steak; then the toast, etc. It will be time enough after these to hunt up cold bread, plates, spoons, knives, forks, &c. After waiting a decent time for every thing to cool, call the folks to breakfast.

Be sure to have milk pitchers with cracked handles; it is such agreeable sport to see one of them snap off now and then—smashing cup and saucer to atoms, and deluging the table with a milky tide.

It is good management always to have in the sugar bowl a great hard lump as big as your fist. The spoon will scour round it like a gun boat round a Spanish galeon, without doing any sort of damage.

Butter should be of a kind that will *keep* well. The best is that which tastes powerfully. The more pungent you have it, the more you will save in cheese.

If you have a particularly dark entry or narrow stair case, take especial care to have a bucket of slops standing there. The folks will see by this, that you are always cleaning up. If they break their shins over it, they will remember your cleanliness the longer.

Always put a little oil *outside* the lamps as well as inside, because in handling the luminary, the smoothness of the oil is very agreeable to the fingers. If it gets upon the gentlemen's clothes it will be all the better for the darkeys in Brattle street.

Cats are sometimes useful. If you have a good, stout, lively, bouncing tom, that is fond of music and mischief, don't shut the quadruped up in the cellar. Keep him in the entry, and let him troop up and down stairs all night, where his mauling will be as good as an Eolian harp.

Next to cats and dogs, the most agreeable thing about house is a parrot, unless you have a squalling child, which, on many accounts, I think is to be preferred. In either case, do all you can to make the parrot scream, and the young one squall, for some folks in the house may have a taste for such music.

If you wish to set the house on fire—there is no way better—barring a wooden box of hot ashes—than to have a pile of shavings and knitting stuff in a corner of the kitchen, with a cat and kittens cutting capers between that and the fire place. By leaving these interesting little animals alone in the kitchen, the thing may be done to perfect satisfaction in a single night, and people will have "no doubt it was the work of an incendiary."—*Boston Transcript.*

ALL ABOUT A T—POT.—A rusty looking wag went into a grocery store, and walking by the counter knocked off a coffee pot on the floor. The clerk, who sat lazily in a chair by the stove, said to him, 'just have the goodness to pick up that c-o-f f-e-e coffee p o-t pot, coffee pot.'

'I don't see any tea pot here,' said the wag.

'I didn't say tea pot,' said the clerk.

'If you did spell coffee pot you pronounced it tea pot, and I do not believe you can do it again without blundering out tea pot.' At this insinuation upon his capabilities, the clerk blustered up, 'what will you bet, come?'

'I will bet one of those turkies—pointing to a pile that lay on the floor—that you'll not do it.'

'Done,' said the clerk. At this moment the 'old man' came in, and hearing the confab enquired— What is to pay now?'

'This great dunce here, says I cannot spell and pronounce coffee pot without saying tea pot, and he has bet one of those turkies that I cannot.'

The old man's scowl now began to disappear, and he became quite interested in the affair.

'What do you mean, Mr. ———,' said he; 'do you mean to say he is such a blunderhead as that?'

'I mean just what I say, and I will bet another turkey with you that he cannot do it, if you dare'

'Done,' said the man, and two of the largest turkies were selected.

'Now,' said he, 'let us hear it performed—be cautious.'

The clerk began—'c-o-f-f e-e coffee p-o-t pot, coffee pot.'

'There,' says the merchant, 'the price of the turkies is ours.'

'Not so fast,' said the wag, 'if you ever noticed it, he taid tea pot then'

'You hear strange things, I heard nothing of tea pot'

'Well, now hear me spell it and I will convince you—c-o-f-f e e coffee p-o-t pot, coffee pot—you understand, it is p o-T pot.'

'I see, I see,' said they, 'the turkies are yours—he did say T pot.'

The wag shouldered his acquisitions and trudged.

The Paradise of Content.

BY MRS. E. P. LITTLE.

The rosy horizon beyond which you cannot see—the gay rainbow that over-arches fancy's landscape—the halo that genius spreads around the barren pathways of existence—the green and fairy ring encircling ever the beloved; what are they in their glory and their gladness, to the fireside glow of a contented spirit—to the smile that is no mockery of bitterness within—to the laugh that springs not up from the restlessness of a hidden woe? Beautiful as an island on the wide heaving ocean to the sea-weary voyager—welcome as the lone fountain, with its few waving palms, and its verdant brim, to the desert pilgrim's aching eye, is the Paradise of Content, which a happy few may make for themselves in the wilderness of a desolate world. Suns roll swiftly onward above their blest abode; but no feverish eagerness, no heart-sick dread, would hurry or delay their course. Sorrows and cares and privations mingle in their social circle, but have no power upon the adamantine chain which brightly binds them to some far off sphere of bliss. This is a *beautiful* picture, says the U. S. Gazette, of domestic happiness—one of those soft, delicate touches, such as Sully throws off from his brush, when the goodness of his heart swells up, and communicates a new delicacy to his hand—a delicacy only his. Does any one think that there are more hues of richness in Mrs. Little's picture than truth will warrant—truth that sits down, and watches all the chances to which the scene she is to depict is liable? Does any one believe that Mrs. Little will not find the social and domestic circle all that she has described it? Tell not to her, then, the truth so fatal to her dream—let the true colors of the scene fade away slowly from her sight—break not in upon the dream of her happiness, that has given motion to her pen—spare her a little while, for we see into what she has dipped her pen. She was, as the Hymenial record shows, made a wife only two days before she described "the Paradise of Content." Rather let her stand amid the beauties she describes, till, perhaps, the loveliness of her own disposition may impart a permanence to the scene which has so often changed for others. Change is not of necessity its quality. It derives its hues from those that are in the midst; and its means of imparting happiness are drawn into use only by the attractive qualities of those who are to receive it.

Permanent and blissful be the Paradise of Content to the young and joyful bride. And it is in the heart of woman always to be happy, but it is only to be so by *participation.* Steady, then, and gentle, be the hand upon which she leans; for Paradise would lose its charms, if unity of purpose and gentle yielding, were not the characteristics of those who tread its paths.

WINTER.—Old Winter is truly and fairly upon us. The Summer has smiled its last smile, and Autumn has sickened and died. The "faint old man" went down aweary to his tomb; he lived not the measure of his days, but died suddenly before his time.

Room, then, for the hoary priest of our CHRISTMAS festivities,—the white-haired usher of new-born years! Who says that his reign is dull and dreary? or that the heart should grieve and sigh to bleak November's "whistlin' winds?" To us, they pipe a merry lay, and say as plain as winds can speak,

"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined."

We like, on these frosty evenings, to make an editorial round, and, like the facetious Paul Pry, "drop in" upon some cheerful, warm-hearted circle, which, gathered around the blazing hearth, whiles away the long, wintry evenings with many a joyous song and soul-stirring legend of the "olden time;" or crack their nuts and jokes together—(the kernel the one, by the by, often as hard to compass as of that of the other.) Nor yet shall the dismal cry of "hard times" impose a wry face upon us; for we will laugh and carol to the fates in such a wicked, roystering manner, they will fain close their ears, and forget to mingle this evil in the web of our destiny.—[*Message.*

A NEW ENGLAND JUBILEE.—*Thanksgiving Day!*—We count this the most interesting of New England customs. How many glad recollections come thronging in upon us—how many blissful associations are connected with this Jubilee! The

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN. Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squire: openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or other, to have their way in the end, and, though the men have the reins, the women tell 'em how to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands. [The Clockmaker.

The Picayune is guilty of the following classic explosion:

"Lord Byron calls a daily editor 'an unquenched snuffing of the midnight taper.'—D——n Byron!"



SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NEW SERIES—NO. XCVII.

The Peri's pity for Man, by Thomas Moore, will compose my text for this occasion:

'Poor sons of earth!' said the pitying spirit,
'Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;—
Some flowerets of Eden still ye inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all'

My hearers—ever since Man, by wicked transgression, brought premature frosts upon the flowers of Paradise, every beautiful object in nature is marked with decay—Death is chalked in staring capitals upon each infant's cradle—the seeds of destructibility are planted in the richest soil of hope and promise—our purest waters of piety are muddy with sin—our sparkling cups of pleasure are adulterated with care—the polished surface of joy is tarnished by the greasy fingers of sorrow—and human life has been so curtailed, that it is now hardly worth the trouble and expense of being born for. Life, now-a days, is, at the best, but a cheat—a sort of gilded, tinselled, patched-up article, outwardly ornamented with attractive fancy work, but within, full of rags, wretchedness, moss and misery. It is not the genuine article now to what it was in the days of the patriarchs, by long odds. Then, it was worth possessing, inasmuch as it would wear well for nearly a thousand years, and that, too, without the aid of patent preaching, Brandreth's pills or medicated lozenges: now, it is not only reduced to a mere span, but is as full of trouble and disappointment as a dog is of fleas. Inch by inch the chain of man's existence has been shortened; and I have but little doubt that the time will yet come when all babes will be born upon their graves and beside their own coffins—and thus will the work of population be brought to a focus, and the affairs of human existence to a general winding up.

My friends—we, poor sons of earth, have to pay dearly for our primal fall. It is true that we still inherit some of the flowers of Eden; but, if we walk among them, there is no knowing but some venomous snake may bite us on the heel; and, besides, they are as evanescent as they are inviting. They bud to bloom, and bloom to die—and when they are dead the places they once occupied and ornamented are barren and desolate. The flowers of joy and peace that grow in the gardens of our hearts are beslimed by the trail of the serpent, sin; and after blossoming for a few brief sunny hours, they cast their corolla, and naught but the dried stalks of sorrow remain. What a mildew has been shed upon the world and the happiness of man by a single false step of his ancestor man! The rose tree of love has since put forth its thorns of jealousy—the gall of despair is placed at the bottom of the honey-pot of hope—the foundation of friendship now rests upon the quick-sands of circumstance—the smooth velvet of sympathy is rendered as rough as the back of a hedge hog—the burning blaze of avarice has dried up the fountains of benevolence and charity—ambition is coaxed up the mountain of fame to perish amid the snows of disappointment—the fragrance of virtue is contaminated by the effluvia of vice—shame even flushes the cheek of innocence, while impudent guilt is brazen enough to look the moon out of countenance. But as things are, so we must take them. Individuals may improve, reform, grow better and become happier; but as for undertaking to make the whole world more godly, moral, pious and blessed than it now avarages, one might just as well think of going up in a balloon to wipe the stars from the face of the heavens with a common dishcloth.

My dear friends,—ever since Adam commenced tinkering with his own happiness and the happiness of all mankind in the garden of Eden, as our politicians have with the currency of the country, we have been in a very curious predicament. Mortal existence is poor trash, and there is very little of it at that: we don't want to stay here forever, and yet are afraid to die. Man looks upon life just as he does upon the women—there is no living with them, and he can't live without them. He *will* run after them—and, rather than be held, he will lose his coat tail and character—kisses them for love, and then kicks them for leading him into trouble. So with life, I say—he partakes of its pleasures and then damns it for its pains—gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm. He was then told to increase and multiply; and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition!—and I am one of 'em. I grieve to think, that, for no sin of my own, my father's or my grandfather's, I am compelled to gather my bread from brambles, and that poisonous serpents lurk in the tall grass of social enjoyment; but I submit to it all as becomes one who can carry off as big a load of affliction as any other child of mortality, and in whose heart, patience, forbearance, meekness, morality, and mercy are sprinkled profusely to sweeten the sourness of hereditary sin, and to correct the acidity of human nature.

My hearers—seeing we are shipwrecked upon the island shore of a narrow, pent-up existence, rendered comparatively barren by primal neglect and indiscretion, we must endeavor to improve it as well as well we can. There are some refreshing springs amid the most sandy deserts—some pretty posies among the rankest weeds—in the neighborhood of every plant that poisons, there grows a plant that has power to heal. There is a way to suck the little sweet that life affords without imbibing a large quantity of its bitter. In too many instances you pay dearly for your primal fall by allowing the serpent of Satan to drag his sinful trail over the few flowers of virtue and righteousness that garnish your bosoms. You must take the right path that leads to glory and to the grave; and be careful how you are turned aside by ten thousand foolish attractions which appear fair upon the outside but contain the seeds of death and destruction within.—and you will say in the end that life has been rather of a neat arrangement, if not exactly what it is cracked up to be. So mote it be! Dow, Jr.

I have some presents to be acknowledged next week, in a lump. The smallest favors, &c.

LOAFERS UP ROUSE YE!—The Boston *Native* Loafers, that industrious in idleness class of citizens, held a meeting the other day on the Common, 'to take into consideration the expediency of petitioning Congress to make the following provisions for them,' says the Daily Mail:—

1st. To levy a duty of 6 cents per lb. on all Foreign Loafers.

2d. To have our appropriation made for the purchase of *cigars*, *tobacco*, and *snuff*, in proportion to the rise of each loafer

The Native Loafers of New York must be up and doing. A meeting should be called in the Park immediately—Smith will preside no doubt.

SOMETHING NEW.—It was supposed some years ago by men of learning and science, and now it is fully and conclusively proved, that—some things can be done as well as others!

☞ Necessity is the anxious parent of invention; and the ancient evil one is the paternal parent of imaginative truths.

☞ Bleeding at the nose can be stopped by soaking the feet in warm water.—*Tattler.*

And bleeding at the pocket by the Bankrupt Act.

AGRICULTURAL AND PERSONAL.—How to raise calves? Get married. Perhaps, however, the Home League could find a better answer to this question.

MUSIC.—The poet saith there is music everywhere—even among the *silent* stars of heaven. If so, it must be *low* music, indeed; notwithstanding it is set so very *high*; for we never could hear it. There is music, however, around, about, above, below, beside, over, under and amidst of us—even in the din and discordances of nature. There is music in the roar of the ocean, as it rolls its waves in measured time, upon the barren beach—music in the harps of Æol'a, that the zephyrs touch with unseen fingers in summer's gay bowers—music in the constant waterfall, that never tires—music in the nocturnal serenade of musquitos—music in the squeal of a pig—music in a fire shovel when scraped upon a hearth stone: but if there be any music in the daily, nightly, incessant squawkings and agonies of a *musical* instrument in the hands of a beginner, who seems to insist in constantly torturing it for your own especial amusement—we should like to know it—that's all.

It takes but a short time for a person to obtain a surfeit of the sweetest sounds; and the moans of music while being murdered, are enough to give a glass of lemonade the delirium tremens!

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE------NO. 115



A WELL KNOWN CHARACTER.



MEETING OF THE ANTIPODES.

"I say, fellow, you seem to watch me at my repast as if you expected to realise some corporeal benefit from my feeding. Perhaps to see another man eat satisfies your own appetite. Continue to devour my food with your eyes, while I devour it with my mouth, and see which of us will grow fat first!"

"You don't belong hereabouts, I take it, mister, do ye?"

"From what premises have you argued, that you arrive at so sage a conclusion?"

"I know what *sage* is, for we grow it in our garden; but damn me if I understand the rest of your talk. You belongs down yonder among the books, I take it; may be you're a minister, for nobody can tell what you're talking about."

"Our relative positions in society differ so widely, that I imagine you will see the propriety of vacating the premises, and leaving me to the enjoyment of those pursuits which are most consonant to my natural inclinations."

"I take it you've got no house to live in, as you eats your victuals out o' doors."

"Eating is out of the question, young man, while such a stomach-disturbing visage as that is peering at me. No appetite was ever whetted by such a gorgon head! Let me repeat my request, that you will seek some amusement in which I am not involved."

"You don't speak plain, mister, so that I can understand you."

"Then I will speak plainly, and to the point. Be good enough to deposite your frame in some other part of the universe—to place yourself beyond the range of my visual organs."

"What is them leather things on the bottom of your legs?"

"Unsophisticated being! almost beyond the pale of civilization as you are, I will nevertheless stoop to explain:—These are called the straps of pantaloons, and their object is to draw all ungainly wrinkles from the nether garments, and give to the lower limbs that just symmetry, which renders us objects of admiration to the fair half of creation."

"Well, that must be somethin' very fine, as I don't understand a word on't; so I must go arter the critters, or daddy will be in a rumpacious passion, and when you come this way agin, just bring somebody to tell me what you are talking about, for such words as them don't grow in these parts."

Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

Some wag has remarked that Shakespeare wrote well, but that Dickens wrote *Weller*!

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES.



BALSAM PRIGIT

SHOWING THE BUTCHER THE BOWERY BALLOON.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.—Under this title the Georgia "Family Companion" relates a story which has by this time caused the loss of several "buttons." It is too long for our paper, but we give the closing scene. The justice of the peace called to marry the parties, was long on his way—got lost—stalled, and what not, and was so taken up after he arrived, in relating his impediments, that he *forgot the marriage ceremony* as prescribed by the church.

He thought over every thing he had ever learned 'by heart, even

"'Thirty days hath the month of September,
The same may be said of April, June, and November;'"

but all in vain—he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room, admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began:—

'Know all men by these presents, that I'—here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say, 'He's drawing a deed to a tract of land,' and they all laughed.

'In the name of God, Amen!'—he began a second time, only to hear a voice in a loud whisper say, 'He's making his will now; I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so *powerful* bad.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"——

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, 'He's not dead, but sleepeth.'

'O yes! O yes!' continued the squire.

But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying.—His next effort was—

'To all and singular, the sher'—— 'Let's run! He's going to *level* on us,' said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary looked around all at once, with self satisfaction and in a grave and dignified manner said, 'Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand.' George Washington obeyed and held up his hand. 'Miss Polly, hold up yours.' Polly in her confusion held up her left hand. 'The other hand, Miss Peablossom.' And the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them.

'You, and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform all and singular the functions of a husband or wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!"

'Good as wheat,' said Capt. Peablossom. 'Polly my gal, come kiss your old father,, I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out for home to see your mother.'

A DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.—We once heard, says the Sunday Mercury, a philosophical inebriate thus soliloquize—and thought it, at the time, to be a most *Royal* speech:

"I can't see how it is that when I'm drunk I m so fluent in words and elegant in language. I understand myself well—can argue forcibly—and reason philosophically The fact is I really believe that *I'm never sober only when I'm drunk.*

Battle of New Orleans.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

Din of arms and trumpets clang,
Round beleaguered Orleans rang;
Martial drum and piercing fife
Called the patriot's soul to life.
Fathers from their children turned—
Every breast with vengeance burned;
Aged men, with hearts of steel,
Started at the tocsin peal:
Mothers bade their sons defend
Field and flood till life should end;
While the war-horse pranced in pride,
By the King of Rivers' side.

On they come—their banners' fold
Beaming bright with arms of gold—
Led by England's bravest knight,
Panting for the coming fight.
See their long extended line
O'er the dark green prairie shine;
While the never-ceasing drum,
Cannons' roar and bursting bomb,
Piercing shout and clang of steel,
Dying groan and noisy wheel,
Bids Columbia's watchful chief
From the mountains bring relief.

Now they meet in war array—
Clouds of smoke obscure the day—
Roar of dread artillery
Makes the craven coward flee.
Now the flow'r of England turns—
Packenham with anger burns!
Thoughts of booty or of beauty
Cannot make them do their duty:
On his lip the order dies—
On the plain the warrior lies!
O'er him bounds his flying band,
Spite of threats or stern command,
Leaving victory and spoil
To the sov'reigns of the soil!

Britain's matrons long shall wail,
When they tell the mournful tale;
Aged men shall drop the tear
O'er their first-born's early bier;
Orphan child and wretched wife
Long shall hate the piercing fife;
English lords shall blush with shame
When they speak the hero's name!
Long shall Orleans' battle field
Fame in rich profusion yield
To the chief who saved his land
From the spoiler's ruthless hand.

☞ Idleness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self made sepulchre of a living man.

EELS AND PRINTERS.—Eels have been skinned ever since Noah came out of the ark; and printers have been cheated out of their just dues ever since the Orientals printed on blocks of wood; yet neither do the eels get used to being skinned, nor the printers to being fleeced. This argues great obstinacy on the part of eels and printers.

CONUNDIDIDUM.—Why are the eyes of beauty like a whipped criminal? 'Cause they are covered with *lashes!* O don't.

MACHINE POETRY.

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

(NOT EXACTLY COLLINS'S.)

When Music, dear and heavenly maid;
Was young, and on the banjo played,
The Passions, oft to hear her thrum it,
Thronged around and tried to come it,
Exulting, trembling, laughing, singing,
Double shuffling, pigeon-winging.
By turns they felt delighted, mad,
Affrighted, sorry, cheerful, glad,
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with liquor, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They grabbd her instrument of sound;
And as they oft had heard her play,
From break of morn till close of day,
Each took the banjo, at his will,
And gave a sample of his skill.

First *Fear*, his unskilled hand to try,
All cautiously began to play,
But frightened, scared, I know not why,
He dropped his hat and ran away.

Next *Anger* rushed, chock full of fire,
With wrath and cabbage in his heart;
He clashed the strings like house a fire,
And was a *leetle* bit too smart.

With woful measures, pale *Despair*
In mournful sounds his grief beguiled:
'Twas a saw-my-leg-off sort of air,
Sickening, saddening, starting, wild.

But thou, O *Hope*! with eyes so fair!
What was thy delightful strain?
It spoke of promise, love and gain,
And bade the scenes of lovely future hail!
She sang a most bewitching song,
That echoed through the wood and vale,
And every time she touched a string,
Methought I heard an angel sing!—
And Hope, like Fanny Elssler, smiled and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a savage look,
Revenge jumped up and swore:
His blood stained fist he doubled up and shook,
And, with haughty pride and scorn,
He took an old tin bugle horn,
And blew a blast that was a bore
To mountains, rocks and trees, as well as men;
And ever and anon he beat
A big bass drum with anger, heat;
And notwithstanding every now and then
Dejected *Pity*, at his side,
Just like a child boo hoo'd and cried,
He still kept blowing, filling all with dread,
Until he blew his brains from out his head!

Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, were fixed on nought,—
Substantial proof of spleen and bile;
The song was this and that—the Lord knows what—
Now coaxing Love and courting Hate the while.

As though her soul were not her own,
Sad *Melancholy* sat alone,
And from her sylvan, wild retreat,
In notes that were most sickening sweet,
Through a jewsharp's bow she breathed her pensive soul:
And, hopping round from tree to tree,
The jay birds joined in merry glee;
Through gloomy glades the mingled music stole;
Or o'er some frog pond with a fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of misery, love of musing,
Amidst musquitoes died away.

But O how altered was its dying tune
When *Cheerfulness*, a *gal* of rosy cheek,
Her bow across her shoulders threw,
Her stockings whole and hair combed sleek,
This soul inspiring solo blew—
'Cheer up, cheer up, my lively lads:'
Insects and bugs and lizards green,
Satyrs and woodchucks then were seen
Peeping from rocks and logs between;
Gladness and Mirth began to flirt,
And Sport flew round and tore his shirt.

Last came *Joy's* ecstatic trial.
He, with sparkling eye advancing,
Tried the bagpipes, then the viol,
Fell to singing, then to dancing,
Leaping, springing, pitching prancing;
All the Passions, without cavil,
Said they guessed he'd 'do to travel'

O Music, star descended creature!
What beauties grace thy every feature!
Thy ancient lyre thou'st laid aside,
The banjo, though, thou hast supplied;
And the greatest tune beneath the sun
Is 'Jenny, get your hoecake done.'

A SAGE CONCLUSION.—Winchell, the drollerist, says, that when he first came to this city and observed the imitation fire-works which Barnum exhibits upon the front of his museum, he didn't know what upon airth it could all mean—he couldn't understand it, any how—but, after looking for about half an hour, he finally came to the conclusion that he *didn't know nothing about it*!

AN INK-LING OF LOVE'S PERPLEXITIES.—A young gentleman, who formed a sudden and violent passian for a beautiful young woman, endeavored to pen her a sonnet under the influence of champagne. In a fit of absence of mind, he dipped his pen into the wine, and swallowed the contents of the inkstand.

The Birth-Day of Washington.

'Would you praise Cæsar, say Cæsar; go no further.'

What pen shall assume to itself such dignity as to venture upon a sentence in praise of Washington? If any such there be, let them first pause and ask—What can be said now that has not been already engraven by the grateful hearts of a happy and glorious posterity upon the golden page of history? Among the unknown changes still quickening in the womb of Time, should our vast continent sink in the ocean, there to sleep until chaos shall call back its atoms, still should the name of WASHINGTON be read among the stars of heaven, and the remaining nations would bow their grandeur and their pride before it, yielding that irresistible homage which the human mind, in its purity, LOVES to pay to greatness, truth and virtue, and which homage may not be *withheld* even when disturbing passions taint the natural spring of impulse.

A reverential solemnity steals over us as we tremblingly invoke expression upon this subject. But that it falls in among the duties of our station, we would fain step aside from a task which we cannot but hesitatingly approach. We have been, from early youth upward, tolerably familiar with historical records of great men, both of ancient and modern time, yet the name here mentioned has been the star—first, last and ever—to which our fond enthusiasm turned. Men have been called great who were not good, although the last *should* be a necessary quality of the first. Washington was both, and in the union of the two he floats calmly and beautifully above all, into a sphere of undivided glory. O, we can well remember (in fact, the miracle would be if we could forget) how in schoolboy time we have mused over those benevolent features which the generous burin has scattered bountifully among the free-born sons of a land claiming Washington as its father. At this day we assert that if we have ever grasped a conception of moral grandeur, the lofty influence came first from that picture which we so loved to contemplate.

"He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein 'twas good for youth to dress themselves."

We look back, and cannot trace to the ferule or persuasion, or any course of induction, either harsh or gentle, the origin of such impressive tuition as we unconsciously imbibed from the calm and massive grandeur of Washington's countenance, entwined, as it must ever be, with noble, patriotic, and sublime associations. But now, purposing to say nothing, we are already trespassing upon space.

We celebrate to-day the one hundred and ninth anniversary of the birth-day of Washington. His memory sits as a resplendant light radiating over our proud and happy land. Let those whose distorted thought would prophesy internal division among us, lift their eyes in contemplation of its serene majesty, and own in their hearts how shallow were the teachings of their observation. No;—this is a day to fling calm reproach and the gentle springing seeds of reformation upon all political charlatanry. Scheming demagogues feel once more a blush of genuine honesty tingling upon their cheek and brow, and early purity of thought comes back with its reviving influence upon the soul. Each true son of our glorious land will walk erect to-day with proud and buoyant thankfulness in his heart that God has made him an American.

In Byron's celebrated Ode to Napoleon, as published, two or three stanzas of the original, it is well known, were omitted by Gifford, or his bookseller, Murray—the manuscript having been entrusted to them jointly. One of these stanzas was the following noble recognition of Washington:—

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make us blush there was but one!"

Those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

A SERIOUS OBJECTION.—A bachelor, not far from here, says he has only one objection to marrying *some* widows, and that is—he can't put up with second-handed children.

A SENSIBLE CHOICE.—"If you don't accept my challenge," said one gentleman of honor to another, "I will gazette you!—so take your choice." "Go ahead," said the other—"I had rather fill six gazettes than one coffin!"

Temptations thicken as we yield,
And seem less fatal, too;
And every step in vice we take,
'Tis easier to pursue.
Once past the bounds of virtuous life,
Our feet will swiftly glide,
Till we are borne with rapid force
Down, down destruction's tide.

"We have to pay for every thing," as the man said when a musquito, after a voluntary serenade, sent his bill into him.

THE STEP-FATHER.—When Mr. Willoughby was about expiring, he said to his weeping wife:

"As we have been congenial souls on earth, I trust we shall meet and mingle souls in another state of being."

"Alas!" said she, raising her hands to her face, "the time of separation will seem like an eternity to me. Till I meet thee again, I shall be most desolate and wretched!"

Mr. Willoughby had been dead six months, when an elderly man, called Brown, paid many polite and delicate attentions to the widow. She thought he was even more polite and attentive than her late husband; yet she said to him when he proposed—"Dear sir, you know that I lost all relish for earthly happiness when William died, and until I meet him in heaven"—

"Ah, my dear lady!" interrupted the other, "to what misery do you devote the living, for the sake of the dead, whom we cannot benefit?"

Mrs. Willoughby was touched by his sorrow; her tender heart could not endure that one, who appeared to love her even more than William had done, should perish with love for her; and after a little persuasion on his part, she consented to fix the day.

The widow had an only child—a little boy seven years of age; and as soon as Brown had made himself happy, he felt pressing upon him the duties and responsibilities of a father. As he had never been married before, he felt the peculiarity of his situation. His lady's boy must be attended to. He felt it his duty to attend very strictly to the morals of this youth, and train him up in the way he should go.

"Robert!" said he, "come here!" This was spoken in a voice of surpassing dignity and a tone of high authority.

The lad crept towards his new daddy.

"Do you go to shool, boy? Eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, and do you study your lesson in school? I must see to all this, now that I've got the charge of you. Repeat the names of the members of the Legislature?"

The boy looked up and was at a loss for a reply.

"Hah! you can't tell. I think you don't study your lessons well, at school. I must see to this—I must tell the master to keep a sharp eye upon you. I must do my duty and look out for your morals. What's that in your hand?"

"It's a penny, sir—that my mother gave me."

"A penny, eh! well, let me have it; and whenever you get a penny give it to me till I've laid up enough of 'em to buy you a new hat, or a pair of shoes."

The lad gave up his penny, and burst into tears.

"Crying, eh! a bad boy I'm afraid—very bad boy—wants to squander away a penny! a hundred pennies make a dollar, and ten dollars make an eagle. I see I shall have my hands full. I'm afraid your father neglected your morals. But I'm your father now, and shall save you from ruin."

This worthy step-father felt it his duty to pay such strict attention to the morals of the boy, that the lad was at length afraid to breathe in the presence of his sire; and at the age of twelve, he fled from home, and went on board a man of war. He rose by degrees until he was post-captain in the navy, The worthy stepfather was now desirous of cultivating his friendship, but no sooner had he stepped on board the vessel than orders were given to seize him up in the gangway. As the boatswain's mate laid on with the cats, the Captain says, "It's my duty to look out for your morals; I do this for your benefit—it is my duty.

STRANGE.—As several exchange papers laid on the table yesterday, a little "mixed up" by the wind which came in at the window, we read that "out of sixteen thousand chimneys which had been driven ashore by some Broadway dandies, only ten teethpicks had been able to secure the blessings of a good education." "This," says one paper, "is the more remarkable, because from the time the hole was dug and the elephant's tusk extracted, only sixpence a minute had induced the murder. Upon such principles, the reason would seem to be strong, that as catfish never fiddle except when swimming the earthquake must have taken place in a ball-room while the babies were asleep. Added to these catalogues of mesmeric influence, was the aperture—ten feet high and one petticoat long, inducing suicides and five games at billiards. When the ace came off, the dromedaries hump was discovered, and there the children lay without any shirts on!

The magnanimity thus called forth by the omnibus trumpet, never was better displayed than the flags at the Baltimore encampment. Horses and finely carved sofas were floating in the air like bags of coffee, and such was the delight manifested, that an insane mother strangled her infant three centuries old with a portion of the Augusta railroad. The terrible event of the day—the grindstones sold at auction the wounded pumps of the deceased dancing masters made a scene which rivalled the victim and carried off his hat. Pensively leaning out of a window the popgun burst, when all the small beer of the city seemed wrought into a frenzy which the influence of Sherman's Lozenges was unable to penetrate.

A QUAKER ANSWER.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up.

"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Ay, Martha, but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls *love?*"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting more than thy share."

I love to see the waving grass,
Just before the mower mows it;
I love to see an old gray horse,
For when he goes—he goes it!



THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

There were few more peaceable citizens than Simon Lambert, of Monktown, for he would even obey the slightest command of his wife, sooner than to have any disturbance with her. He never had but one law suit, and that was on account of a neighbor's hen that would persist in sitting upon the eggs which belonged to a hen of his own.

He was a man of plain, common sense, always coming directly to the point, and never permitting policy to stand in the way of homely truth. Although he submitted very patiently to the dominion of his wife, yet it cannot be supposed that his love for her was immense; as, not only did she rule him with a rod of iron, but she was such a bloated, unwieldy and awkward creature, that Simon's admiration could, by no means, be brought to bear upon her carcase. Of this she was probably not aware, but supposed that Simon's acquiescence in her decrees, however preposterous, was the effect of his violent love for her.

Now as Mrs. Lambert was thus certain of her husband's love, and believed that nothing could shake her from his bosom's throne, she did not sit down, like Alexander, and weep because there was nobody else to conquer; and, fortunately, there was a Mr. Trivett, who desired to make conquest of her heart, judging, doubtless, that to storm and capture so large a citadel as Mrs. Lambert, would be a greater achievement than to take possession of a smaller woman.

Simon remained in total ignorance of these proceedings. One evening his wife commenced an assault on him at the supper table, and he "fled for safety and for succor" to the nearest tavern, where he remained in innocent unconsciousness of the cause and object of the attack which had been made upon him by Mrs. Lambert. But some of his associates coming in, looked very knowing, and insisted that Simon should go immediately home. With difficulty he was prevailed on to do that. At length, however, they urged him along, until he reached his own door, which they opened and thrust him in. What was Simon's surprise to see a stranger sitting at the table and taking toddy with his wife!

She started immediately up, not for the purpose of introducing the gentleman, but in order to be prepared for Simon's burst of wrath, and grief and despair. She stood with fists clenched, and looked red hot warming pans at him! He very politely lifted his hat to the stranger and bowed In her fury, Mrs. Lambert did not perceive this, but immediately began: "Lay the weight of your finger on him if you dare! Where have you been skulking at this time o' night? Stand off, you vile wretch!"

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Lambert," said Simon; "You know that I never interfere with your amusements."

"My amusements!" cried the enraged woman—"Get out of the house, I say. Begone, you imp!"

"I will go directly to bed," said he, bowing politely. "I have no wish to intrude upon you and this gentleman."

This was not exactly what Mrs. Lambert wanted. She had represented to her lover that Simon would break his heart if he knew of her *little frailties;* and this composure on his part was far from flattering to her pride, and she did not much relish the idea that her man should witness the indifference manifested by her husband. "You'll go to bed, will you?" exclaimed she. "Is this the way you treat me in the presence of strangers—me whom you promised to protect, and nourish, and cherish?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Lambert," said he. "And do I not yield obedience to all your wishes? Oh! yes, my dear Mrs. Lambert, even if you were to desire to go off to some other land with this gentleman, I should take the utmost pleasure in gratifying your wishes."

Here a roar of laughter from the street door caused the lady to turn her eyes in that direction, when she beheld half-a-dozen witnesses to her husband's docility and *Christian resignation.*

She seized the tongs and drove poor Simon from the premises, but glaring facts soon came to light, and he procured a divorce, and as Mrs. L. walked off with her friend Trivett, he said to her, "This, my love, is what I have been aiming at; and now you may go to the devil."

"I have made a conquest of a woman that even her husband wanted to get rid of," thought Trivett, and suddenly pushing her toward her late husband, he cried, "Here! take her home, for I am sure if I had not thought you wanted her I should not have tried to win her."

Simon pushed her back to Trivett, "No, you have won her, and you must wear her. I tell you I won't have her."

A crowd collected, and Mrs. Lambert, ashamed and confounded, finally took shelter under the protection of a sturdy butcher, who, carrying her off exultingly, swore that he could manage her if she was the Devil's own sister! "Was ever woman in this humor won?"

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Drop a line if you want to see me," as the fish said to the angler.

There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his descent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, the older the seed the worse the crop."

An exchange paper is quite merry at seeing a female walking the streets a few days since, attired in a high dress, white bonnet, white kid slippers, white gloves, and white trimmings generally—eating voraciously from a monstrous hunk of gingerbread, which she carried in her hand.

"Be-*ware,*" as the potter said to the lump of clay.

"I will be *burnt* first;" saucily responded the mud.

"This is a *leading* article," as the editor said to his little responsibility.

"You're doing a *smashing* business," as the gardener said to the hail stones.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

"I say, mister," said a loafer to a tavern keeper a few days since, "what will you ask to keep me all night for nothing?"

I CAN'T DO IT.—What a volume of human misery is unfolded in that short sentence! What mighty efforts of undeveloped genius are chained by this conclusion of despondency, when a barrier chances to interpose the onward progress of the will and sometimes of mere human volition? What domestic unhappiness—what downward marches towards the gloomy and solitary abodes of poverty—what anxious solicitude that fills the breast of the dependent wife—what ardent wrestlings with the demon of despair—what social wretchedness—what deep, painful anxiety, what national evils, are depicted in the spirit of that expression! It is the language only of the self-wretched; the determination of the weak and imbecile. It is the voice of the moral coward, who, standing upon the shore of some desolate island, in the stormy ocean of life, and looking out upon the billows strewn with the wrecks of earthly grandeur and human happiness, is so blinded by fear that he cannot see the surrounding gloom. It is the articulated feelings of the traveller of the desert, who, having gained an eminence, sees nothing but a barren plain before him, thirst parching his tongue, and weariness subduing his strength. But shall he lie down without hope? Nay, let him press forward, make but one effort, a green oasis will meet his vision, a cool stream will bubble up from some unforeseen fountain, and he will reach his journey's end crowned with the rich rewards of perseverance.

Quotations from Future Authors.

From Professor Tallschemer's work on inundations, published in 1901, is extracted the following singular relation about old New Orleans, and an ancient water course called the Mississippi. The Professor says:—

"This stream (the Mississippi) was at one time considered quite a formidable body of water; the valley was dotted with villages for several miles, among which Gretna, Louisville, Algiers, St. Louis, Cairo and New Orleans were the most prominent. The largest commercial town, however, was Stockton, situated somewhere in the territory of Balize, a mountainous section of country, where the Mississippi took its rise. The melting of snow upon these mountains used often to deluge the country around, and the whole valley was at length destroyed, partly from this cause, and partly from the tremendous effect of one of Espy's first experiment's upon rain. Before this philosopher's time, it is well authenticated, the pouring down of rain was a matter entirely at the option of the skies, and the people were actually in that state of ignorance that they would endure many weeks of dry and scorching weather, and again long spells of incessant rain, dreaming of no means for regulating and equalizing the weather. Espy was laughed at when broaching his celebrated Theory of Storms, and for a long time was deemed a lunatic. Among those who ridiculed him most were the citizens of Algiers and Gretna, the two great trading ports upon the obsolete water course already named. From this reason some historians are disposed to impute revengeful motives to Espy, in *designedly* preparing his great experiment for such terrific results as ensued. Such may not have been the case.—Espy, as we have every reason to believe, possessed a far greater calibre of mind, and would never have descended to a course of conduct only assimilating with ordinary intellect. It is true his great experiment, although it established the science, completely washed out the Mississippi, and thereby chawed up the bone of contention between the North and South, by abolishing the whole *ground* of the anti-abolitionists. But all this, we are inclined to think, was only the result of a natural error in the calculations of a new theorist.

When the temperance legions bought up all the alcohol of a dozen nations for Espy to make a fire with, we may reasonably conclude the fire made something of a blaze; and the consequence was that the desired element (water) came down in such a deluge as to achieve more than the philosopher anticipated. So, in this great deluge disappeared Algiers, Gretna and the valley of the Mississippi!"

An interesting document appears in the last number of the "Light of Other Days," from which we make a brief extract in relation to the fashions of 1842. Can we, as pioneers of the glorious twentieth century of the world, ever bow to such preposterous idiosyncrasies?

"In the year Eighteen Hundred and Forty Two, an article of dress was in fashion denominated 'pantaloons!' Great strife, it seems, existed between the sexes as to which should wear them. They were made by a class of artisans called tailors, and were ingeniously constructed so as to become useless in three wearings. It required six hours to get them on and as many to get them off, and when got on and off three times they were done for. By this the tailors made great fortunes, and would have ruined all their customers, but that a wise legislative action was taken on the subject, providing that tailors should never be paid!"

In the same curious book of Moonshine from which we obtain the foregoing, another singular revelation appears.

——"At this time commercial affairs were regulated by what were termed *banks,* and among these banks a *crevasse* would now and then occur, causing many to find capital unaccountably transferred from a rising stock to a *sinking* fund!

"People at this time used also to shave their chins, cutting off their beards, and putting on smooth faces. A class of Professors managing business under this state of affairs were termed *Barbers,* but, on account of their great losses, sustained by *breaking* continually under their misfortunes, they soon came to be called *Brokers!*"

By important restrictions laid upon our correspondent in the Moon, from whom we derive this intelligence some half a century in advance of the mail, we are debarred from entering into further explanation. In consideration of the peace of the present time we have withheld the great body of our information, which, however, we mean to use now and then, as appropriate occasion serves.

☞ An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant, who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning—"Fall to rising you spalpeen, fall to rising!—Don't stand there lying in bed all day."

works and dey spout out water out of dar

Bill went to see a man hang once, and remarked that he was suprised to see so much *cord*-iality between the hangman and his victim. It appeared to him a very *knot-ty* affair.

A lady who was married to a gentleman of the most whining manners and address, and with whom she had many slight quarrels and sweet reconciliations, once said, that he had often made her shed tears, for the extreme pleasure of kissing them away.

A case which has been in the court six years and ten months, was decided in the final resort, on the 7th ult., by the Supreme Court at Boston, and a verdict of *four dollars* damages recorded!

"Don't be so hog-ish," as the sow said to the boar.

"It's all talk and no cider," as the thirsty man said when he found nobody in the bar-room but a parrot.

"Double the *steak*," as the hungry man said to the cook, when he saw a lantern-jawed stranger enter the dining room.

"I can boast of *rank*," as the butter said to the cheese. "And I am *strong* and *mite-y*," as the cheese replied to the butter.

"I'm coming," as the bullet said to the soldier.

News can now be carried from New York to Chicago, a distance of 1400 miles, in six days.

"Cut close," as one blade of a pair of sheers said to the other.

Why is a certain popular belle like the hub of a cart wheel? Because she is surrounded by felloes.

"Walk in and be *shaved*," as the broker said to the man who was reading his sign.

Greenlanders suppose that thunder is caused by two old women flapping seal skins in the moon; and the Aurora Borealis owing to the spirits of their fathers frisking at the foot ball.

There is a man in Wetumpka, Alabama, so polite, that he never passes a petticoat hanging on a clothes line, that he don't bow to it.

"I would rather not take a horn now," said the loafer to the mad bull—but the bull insisted on treating, and the loafer got quite high.

Jefferson said—"Experience has taught us that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort."

A sceptical young man, one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

We have heard of a religious fanatic, who undertook to fast forty days and forty nights; but died on the 16th.

"Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?" "Why don't every stalk of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go bring in a basket of chips, child."

There are some people who seem never to be happy unless they are miserable. Take away all cause of complaint, and you deprive them of their greatest comfort.

A grave digger objected to paying for his newspaper, on the ground that he meant to work it out in *professional services* for the editor and his family.

He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for his bed-fellow.

"The iron hath entered my *sole*," as the man said when he run a nail in his foot.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

"There's plenty of room inside," as the pauper said to the penny loaf.

"Ah, dew!" as the lady said to her satin slipper, after a morning walk in the meadow.

"No *tick* here," as the man said to the watch he bought at auction.

"If Christians must contend," says Jeremy Taylor, "let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear most and best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make most noise in the world."

It is a sour, malignant, envious disposition, without taste for reality, or any image of representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourirhed in splendor and in honor.

"How can you *bare* it," said the wig to Simon's poll.

"I'll *pitch* you over," as the caulker remarked to the ship.

"I shall *draw* on you at sight," as the bed bug said to Bill's leg.

"I *feel* for you," as the pickpocket's fingers said to his neighbor's watch.

A Mississippi paper has the sheriff's sales under the head of "awful occurrences."

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had abundance of that in his own country. That chap is right.

A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

"I can be no follower of thine," as the cripple said when the loafer ran off with his crutches.

It is not polite to invite a friend to dine with you at your boarding house, when you cannot pay up a nine weeks arrears.

SCANDAL.

"Now let it work—Mischief thou art afoot,
Take what course thou will."

The substance of the following is no fiction. In a neighboring village whose inhabitants, like the good people of Athens, were much given to 'either telling or hearing some new thing,' lives Squire P, a facetious, good sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of village record, and have been retold through various editions from folio down to duodecimo

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden of about fifty; she went to all the meetings, kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, doctored the babies, and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed the young married ladies how to make soap, and when they had bad luck, made evey child in the house sit cross legged until the bad luck changed. In fine she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with 'the way of trangressors is hard,' 'poor Mrs. A. or B, (as the case might be) I pity her from the bottom of my heart,' or some soothing reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, 'the state of their minds,' &c These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of her best friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own reputation, or as the best mode of entertaining the village, and thereby render her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the squire was sitting near the door smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by 'What's your hurry, Aunt Lizzy?—walk in.' The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced:—

'Well, Squire P., I've been thinking this forenoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversation, as the good book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our minister says.'

'Why now you see, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that: 'when ye fast, be ye not like the hypocrites, of sad countenance; but annoint thy head and wash thy face, (Aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff,) that you appear not unto men to fast.' '

'Now there, squire, that's just what I told you—see how you have the scripture at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the good word.'

'As to that, Aunt Lizzy, I don't see that your professors, as you call them, are a whit better than I am in private. I respect a sincere profession as much as any man, but I know enough of one, to know that she is no better than she should be.'

At these inuendoes, Aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the squire, in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular seige of 'scandalum magnatum,' she commenced her fire.

'Now, squire, I want to know who you mean by one of our church! I know who you mean—the trollop; I didn't like so many curls about her head when she told her experience.'

The squire finding curiosity was putting on his boots, had no occasion to add spurs to its heels, for the lady had one in her head that was worth two of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he had consented to explain what he meant by the expression 'in private.' This was a dear word with Aunt Lizzy.

'Now, Aunt Lizzy, will you take a bible oath that you'll never communicate what I am about to tell you to any living being—that you will keep it while you live as the most inviolable secret.'

'Yes, squire, I declare I wont never tell any body nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a bible oath of it; there, sartain as I live, before you or any other magistrate in the whole country.'

'Well, then, you know when I went to Boston a year ago.'

'Yes, squire, and know who went with you too—Susan B. and Dolly T, and her sister Prudence.'

'Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzy; there was a whole lot of passengers—but—but—

'None of your buts, squire—out with it; if folks will act so—a trollop.'

'But, Aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll bring me into the scrape.'

'I've told you over and over again that nobody shall know nothing about it—and your wife knows I ain't leaky.'

'My wife! I would not have her know what I was going to say for the world. Why, Aunt Lizzy, if she should know it"——

'Well, don't be afraid, squire; once for all, I'll take an oath that no living critter shall, never as long as I live, know a lisp on't.'

'Well, then, if you must know it—I slept with one of the likeliest of our young church members, half the way up!'

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath—shut up her snuff box and put it into her pocket, muttering to herself—

'One of the likeliest of our church members. I thought it was Susan B., likeliest. This comes of being flattered—a trollop. Well, one thing I know—the way of the trangressor is hard: but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, squire, for sartin as the world if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad like sheep without a shepkard.'

In a few minutes Aunt Lizzy took her departurs, giving the squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good bye—let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from parson G, requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, in the south conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who in order to clear up her character requested Squire P. to be present.

The parson, who was a very good man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P's, requested him to say nothing of it to his wife; but the squire took the hint, and telling his wife there was a parish meeting, requested her to be ready by two o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came, and the whole village flocked to the room All eyes were alternately on the squire and Susan B—Mrs. P. started, and Susey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The parson, with softened tone and delicate manner as possible, stated the story about Susan B., which, he observed, was in everybody's mouth, and which he did not believe a word of; and Squire P. being called on to stand as witness, after painting in lively colors the evils of slander with which their village had become infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzy, in the presence of the whole meeting and before the church, to come out to make acknowledgement for violating a bible oath!

Aunt Lizzy's excuse was, that she only told deacon S's wife on't, and she took an oath that she would never tell nobody else on't. Deacon S's wife had, it appears, sworn Rogers to his sisters, but it went through the whole church, and thence through the whole village.

The squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be the likeliest of their church members, inasmuch as she never would hear nor retail slander. All eyes were now alternately on Susey B and Squire P.'s wife. Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a diabolical triumph, which the squire no sooner perceived, than he finished the sentence by declaring that the member to whom he alluded was his *own lawful wife*.

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The squire, as usual, burst into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susan B., and even the parson could not refrain from joining. And parson G. afterwards acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village, which all his preaching could not have done.

For Lovers of Fun.—We copy the following extract from the second number of Handy Andy, a comic Irish story, full of frolic and fun:

'Sure enough,' said the widow. 'God between us and harm!' and she marked herself with the sign of the cross as she spoke—'and a terrible murther it was,' added she.

'How was it?' inquired Oonagh, drawing her seat closer to her Aunt and Harry.

'T'was a schoolmaster dear, that was found dead on the road one mornin', with his head full of fractions,' said the widow.

"All in jommethry,'* said Harry.

'And some said he fell off the horse," said the widow.

'And more say the horse fell on him,' said Harry.

'And again, there was some said the horse kicked him in the head,' said the widow.

'And there was talk of shoe-aside," said Harry.

'The horse's shoe, was it?' asked Oonagh.

'No, *allanna*,' said Harry, 'shoe aside is Latin for cutting your throat.'

'But he didn't cut his throat,' said the widow.

'But it's all one, whether he did it with a razhir on his throat, or a hammer on his head; it's shoe-aside all the same.'

'But there was no hammer found there,' said the widow.

'No,' said Harry, 'but some people thought he might have hid the hammer after he had done it, to take off the disgrace of the shoe aside.'

'But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?'

'Not a taste The coroner's jury sot on him, and he never said a word agin it; and if he was alive he would.'

'And didn't they find any thing at all?' asked Oonagh.

'Nothing but the vardick,' said Harry.

'And was that what killed him?' said Oonagh.

'No' my dear, 'twas the crack in the head that killed him, however he kem by it; but the vardick o' the coroner was that it was done; and that some one did it; and that they wor blackguards, whoever they wor; and persons unknown; and sure if they wor unknown then, they'd always *stay* so; for who'd know them after doing the like?'

* Anything very badly broken is said by the Irish peasantry to be in jommethry

---

☞ The phrase—"there is no making an ivory whistle out of a sow's tail," is now rendered—"you cannot manufacture an ivory trumpet, ont of the latter extremity of a female pig.

Excellent.—The following unvarnished tale, is from the Lynn Locomotive's N. York Correspondent. It tells in words what thousands read eagerly with eyes, and the writer takes the true mode. If the public *will* be guilty of indecencies, let them read the story *just as it is*.

"But see, the curtain rises, and what a gorgeous scene opens to view. A troupe of girls, in the character of fairies, are flitting in the foreground, and beyond, lakes, woods, and all sylvan beauties are displayed. The girls, I say, are dressed as fairies, and hence you may conclude, not as mortals; and as to that matter, I do not see that they would not appear as well without any dresses at all, such as they do wear. The head is encircled by a delicate white wreath, and the hair disposed of in some fascinating manner, The arms are bare entirely to the shoulder, excepting a gold bracelet at the wrist, and a brilliant on the finger. The lower limbs from the toe upward are in the same state, but without the bracelet and brilliant. Or rather they are so to appearance, for they are enveloped in a flesh colored covering which sets as closely as the skin itself; and so exact in the resemblance to nature, that were a person to see them in any other place, he would at once suppose them to be entirely nude. The frock is of some light, rich material, and very low in the neck—or rather without any neck at all—and reaches nearly as low as the knees.—Under the frock is a thin muslin chemise, which falls a few inches below the hips.—When they dance, as a matter of course, every part of the form can be seen, excepting a portion from the waist to the hips—that being the only part which their refined modesty deems it necessary to conceal. The stuff of which the frock is made, is very light, and not overloaded with ornaments, but exceedingly rich, and spangled with gold and silver. It is made to set from the body, so that the spectator may have the most perfect view of the form."

As an excuse for going so extensively into detail, he says:

"But the most refined go to see the "angel," and how can it be improper to describe what it is not improper to look upon in public? There are a great many silly folks in this world, as most people discover by the time they have been here a couple of centuries."

A poetical friend of ours has a paper folder with the following line from Gray, marked on it:

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

On looking at the quotation, it occurred to him, that it might be expressed in various ways without destroying the rhyme or altering the sense. In a short time, he produced the following eleven different readings. We doubt whether another line can be found, the words of which will admit of so many transpositions, and still retain the original meaning:—*Boston Transcript.*

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way.
Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.
The homeward ploughman weary plods his way.
The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," as the poet flatteringly remarked to himself when walking one pace behind a drunken negro woman. He didn't wait for the negro woman's answer.

Henpecking.—An exchange, whose editor doubtless speaks from experience, says the catalogue of human ills contains no item inclusive of so much misery and humiliation as that one word. The proper elements of *femininity* are modesty, softness and yielding; and its office is to soothe, sweeten and purify existence. And we will add, to mend the children's clothes and keep their noses clean.



SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NEW SERIES—NO. XCVI.

By request of 'The Factory Girl' I will upon this occasion, discourse from the following text, selected from the writings of the poet Shelly:—

I arise from *dreams* of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are burning bright;
I arise from *dreams* of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet.

My hearers—there is a mystery about dreams, which I cannot understand, and to solve which were a task beyond the pale of my philosophy. In reference to animal magnetism, the subject operated upon loses all volition by somnambulency, and the will is entirely subjected to the control of the magnetiser; but in our natural sleep, the mind is either left to wander at random to and fro, uncontrolled even by itself, or else it is guided, directed and governed by some invisible spirit, that loves to play pranks while Reason is asleep. Let us suppose the latter: that Morpheus, the minister of Somnus, sends his waiting goddess, Fancy, to visit us in our midnight slumbers, and either strew our beds with the sweet roses of bliss or tuck between the sheets a few nettles of misery, in accordance with the manner in which we have spent the day. If you, my friends, have made wholesale groceries of your stomachs—have committed the beastly sin of gormandizing—Fancy will lead you in your dreams to a table covered with dishes most loathsome and disgusting—such as rat tail soup, stewed snakes, broiled toads, fried lizzards, cock-roach pudding, with bed-bug sauce, and all such sort of undesirables; from all of which you will be compelled to eat, in spite of non desire or disrelish. If you have been indulging to excess in spirituous liquors, your bed chambers will be haunted by all the horrid apparitions of evil that ever came upon midnight errands from the dark dominions of Pluto. Demons of demijohns and red-eyed bottle imps will surround your thorn-covered couches, and grin at your sufferings. Every form will be ugly, and every feature horrible—not a beautiful face can be seen among them all. If you have robbed, stolen, cheated or taken unjust advantage of your kind, you will, perchance, ever and anon start from your fitful slumbers, as though closely pursued by the officers of justice. Your dreams, at best, will be checkered with doubt and fear; and, after travelling through thistles to pluck a daisy, you will come back with a toadstool and torn pantaloons. On the other hand, if you have passed the day decently, soberly, prudently, piously, and have done unto others exactly as you would they should do unto you, your dreams at night will be as pleasant and happy as your day transactions have been holy and honorable.—If they don't, saw my left leg off, and send it to the devil as a small sample of falsehood and sin.

My dear friends—the most delightful of all dreams are those of youthful love. My friends, Thomas Moore once observed that there was nothing half so sweet (not even excepting molasses) as love's young dream; and he further truly remarked, after it had forever flown, that it was odor fled as soon as shed—the winged beam of morn—a light that never could shine again upon the dull, sluggish stream of life. Yes, my friends, the dream of love is a glorious one while it lasts; but it soon fades away, and never returns with the same brightness as before. It is a dismal as well as a nocturnal dream, continuing on from day to day, leading its subjects through an inviting wilderness of ideality, till at last the spell is broken, and they begin to think it best to look around and define their positions, as the politicians say. When a young man is first captured by Cupid, he then becomes entranced, as it were, in a dream: the whole universe wears a blooming aspect—the barren places of his bosom are covered with verdure—buds and blossoms fill the garden of his imagination—he finds beautiful poetry among the most prosaical places of earth—and all the discordances of nature are made to harmonise with the secret impulses of his heart. It is, with him, love, still love. The landscape has a look of love—the brooks bubble of nothing but love—the birds sing songs of love—the heavens at night seem lighted with love—and every breeze comes laden with the sweet perfume of love; no matter whether it happens to blow from the fragrant groves of Elysium or from the vicinity of some dead dog's carcase. Then, too, his dreams at night are dreams of love. His spirit is guided by an invisible spirit to the whereabous of his adored, where, in some sylvan bower or moonlit grove, he pours out his whole soul—spills the boiling broth of affection in the lap of love—squanders kisses by the quantity—and where, with heart in heaven and heels on earth, he feels as if he were in a state of betwixt and betweenity, in relation to the eternal joys of the one and the temporary raptures of the other. Not only his spiritual but his physical portion also may be affected by the witching power of dreams. He may arise from his sleep while dreaming of the idol of his heart, when the zephyrs silently steal kisses from the slumbering flowers and the stars are burning bright, and be led by a spirit in his feet to the chamber window of her whom he loves and adores—who knows how? Aye, who knows how? Who can tell what it is that guides his footsteps when the lamp of reason is extinguished in the darkness of sleep, unless it be that some invisible agent takes him by the hand and directs him to the object of his wishes? Such is his dream of love. He awakes in the morning and finds that the god of dreams has been playing a kind of April fool with him, but he still dreams on; and continues to dream till matrimony or confirmed bachelorship has brought him to his senses, and he begins to think about loving to live as well as living to love.

My friends—the dreams of youth and innocence are ever surrounded with the glowing halo of joy and pleasure. Those of manhood are pepper and-salted with the hope, care and sorrow—and sometimes gilded with anticipations never to be realised, or clothed with the sable habiliments which the past has thrown over the skeletons of former enjoyments. The old man lies down upon his bed at night and dreams of joys that await him beyond the tomb. In his slumbers the gates of heaven are opened upon his vision, and he is allowed to take a peep at, a taste and a smell of, the glories he shall participate in, when the dull dream of life is dispelled by the rays of the resurrection sun, and an eternal day of splendor shall break upon the dark night of the grave.

My hearers—dreams are not, for a certainty, prophetic of the future: they are only proof impressions of the past and the present. Therefore you should be admonished rather than seduced by them. If your dreams are unpleasant or horrible, depend upon it, it is by some imprudence—or misconduct on your parts. Seek out the cause and correct the consequences. If they are pleasing, you may know that you are on the right track to happiness; and all you have to do is to persevere like the paddle-wheels of a steamboat when stuck upon a sand ridge: so that when, at the close of your mortal pilgrimages, you look back upon the dream of existence and find it has been a happy one, untarnished by shame or remorse, you may know that you are prepared for the realities of an endless hereafter. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

He who keeps a record of his daily thoughts and feelings, may see at the end of the year how various are the pictures of himself. Man *changes* from hour to hour.

Our colleetor says that he can't find any change in man. He is right; there is but little in us, and in Philadelphia, until lately, there was none at all. The maiden, who sang 'You'll find no *change* in me,' came from that city, doubtless. The times are hard, it is true, but they cannot be said to be full of change. If in bygone days man *was* full of change, in these that are he *isn't*.

☞ We are sorry to have the pleasure of informing the public that, as spring is already somewhat advanced, summer is nigh at hand—autumn will be here pretty quick—winter will come by and by—and that, by present indications, next year will be characterised by several characteristics—if not more. There, that's a paragraph for some editor to steal who is fond of cabbage.

Love.—It is said that 'love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect.' It lit upon us once like a hawk on a June bug; for the moment we couldn't reflect any more than a piece of rusty tin by moonlight—afterwards we did nothing but reflect—and, since that time, we have reflected upon it *frequently*.

"Is your business so very *press*-ing?" exclaimed a fair damsel to the wooing printer, as he embraced her.

"My satisfaction is *inexpressible*," as the fellow said when he put on his new pants.

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE----- -NO. 129.



THE EATING-HOUSE WAITER.

VAIN REGRETS.

Would I could feel as I once felt,
When, fresh in heart and pure in mind,
I buckled on my boyish belt,
And frolicked freely as the wind.
I had no care to cloud my brow,
Nor grief my little heart to melt;
How altered are my feelings now—
I cannot feel as I once felt!

Would I could dream as once I dreamed,
When like a glory from above,
Around my dawning heart there beamed,
The bosom bliss of youth—first love!
When hope grew bold within my breast,
And fancy, with gay visions teemed;
Ah! fled are all these moments blest—
I cannot dream as once I dreamed.

Would I could think, as once I thought,
This wide and beautiful green earth
A paradise of joy, where naught,
But pure and holy things had birth
Where every scene with peace, and truth,
And friendship firm, and love was fraught,
Ah! quickly undeceived is youth—
I cannot think as once I thought.

I cannot feel, or dream, or think,
As I was wont, in days long past;
And as I near the awful brink,
O'er which we each must lean at last,
I think that all will soon be o'er,
And give the world a parting sigh;
I feel its shows can cheat no more,
And dream of joys that cannot die.

Fashions—Cold toes and blue noses; the former will be felt, the latter *diskivered*. Pocket handkerchiefs will be in great demand, and those who possess this very serviceable article, will bring it into general use. The streets will be as vocal with the coughing song of mortals, as the fields in summer with the chirruping song of the grasshopper. Balls will be the rage. The great, general, and therefore fashionable step, will not be taught by any of our dancing masters. It will be taught by a great northern artist, Air Coldo. It is called the shakes Those who wish to learn it, have only to go out of doors early in the morning, and they will find that it is the easiest thing in the world to take to it at once.

"Marm!—Marm!"
"What, Thomas?"
"Didn't you say to father, that Bill, the butcher, was courtin' our Sal?"
"Why, child, how you talk. He's only paying his attentions to her."
"Wal, you'd better stop it then—kos they're in the parlor now, and Bill jest bit Sal right on the mouth—he did, kos I seed him."
"Thomas, here's a cent—run down to the baker's and buy a horse cake, and then you may go and play a spell. La! me, what eyes these children have got."
—*Richmond Star*.

☞ "My dear, you snore!" said a lady to her worser half.

"I *knows* it," was the laconic reply.

Better than none.—A poor married woman was telling a staid lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in great part, attributed to irregularity of her husband.

'Well,' said the old maid, 'you have brought these troubles on yourself; I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband.'

'He is not a good one to be sure, madam," replied the woman, 'but he is a power better than none.'

☞ We remember being at a conference meeting once in Yankeeland, when one of the deacons came around asking people if they wanted salvation. Near us sat a butcher's boy, of nineteen years old, about as amenable to salvation as a lamb in his hands would have been to mercy.

"Do *you* want salvation?" said the deacon, looking into his brutal face.

"No, darn you—I want Sal *Skinner*, and the sexton won't let me take her out till meeting's all over."

Then was the time *we* roared "some."

A Tale.—"Miss Charlotte, what part of the mullet will you take," said Scragg the other morning to the lovely divinity of the breakfast table, whilst endeavoring to do the amiable.

"The *brush*, if you please," replied that fragrant and delicate embodiment of sensibility and delicacy.

"Beg pardon," said Scragg, "did I understand you would take the head or———"

"The other part," rejoined the blushing Charlotte.

☞ There are some hearts so full to overflowing with sorrow, that little rills of grief rush forth here and there once in a while, and cause even merry spirits to droop in sorrow. Some deep and poignant affliction seems to have entirely dried up the sources of pleasure, giving everything that "grand, gloomy and peculiar" aspect, so significant of death and the grave. We have a friend in Vermont—Mr. Eastman, editor of the Spirit of the Age, a man of poetical temperament—who forms a peculiar illustration of our remarks. We have accidentally stumbled upon a bit of poetry by him, which possibly explains how it all happened He visited a young lady, and with sighs and tears spread out his heart before her, like a map of the world. We give the conclusion in his own touching and painfully pathetic words:

I pleaded till she seemed to feel
The burning words I said;
With murmuring lip and moistened eye,
She bent her fairy head,
Till to my own her cheek was pressed—
Hope's sunny wing I saw—
And asked me if I didn't want
A piece of gum to chaw. *Picayune.*

☞ A fellow at Epsom is so tarnation cute, that he refuses to pay the debt of nature unless the discount be taken off.

works and dey snout out water out of dar

ODDS AND ENDS.

"None of your *jaw*," as the nut observed to the man who was cracking it with his teeth.

"*Bear* with me," as Bruin said when he hugged the boy.

"Go a head—I'll back you," as the thief said to he horse.

What class of men never come of age? Miners—(minors.)

Health is the poor man's wealth and the rich man's bliss.

No man truly loves life but he who is willing and ready to die.

When is a chimney like a chicken? When it's a little foul (fowl.)

When is an orator like a drunken man? When he is full of *spirits*.

He who marries for wealth selleth his happiness at half price.

"I'm a note-owe-rious character," as the bankrupt said when imprisoned for debt.

"I believe I have caught a *bow*," as the woman said when the hangman threw the loop over her head.

Few know how small a sum suffices for existence. One unhappy feeling is worse than years of what is called hardship.

Cupidity lives in society like the destructive worm in the bosom of a flower—it gnaws till it perishes.

When all is done, human life is at the best but like a favored child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

"Not fond of snaps," said the horse to the whip.

The commonest courtesy from an hospital surgeon, is to present his visiter with a knife, and invite him to carve a patient.

A chandler having some candles stolen, a friend bade him be of good cheer, "for, in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will come to light."

An eastern chap sleeps with his mouth open, previously covered with molasses, till eight in the morning, and then makes a morning's meal of the flies that gather in it!

The Picayune is of opinion that when a woman orders her husband out of the house, and properly to enforce authority, throws his clothes out of the window, the thing may be correctly denominated "*a suit in ejectment*."

The Picayune states that a chap lately gave, as reason for discontinuing that paper, his "*Pic'yune*-iary embarrassments.

A young girl asked her sister, "what was *chaos*, that papa read about?" The older child replied, "why, it is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in."

A soldier went to a public writer, and requested him to write a letter for him. The scribe replied, "I cannot, I have something the matter with my feet." "Understand me," returned the soldier, "I do not want to send you any where." "I understand you perfectly well," said the other, "but when I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it."

"Shall I have the pleasure of waltzing with you, madam?" said a gentlemen to a dashing married lady. "Thank you, sir, I have hugging enough at home."

What are books worth to those that cannot read or understand them?

Have every day higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

The eyes of the idle are apt to look into his neighbor's pocket—for he who will not live by honest industry, will be ready to supply himself by other men's means.

"Alas! what *boots* it?" as the gentleman observed who was kicked behind.

Open your mouth but seldom, anever but tod the n point and purpose.

Shut your mouth close when misjudging friendship holds the glass to your lips.

A witness, on his cross examination at the Tipperary quarter sessions, swore that he took forty tumblers of punch the night before, and that a boon companion drank no less than sixty.

Cupidity lives in society like the destructive worm in the bosom of a flower—it gnaws till it perishes.

A reeling drunkard, on meeting Colonel Wallace, accosted him thus: "Well, Colonel, I hear you can raise the devil." "Yes," replied the Colonel, and, with his foot, sent the drunkard's basket, containing a jug of rum, twenty feet above his head.

Red lips and red cheeks are pretty; why not red eyes and red noses.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

A great man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of sight.

Many a man fancies his head thinks like Pope's because it aches like his.

The soul leaves behind its impress to the dead body; thus we see the sun after it has set.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE. [From the London Metropolitan.] Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water to your knees fishing for trout when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

Curates, younger brothers, &c, marrying out of hand, and when they find themselves with a numerous progeny, lamenting the severity of their lot, and abusing bishops, elder brothers, and patrons of all denominations for not providing for them.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life, and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last forever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

The heir of an avaricious uncle paying him the compliment of the deepest mourning.

The lovely widow of a cross old man wearing weeds; and the gay survivor of a rich old shrew being particular in the choice and display of his weepers.

In humble life a female of the frail sisterhood, forsaken by her seducer, and left without any alternative, shall be scouted from society; while the noble and wealthy, without any apology but vicious passions, shall be courted and received. Nay, you shall be indicted for a libel, or challenged by her father or brother, and shot through the body.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

A man shall curse and swear at his groom or his tailor; but in polite company nothing so vulgar as an oath shall escape his lips.

To suppose that every one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

The perpetual struggle of affectation to pass for an oddity.

Old men affecting the gaiety and gallantry of youth: young men assuming the gravity and sanctity of age.

To the loss of time and money at the card table to add that of your temper.

You have a dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners, and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

You lie in bed till eleven, take a luxurious breakfast, lounge about, return to a sumptuous board at seven, play at cards till midnight, eat heartily again at supper, and wonder that you do not enjoy a perfect elasticity and health of mind and body.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbors frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

You indulge your child in an unlimited passion for fine clothes and good living, and are afterwards shocked at his being a coxcomb and a glutton.

To put out one's fire out a given day of the year, though cold easterly winds should blow.

That any man should despair of success in any the most foolish undertaking, in a world so overstocked with fools.

Such a man is indebted to you in a large sum of money, and has no means in possession or in prospect of paying you—that it may be utterly impossible for him to earn it by his industry, you immure him in a prison.

You make a very foolish match, and gravely ask a judicious friend his opinion of your choice.

Two armies, who know not even the cause of quarrel, previously indulging in the work of slaughter, on the sound of a trumpet and on beat of a drum, instantaneously stopping and reciprocally performing every act of kindness.

A man of superior talents and accomplishments is always pronounced conceited by the clowns who cannot understand him.

You subscribe yourself to a correspondent whom you care little for, or perhaps absolutely dislike, "Most truly yours."

To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

To buy a ticket in the lottery.

To salute your most intimate friend when he is walking with any very great man.

To think every one a man of spirit who fights a duel.

To doubt what travellers report, because it contradicts our own experience, or surpasses our own conceptions.

To pronounce those the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

To take offence at the address or carriage of any man, with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

Not to be profoundly deferential to a quarrelsome man.

To expect punctuality from an idle man.

You are a well informed man, and fluent in conversation—on the strength of these qualifications you stand up in your place in parliament, and presume to speak.

In a severe paroxysm of gout, you determine never to commit excess again.

To laugh at the appearance or manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

To suppose that a man who lives with ministers and courtiers in private, must be acquainted with secrets of the state.

When you travel to insist on English fare, and not make your stomach a citizen of the world.

To think for yourself, and declare your real opinions in every society you frequent.

Not to think the man an impudent fellow who boasts of his humility.

To discontinue dealing with a tradesman to whom you owe a large sum of money which you are unable to pay.

To congratulate a hypochondriac on his good looks.

To tell a confirmed beauty that she looks much better than she did the last season.

To praise a daughter just come out, in the presence of her handsome mother of five and thirty.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

To ask advice of a man who has always mismanaged his own affairs.

To furnish a library with the most expensive books, of which it is not in your power to read a line.

To pronounce dogmatically upon the conduct of all our neighbors and acquaintances, and not to give them credit for knowing their own circumstances and views of happiness better than we can pretend to.

To get up on a cold winter's morning to hunt a timid animal to death, and pronounce ourselves rational and benevolent beings.

To see your agent amassing a large fortune, and suppose him to be honest and your tenantry happy.

To allow great actors the privilege of new modelling the language, and of pronouncing it ridiculously.

To expect that your friends will remember you after you have thought proper to forget them.

To compose a speech for parliament, get it carefully by heart, and expect to be esteemed a great orator.

To call for bed-chamber candles at twelve o'clock, and remark to your friend, on a visit, that you forgot to ask him if he ever took supper.

Not to wear a great coat when our joints are aching with rheumatism, lest we should be thought delicate.

A young parson thinking to recommend himself to a profligate patron by imitating his vices.

The more absurd an opinion is, the more pertinaciously it is adhered to.

To overrate our pretensions when we really are not devoid of merit.

To make the grand tour, and associate only with your own countrymen.

To give advice to, or argue with, a fool.

You cannot keep your own secret, and expect that another should do so for you.

You flatter the passions of the populace, and expect to be popular all your life.

To subscribe to any indefatigable collector for public charities, who has no visible means of subsistence.

Not to drink when you are thirsty, or eat when you are hungry.

To give any man, wise in his own conceit, or superior to you in life, a candid opinion when he asks your advice.

To indulge in all manner of excess and vice, and imagine yourself cunning enough to conceal it from the world.

To fancy yourself a poet, because you can write verses.

Not to flatter the weaknesses of every man from whom you want a favor.

To persecute sectarians by way of extinguishing them.

To affect to be a man of pleasure and business at the same time.

To live fifty years, and be surprised at anything.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.—We have often been diverted at a table of old times in New England—short, to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young persons became smitten with eaeh other, as young people often do. The woman's father was rich—the young man poor, but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and absolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey—that is she dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while she pretended never to see him—she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of "sighs and tears," which women oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose in Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however, but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower and loved his daughter dearly. Had it b n a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given way to the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw his daughter's heart was really set upon the match he surprised her one day by speaking out "Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee pleases, and who thee chooses."

And, then, what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or give her father time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking, for knocking was not then fashionable, and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition, as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up enquirinly. She walked directly to him, and took both hands in hers. "John," said she, "father says that I may have thee."

Could she have told the news in less words? Was there any occasion for more?

"*Ephraim*, Mrs. Shaw has been playing some male characters, in New York."

"Yes, I saw her play some here, exquisitely. Bye the way, *Simon*, what tribe of Indians did she remind one of—can you tell?"

"Not exactly—what one was it?"

"Why, the *Shaw-knees*, to be sure, old man."

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—We feel no delicacy in publishing the following correspondence, as the fair parties live "down town," and are unknown to the denizens of the fauburg St. Mary:—

[Miss Jones to Miss Brown.]

Bourbon street, Oct. 6, 1842.

My dear Miss Brown—Do me the favor to loan me your umbrella. Give it to bearer, by whom I will return it to you. Yours, faithfully,

CHARLOTTE JONES.

P. S.—Is that scandalous report about the Misses Smith *all* true? Wretched girls. C. J.

[Miss Brown to Miss Jones.]

Dauphin Street,

Thursday, 2 o'clock, P. M.

My Dear Miss Jones—I would loan you, with great pleasure, my umbrella*r*, but that I shall have occasion to use it myself this afternoon. I have a new patent bustle, though—O! it's a duck of a one—which is at your service.

Yours very truly, MATILDA BROWN.

P. S.—Every *word* you have heard about the Misses Smith is a fact. Indeed, Mrs. Tisdal told me last night, in a secret, that the worst is not known yet. Miserable creatures! I thought it would come to that. M. B.

[Miss Jones to Miss Brown.]

Bourbon Street,

Thursday, 4 o'clock, P .M.

Miss Jones presents her compliments to Miss Brown, and requests her to understand, that from this moment all intimacy and correspondence between them cease. Miss J. could never think of continuing an acquaintance with any one who would end "umbrella" with an *r*. Besides, she don't like any one who speaks bad of her neighbors, as she *never* says *nothing* of nobody herself.

[Miss Brown to Miss Jones.]

Dauphin Street,

Thursday, 6 o'clock, P. M.

Miss Brown is in receipt of Miss Jones' impertinent and ungrammatical note of this afternoon, and rejoices to find that a termination has been put to an acquaintance which has ever been repugnant to her feelings of propriety. The young ladies with whom Miss B. has the pleasure of associating neither kill characters nor violate rules of grammar—they neither circulate scandal, nor use two negatives, when speaking or writing, instead of one.

Here the correspondence closed. It commenced musically as the sounding of a rill, and ended with the roar of the cataract.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WORTH MAKES THE MAN.—Well hath John Neal written, "worth makes the man! not wealth, not dress, not politeness, not parade. You will find more real manliess more sound sense, more lovliness of character, in the humble walks of life, than was ever dreamed of in the circles of fashion, of pride, of Chesterfieldian rule of politeness. When a man of sense—no matter how humble his origin, or degrading his occupation may appear in the eyes of the vain and foppish—is treated with contempt, he will not soon forget it; but will put forth all the energies of his mind to rise above those who thus look down in scorn upon him. By shunning the mechanic we exert an influence derogatory to honest labor, and make it unfashionable for young men to learn trades labor for support. Did our young woman realize that for all their parents possess they are indebted to the mechanic, it would be their desire to elevate him and encourage his visits to their society, while they would treat with scorn the lazy, the fashionable, the sponger, and the well dressed pauper. On looking back a very few years, our most fastidious ladies can trace their genealogy to some humble mechanic, who perhaps, in their day were sneered at by the proud and foolish, while their grandmothers gladly received them to their bosoms."

SENTIMENTS.—*Sentiment Rural.*—"I think I must look over it," as the horse said to the gate which divided him from the clover.

Sentiment Consolatory.—"All's well that ends well," as the young wife said when the old man died—*rich.*

Sentiment Human.—"I'm a victim to an artificial state of society," as the monkey said when they put trowsers on him.

Sentiment Contemptuous.—"You are beneath my notice," as the hawk said to the field mouse.

Sentiment Apologetical.—"I was really not aware," as the young rat said to the trap.

Sentiment Diplomatic.—"I have the honor," as the blackleg said at whist.

Sentiment Polite.—"Pray don't wait for me," as the mouse said to the cat.

Sentiment Sentimental.—"Would that we ne'er had met," as the pickpocket said to the constable.

Sentiment Musical.—"Those notes enliven me," as the printer said when a remittance came for five years' subscription.—*Selected.*

The nearest guess we ever knew a man to make, was made by one who was tumbled, bodily, out of a second story window, and, when picking himself up, he "rather guessed he *wasn't wanted there!*"

There is time enough.

This is one of the most mischevious sentences in the English language. Not that it is bad in itself,—for it is true, as we intend to show presently. But its meaning is sadly perverted, and what is meant for good becomes the occasion of evil.

Many a good thing might have been done had it been begun in season, but because there was time enough it was let alone, and so not started till too late, or never moved at all.

But there is such a thing as bringing good out of evil. The bee extracts honey, as sweet, if not as abundant, from the thistle, as from the rose. And he who would profit by studying human nature, and watching divine providence may learn wisdom from his past errors, and turn even his misfortune to some good account.

The wisest man of ancient days, (and we believe he was fully as wise as people commonly are at present,)—the wisest man of ancient days, has given us to understand that there is a time for everything under the sun. A time for laughter and for tears, for sorrow and for joy. A time for business, a time for recreation, and a time for rest, but does not say a word about leisure time, or time for idleness. He speaks too of a time to die, leaving us to infer, as we may very naturally that He who made the sun to rule the day, the moon and the stars to govern the night, has given us time enough, just time enough, and none to spare, to perform all our duties, and enjoy every rational pleasure—to make the world better for our having lived in it—and to become better fitted ourselves, for 'another and a better world'

There is time enough, says the school-boy—but his time runs out, and he goes half fitted to the counting room, or enters, half fitted, at college.

Time enough, thinks many a young man, if he does not say so, to commence habits of frugality and economy, aud thus provide for future wealth—but the time never, never comes—and he, to use a homely phrase of Dr. Franklin's, 'scratches a poor man's head as long as he lives.'

How many designs have we formed, of doing this and that good thing, which fell thro', not because we had little time—but because we have time enough, and so wasted one hour after another till the time had passed.

Time enough to work, says the idler and spendthrift—but his clothes wear out before he finds time to earn new ones—and pockets are emptied, and he has had no time to replenish them.

Franklin has a homely saying to this effect—that he who loses an hour in the morning, must run all day, and 'tis a wonder if he overtake his business before night. So, if any one got himself pinched for time, it is likely he has thrown away an hour, when he thought he had time enough and a little to spare.

Time enough—say we, when in a serious mood, we resolve to be more diligent, more systematic, more punctual—when we resolve upon any reform.

Do you say, we knew all this before.

No doubt of it. Yet we are apt to think there is not only time enough, but some to spare. But this is an error, and should be corrected.

The different lengths of different lives is nothing against our position, that life is just long enough. The oldest person has enough of duty and enough of pleasure too, if he lives aright, to occupy his threescore years and ten—while he whose sun goes down at noon, has time enough, if he will but improve it, to make his life a blessing to others, blessed and glorious to himself.

Why People go to Church.

Some go there to end a walk,
But few to hear the Parson talk—
Some go there to while away
The tedious hours of Sabbath day—
Sinners go to scoff and sneer,
But sometimes leave with a *flea in their ear*;
Young men to see the pretty girls,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing curls—
Young maids, to see their dashing beaux,
With their tight-laced pants, and pinched up toes.
There you see the spinster-prude—
Whose callous heart was never wooed;
Anxious mas, with numerous joys—
Clothed like little girls and boys;
The aged man, with silvered head,
The aged dame, with tottering tread,—
But rarely do your eyes behold,
Midst thronging crowds of young and old,
The man who with heart sincere,
Sheds o'er his sins a single tear.

☞ Young man—did you ever feel a disposition to borrow a sum from your employer's till? just a few cents, to be paid tomorrow, or next day, or as soon as you got a little change? Did you ever venture to do that much, or to actually *take* the money, resolved, sincerely, to put it back again? Do not shrink from the question, but look right at it, read it over and reflect; because many a noble heart has suffered itself to be poisoned in that way, not knowing how insidious is evil, and how soon indulgence, even with the cheat of a good motive, ends in ruin. Beware, as you would avoid a gulf of undying torture, ever yielding for one instant to such a thought—for once admitted, you cannot tell the result. Beware—beware. We ask you to read the question at the head of this, and ever remember it. Guard yourself, and when time has given you a position to justify it, urge the same question to your son, your brother, your friend. Dont forget it.

RIGHT.—The New York Cadets, a *foot* company, are commanded by Colonel *Skipper*.—*Streeter*.

Yes, and a whole *soled* set of fellows they are said to be, Corporal.—*Picayune*.

True—ready at a *tap*. But who *sold* them?—*Streeter*.

It *boots* not who *soled* them, Corporal. But a word by way of advice—keep out of their way, for they give no *quarters*.—*Picayune*.

Pooh!—all "*leather* and prunella." They will *heel* the wounds, generally use *ball*, always *toe* the mark, are nice *instep*-ing, act with des-*patch*, and are not a *peg* behind any corps in the land—so quit trying to *pump* them, or they will get the *upper* hand and *shoe* you "goss." Boo!

THANKSGIVING.—What pleasing associations there are connected with our annual thanksgiving. Our opinion is that a greater aggregate of happiness is enjoyed by the good people of the State on that day than on any other in the year.—It is a day which brings home the absent brother, who perhaps has been struggling for wealth or distinction in some distant quarter, the truant sister, the sweet cousin, or the bashful lover. The different members of the family meet round the teeming board, to enjoy the good things of this world, and the vexations, toils and troubles of life are in a measure forgotten. Talk about feasting and 'riotous living' as you may, there is nothing that comes up to our notions of bliss like a well stocked dinner table, and a jovial company to enjoy the cheer. There is nothing that goes further towards settling disputes, bickerings and jealousies, between man and man, than meeting for a sumptuous repast. There is no malice in roast turkey, no moroseness in baked ducks, no harshness in stewed oysters; and a plumb pudding, or a pumpkin pie, is the very soul of gentleness and good feeling. Ay! commend to us the good old practice of keeping thanksgiving.—*Portland Bulletin*.

THANKSGIVING.—Blessings on our puritan fathers with all their "rigid solemnity, their strict observances and strait garments." Be their name doubly venerated for establishing such a festival as Thanksgiving! And as often as the day comes round, let it bring with it not only the remembrance of the feastings and merry-makings, the bright looks and kind words of bye-gone times—but let the fervency of gratitude for the lavish gifts of the present only cast a brighter hue upon the glory of the past.

☞ Peace, contentment and love, cemented by virtue, are never dear at any price. They are of more value than riches or fame; for both, without them, are of little value to the possessor.

Any man who dont admit the following to be first rate, true to the very letter, deserves apartments in a Lunatic Asylum.

"Every man has in his own life, folly enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; in the performance of his own duties, deficiency enough; in his own fortune, evils enough, without being curious after the affairs of others."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN? By the appellation of a gentleman, it is not meant to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true—whoever is of humane and affable in demeanor—whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the eurth. High birth and distinction, however, for the most part, ensure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and lower professions.

MR STAND-FROM-UNDER!—An innocent inoffensive Polish genatleman came to this country whose name was *Stanfrumundur*, and he was dreadfully annoyed constantly in passing through the streets, by laborers and brick-masons calling him by name from the house-tops,

"Stand from under!" shouted an Irishman one day.

"Well, sir!" said the Pole, pausing.

"Get away out of that!"

"I no understand nothing!" shouted back the poor Pole, who couldn't comprehend what was said or meant,

"Stand from under!" bellowed the Irishman.

"Well, sir, here I am!" replied the Pole.

The Hibernian bricklayer commenced swearing furiously, and the Pole set about mounting the ladder, t see what the gentleman with the trowel could want with him; but a heavy pole of the scaffolding, that was just about to be lowered, struck him on the head, and knocked him sprawling.

The two *Poles* rolled together to the ground while the Irishman on the house-top was screaming "Stand from under!" with all his force. Nothing in a name! This incident shows that names are sometimes

"Wide as the *Poles* asunder!"

An editor is like a caterpillar—he is always busy—always *cater*-ing for the public. Corporal Streeter did'nt say this.

Picayune.

No—too much *picayune* wit about it.

"*Ephraim*, Nature's a kindly nurse to all vegetables and mankind generally—is'nt she?"

"Yes, *Simon*—but rather a *wet*-nurse of late."

Ephraim, read this article from the Picayune:

"A round, ruddy faced girl with flaxen hair and lace cap, was yesterday walking down Chartres street. Her hale and healthy appearance, her capacious peticoats, tightly drawn blue stockings and strong shoes, attracted the attention of two young lawyers"——

Hollo! stop—stop!—zounds! what's he driving at? cut off there *Eph*—petticoats and stockings is as far as we dare to go. Stop there—stop.

JONATHAN OUTDONE. Our trans-Atlantic brethren are famous for their ingenuity. But we think we can cope with them in anything, only we don't trumpet forth our abilities as they do. There is at present at Cockerham, a tailor, who is so quick at his trade, that he has constantly beside him a bowl of water to cool his needle. [London paper.

PHRENOLOGICAL. At a late meeting of the "Mudfog Association for the advancement of every thing," a learned member exhibited to the company the skull of Eugene Aram when a school boy, and another gentleman presented *another* skull of the same individual when at a more advanced age. The innocence of the boy, contrasted with the criminality of the murderer, as clearly developed in the two existing heads, was highly corroborative of the incontrovertibility of skullology. An illiterate bystander, who interrupted the meeting by impertinently asking "how Eugene Aram came to have *two* skulls?" was immediately taken into custody, and lodged in the county gaol. [New York Mirror.

Finn's Last.

Finn, the comedian, passing through Providence on the Fourth, was invited to assist at the celebration there, and gave, at the dinner table, the following toast:

Fourth of July Dinner—The only true system of *internal* improvement; for which we depend, not upon the Kitchen Cabinet, but the Cabinet of the Kitchen; so I give you, not only the mayor, but his corporation.

Removing a Wrong Impression.

"I fear," said a country parson to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that Philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection.—You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the mistake."

HOW TO GET RID OF A DEBT.—There is but one way to get rid of an honest debt honestly, and that is to *pay it*.

A NOR-WESTER.—The prospectus of a new paper, to be called the *"Bugle of Democracy and the General Whig Exterminator,"* has recently been issued at Illinois.

"I'm in favor of early marriages," as the man said when he was about being wedded at the age of 70.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—The editor of the London Age says, that having had occasion to explore the file of the morning papers for an advertisement, several singular notices to correspondents struck his eye.—The following from the British Traveller are specimens:—

"Common Sense," if possible, in our next.

"Christianity" must be deferred for more temporary matter.

"Scandal" has already appeared in a former number.

"Truth" is inadmissable.

"Honesty" would be unintelligible to many of our readers.

We know nothing of "Good Manners," therefore the writer must be mistaken in his conjecture.

"Scurrility" may depend upon being inserted during the course of the week.

"Decency" must be altered to make it fit for our columns.

"A Patriot" is at present rather out of date.

"An Honest Lawyer," with other originals, in a day or two.

"Matter of Fact," does not come within the circle of newspaper intelligence.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE LAW.—Law—is like a fire, and those who meddle with it, may chance to 'burn their fingers.'

Law—is like a pocket with a hole in it; and those who therein risk their money, are very like to lose it

Law—is like a lancet, dangerous in the hands of the ignorant; doubtful, even in the hands of an adept.

Law—is like a sieve, you may see through it; but you will be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

Law—is to the litigant what the poulterer is to the goose; it plucks and it draws him; but here the simile ends, for the litigant, unlike the goose, never gets *trussed*, (*trussed*,) although he may be *roasted* and *dished*.

Law—is like an *ignis fatuus*, or Jack o'Lantern; those who follow the delusive guide, too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bag or quagmire.

Law—is like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

Law—is like justice, even as a copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth of the two is about the same.

Law—is like an eel trap, very easy to get into, but very difficult to get of.

Law—is like a razor, which requires a "strong back," keenness, and an excellent temper.

N. B—Many of those who get once "shaved with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

Law—is like a flight of rockets; there is a great expense of "powder," the *cases* are usually well got up; the reports are excellent, but, after all, the sticks (*q. d.* the clients,) are sure to come to the ground.

Law—is like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.

☞ Cold comfort—Ice in August.

Doubtful comfort—To pay a note with borrowed money.

Editorial comfort—Pay in advance.

Domestic comfort—A pleasant wife, good natured children, and warm puddings.

Sunday comfort—To read the Atlas.

A usurer's comfort—The distress of others.

A politician's comfort— —— —— ——

A schoolmaster's comfort—A long rod.

☞ "O! Ephraim—how prettily that little lamb nibbles the grass."

"Yes—I wish I had one of his legs roasted, and nicely done up in mint sauce."

"O, how cruel. What would he say now if he could speak?"

"Why, he would use the name of one of your features, Simon."

"How so?"

"Guess."

"I cant—unless he should say I'm *mouthing* it."

"No—he would cast a 'sheep's eye' at us, and say, gentlemen, *I browse*."

☞ "Make way, gentlemen," once cried a New Hampshire Representative, to the populace who were crowding him out of his place in the procession on election day, "Make way, we are the Representative of the People."

"Make way, yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are *the people* themselves"

A LARGE AND FLOURISHING VILLAGE—Cairo, Ill, is thus set down upon the land speculators' maps Its present condition is thus and so:

"The water is about five feet deep all around the house, and the frogs are so busy trying to find logs to set upon, that they have stopped croaking entirely. The boat on board of which the writer travelled, hailed one of the houses in the evening, thinking it was a steamboat; the pilot took the windows for stern lights. On finding he was right in town with his steamboat, and this was a tavern, the captain pulled up, and every body liquored.

☞ An undertaker in Boston says—"When I furnish a coffin, attend the funeral with a hearse, deposit the body in my tomb, and never get any thing for so doing, I call it a real "*dead shave*.'"

"Sambo, what your ompinion ob dat bankrupt law?"

"Tink him fust rate, Pompey. I imply for de application mineself."

"Just explain him principles."

"Why, you see he now; jest lend me dat half dollar you got for whitewashing."

(Pompey hands him the money, and Sambo deliberately puts it into his pocket.)

"Dere, den, now I owes de shoemaker tree shilling, and you half a dollar besides the grocer's bill; now dis half dollar is all de property I got; I divides him according to de debts."

Pompey—"I take dat half dollar back."

Sambo—(with amazement)—"Do you tink dis child green? I'm a bankrupt; you gets your share wid the oder creditors."

A Good One—The Credit System.—In Barre, Mass. says the Gazette, a lady with a sweet face and remarkably tempting pair of lips entered one of our shops a few days since, and after examining some small articles, inquired the price of a nice pair of mits. The shopkeeper had almost lost himself in gazing at the ruby portals through which came the little musical voice. 'Miss,' said he, 'you may have them for a kiss.' 'Agreed,' replied the lady, the blush on her cheek eclipsed by the sparkle in her eye; 'agreed, and as I see you give credit here, you may charge it on your books and collect it in the best way you can!' Smiling enough on the confused clerk to pay half the debt, she pocketed the purchase and tripped gaily on.

Shaking the Napkin.—A gentleman once introduced his son to the late Rev. Rowland Hill, by a letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do hon to the university of which he was a member. "But he i ," added the father, "and idle, and I fear buries his t s in a napkin."—A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for the reverend gentleman's opinion, inquired what was thought of his son?—"I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

A writer in a Texas paper—a most romantic youth, no doubt—gives the subjoined very comprehensive history of one of his ancient love scrapes. We have rarely seen more told in a few words. "I once tenderly pressed the delicate hand of an Arabian maid, gazed intently and passionately at her large, languishing and lustrous eyes, whispered melting love sentiments in her presence; when after listening patiently until I was in raptures, expecting an avowal of a reciprocal tender passion, she raised her pretty foot, and gave me an all-fired kick in the short ribs! I was honey fuggled that time."

LOVELY CONTRADICTIONS.

BY S. J. BURR.

Love is a phantom—who says it is not?
Love is a dream and is easily forgot.
Love is a fancy, a vision, a cloud,
That changes the moment 'tis spoken aloud.

Love is a spell—who can sever its power,
Or tear off in years the regrets of an hour?
Love is all falsehood—who'll venture its test?
Love is all truth, as a husband knows best.

Love is all gratitude—who can deny it?
Love is ungrateful—who doubt it may try it.
Love is all feeling—its power attempt,
Love is unfeeling from fondness exempt!

Love is all goodness—love is all wo—
Love is all groundless that's grounded below;
Love is all sweetness—love is all evil,
Love is a god, and love is—the devil!

The following puzzle in rhyme was handed us by a friend. If any of our readers can furnish us with an answer, we should be happy to receive it. Now puzzle your heads.—*Penny Post.*

Suppose a man in married life
Should kiss a woman not his wife,
Through some mishap or want of care
In singling out his lady fair—
To what war-weapon, much in vogue,
Would you compare this luckless rogue?

J.

☞ Our Devil thinks that

If luckless rogue, or silly calf
Should kiss his neighbor's 'better half,'
Through some mishap or want of care
In singling out his lady fair—
The lady should not make a fuss,
Since he must be a *blunder-buss.*

Why are ladies' gowns about the waist like a camp meeting? Because there is a *great gathering* there.

"Neat, but not gaudy, as the devil said when he painted his tail sky blue," is now expressed as follows: "Quaker-like and modestly colored, exclaimed the Prince of Darkness, when he 'limnered' the extreme point of his elongated cordicular appendage the delicate tint of the etherial dome."

Old Bachelors.—The old bachelors get a crum of comfort now and then. The Portland Tribune has the following:—

Where do you find better men—or men of more talents—more happy—then were the following, and all of them bachelors too: Arbuthnot, Cavendish, Cowper, Gibbons, Gray, Hume, Locke, Pope, Swift, Walpole, Watts, Newton, Bentham, Goldsmith, Walton, and a host of others, besides many who are now living—such as Washington Irving, James Montgomery, Fitz Greene Halleck, and John G. Whittier.

Query.—What do you think of a young lady whose lips are so sweet that she is obliged to wear a veil whenever she goes into a garden to protect them from the bees.—*Ex. paper.*

We think the veil would be no protection.

An exchange wishes that the paths of all newspaper borrowers may be carpeted by *cross eyed snakes*, and their nights haunted by *knock kneed tom [cats!* Horrid!

To hunger and thirst after righteousness.—A poor parson looking for a pulpit where he can earn his bread and butter.

"Why am I like a crosscut saw?" said a bully. "D'ye give it? Because it takes two men to handle me."

Sponging—Getting your advertising done and then refusing to pay—and borrowing a neighbor's newspaper.

People are very consistent, for instance—the Hindoos will grind to death in their oil mills the jamas, or heretic priests; but they shudder at the accidental death of a monkey.

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other buried.

French women smuggle spirits into Paris, by soaking their *chemises* in brandy, and wringing them out when they get in the city.

How to harden iron.—Take a broker's heart and the heart of a bank director; dry them well in the sun, and pound them fine in a mortar; sprinkle a few grains upon any quantity of iron, and it will render it harder than adamant.

A gentleman, in going a gunning early in the morning, slung his wife's *bustle* and *reticule* over his shoulder, instead of his powder horn and shot pouch—and did not discover his mistake till he tried "to load up."

"My love, you don't look so handsome lately." "I know it; but how can one afford to be beautiful when paint is so dear?"

Susan Johnson has sued Enoch Sued for breach of promise, in Nashville, Tenn. Enoch would no doubt be glad to *decline* the case, in this way—*Sue, sued Sued.*

"I say," said a wag to a tall youth, whose appearance will be readily understood, "I say, didn't there an almighty great tree stand in front of your father's house?" "Why?" enquired the Jonathan. "Because," replied the other, "you looked so thundering *green*, I reckoned you must have been brought up in the shade."

"Happy to serve you," as the constable said to the writ.

There is a man in this city who tells strange stories about the west. He says he has been at evening parties, where the boys and girls hugged each other until their sides fell in like an old barrel. He has had a number of his own ribs broken in this way by a celebrated western beauty.

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and returned it to him. "Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor, "In what regiment, sire?" retorted the Sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

My friend the foreigner called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure he said, "I am going *at* the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology by saying that we were accustomed to say "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, and said he had profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock *into your* door on my return."

A sub editor announces that the editor of the paper is unwell, and piously adds—"All good paying subscribers are requested to make mention of him in their prayers—the other class need not do it, as the 'prayers of the wicked availeth nothing,' according to good authority."

"Madam," said a druggist the other day, to a lady who was examining Cologne, "I assure you it is an excellent article, and if you will condescend to approximate the extreme extension of your proboscis to the enclosed orifice of the bottle, thus letting the particles of fluid operate upon your olfactory nerve, the sensation that you will experience, will make the truth of my assertion perceptible."

"Feller sogurs," said a newly elected lieutenant of militia, away down in Maine, "I'm alfired obleeged to you for this shove up in the ranks you have given me. Feller sogurs, I'm not a goin' to forget your kindness soon—not by a d——d sight; and I tell you what it is, I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, so long as there's peace; but, as I go in for rotation in office, if we should come to blows with the Britishers, I'll be d——d if I don't resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory, and all that ere."

God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds; the untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of man are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel; but above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sound with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure—in its whispers of affection, how grateful!—in its expression of religious devotion, how exalted!—for its solace in trouble, how dear!—for its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

We knew a *gentleman* who had such a *fiery* temperament, that he was bought up on speculation to supercede the use of locofoco matches.

TO ELIZABETH M****N.

Come back, my dear Elizabeth,
I'm sure, could you but know
The sadness of my lonely hours,
You would not leave me so.

If love could not restrain you,
Sure the dollars which I've paid,
Might for a spell induce you
Though no longer you're a maid.

Like the dove that found no perch
On the weary waters drear,
I wander, but I find no rest,
Apart from thee, my dear.

Yes, dear I still must call thee,
Though many months have fled,
Fraught with pills and plasters too,
Since first I saw thy bed.

Yes, *dear* I still must call thee,
For still I feel thou art
A leech unto my pocket book,
With which it's hard to part.

Though other girls surround me,
With winning words and ways,
I spend the dreary nights alone,
More wretched than the days.

Then hasten back, my lovely one,
And do no longer tarry,
For if you do'nt you'll surely kill
Your much devoted—"Harry."

"We are growing thinner," as the grindstone said to the jacknife.

A fellow "Down East" says that the times are so hard he thinks of leaving this world *and climbing a tree!* Poor fellow!

There is one debt—the debt of nature—which can never be repudiated. We should therefere, be always prepared to pay it.

"I've thrown myself avay vithout sufficient *caws*," as the crow said, when he died in his youth.

The N. O. Picayune says, of a brother editor who had just got married, "No cause has been assigned for the event, and he was presumed to be in a sane state of mind at the time."

Think of it.—The "Crescent City" has the following beautiful little allegory:

"A humming bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, as you once spurned at me, and called me a drawling dolt."

"Impossible," exclaimed the humming bird.—"I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you this piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

"As woman is the mother of the world so she should be the instructress—the fountain of wisdom as of pleasure; and she who is most deeply read in the history of her duties will make the best companion and the truest and fondest wife, though a spark of beauty never lighted up her cheek nor a jewel glistened in her hair. It is the active grace, the riches of her modesty, that makes her what she is—the best and truest friend to man!"

"Getting High."—The following is from a cold water song, written, as we believe, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont. It is good, the wit, as well as the moral.

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky
To catch the rain; then drink it up,
And thus the oak "gets high,"
By having water in its cups:
Then why not you and I?

Unbelief.—Hearing a man complain that the political papers of all kinds "had become such liars, that for his part he did not believe any of them," reminds one of the old story of the old anecdote of the miller and his three sons. Coming into the mill and finding a grist in the hopper, the old man called out, "Tom, have you tolled this grist?" "Yes, sir." "Bill, have you tolled this grist?" "Yes, sir." "Sam, have you tolled this grist?" "Yes, sir." "You're all a pack of lying scoundrels," says the old man "I don't believe a word you say—*I'll toll it myself.*"—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ An English lady entered a store in Jamaica, and the colored shopman addressed her as 'massa,' whereupon the lady's servant exclaimed, "Why for you call my missus, massa?—sosh bad English! him's a she."

Anecdote.—"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" said a lady the other day to her husband who was confined to his chair by the gout. "Why should I my dear," replied he, "I am not qualified for the office."

"Nay but I think you are," returned the wife, "your language and actions are parliamentary. When bills are presented you order them to be laid on the table, and on motion to rise, though often out of order, you are supported by the Chair, and often poke your nose into *measures* which destroy the Constitution."

Touch of the Sublime.—The following is a literal copy of a speech delivered at a debating society in one of the western towns of Pennsylvania. Corporal Trim's eloquence was no touch to this masterpiece.

"Well the subject to be excussed is, wether ardent spirits does any good or not. I confirm it don't. Jist think of our ancestors in future days—they lived to a most numerous age—so that I think whiskey nor ardent spirits dont do any good. (Long pause.)—Well—the question to be excussed is wether ardent spirits does any good or not—so that I conclude it don't. (Another long pause.) I can't git hold on the thing so as you're by this time quite squinced of the folly of the thing, i'll design it to the presedent."

A Witty Parson.—A Scotch clergyman, by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occassion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon, as ministers pretend, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without the slightest preparation. Mr Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text,—"And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon that text.

On another occasion Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so, if he would, in return grant him the first favor he should ask. Mr Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

"Certainly," said the Major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin by the usual question—you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?"

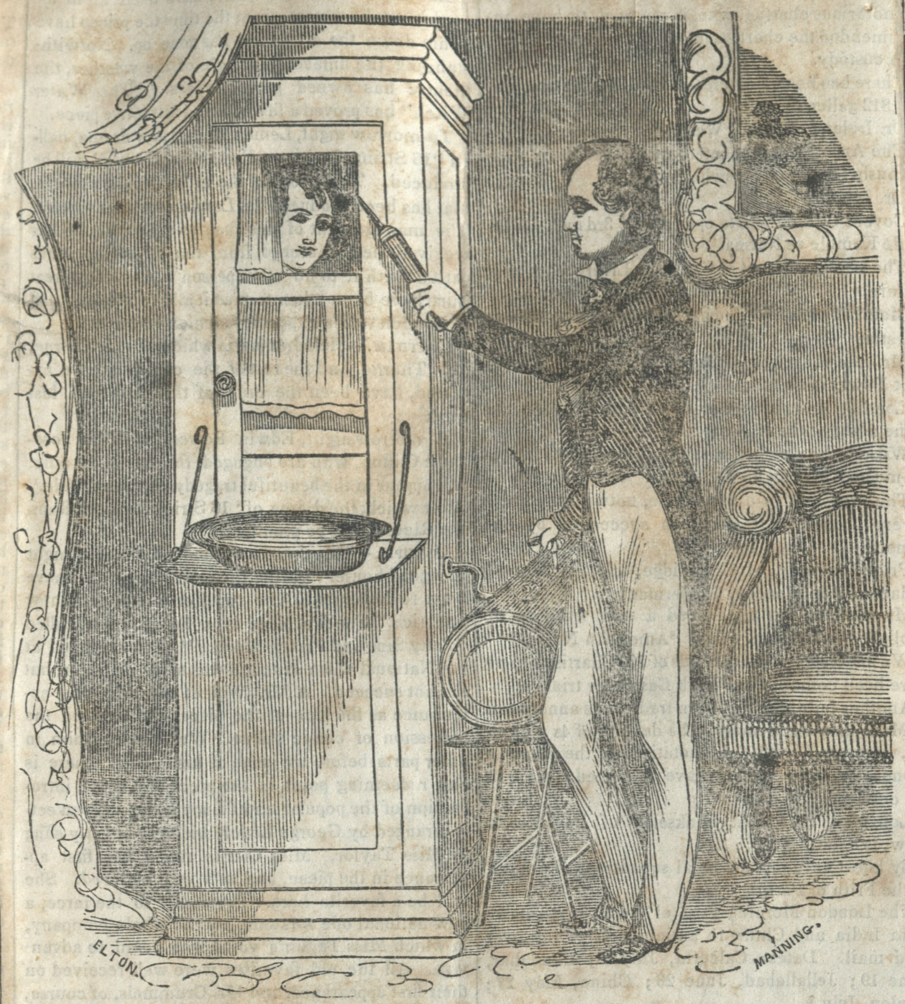
A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, the officer threw the candidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

A Sour Child.—A prisoner before the Police lately, in Philadelphia, gave the following interesting sketch of his "birth and broughtings up."

"I was born'd weeping—my daddy used to chaw wormwood afore I was born, and my mother made a practice of getting drunk on vinegar. When I was a little boy nobody wouldn't allow me to nuss their children, for they used to say I made 'em dyspeptic—I looked completely sour—so they sed. When I went to school I was always in for the lickens, and I do believe I bagged it for every boy in the school. At last I got married and my wife left me in three months. There's no use of asking why. She sed there was no use of living with me, because if we had children they wouldn't be any thing but walking vinegar casks if they were boys—and if they were girls, they would be mere jugs o' cream o' tartar, set on legs to physic all the world by their solemncholy phizzes."

The Remedy worse than the Disease.—An exchange says, "A person choked with a potato will find relief by swallowing a pumpkin." Good, on his *head!*

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE------NO. 123.



THE STEAM DOCTOR.

Wonderful has been the progress of steam. Little did that great genius who, on seeing the lid of his tea-kettle forced off by steam, imagine, in taking advantage of the circumstance to use steam as a power, that he was conjuring a spirit that would revolutionize the whole earth, and annihilate time and space.

The mighty spirit is but a child in age—and yet, see his dominion. He claims the road, and the horses are kicked out of the way. Wherever he marches, the track must be cleared. He demands to rule the waves, and sailing packets fall off as he advances. He puts the wheels of machinery in motion, and does the work of a thousand men with the utmost ease. The earth and sea are his to the end of time, and nothing but the air defies his mastery; in revenge for which, he occasionally sends some four or five hundred human being, piecemeal, into its face.

But it is not merely to bear our bodies, as it were, on a flash of lightning, so that, as Jim Crow Rice says,

"We may breakfast now in London,
And take dinner in New York,"

that its power is confined. It is found to doctor as well as accommodate our bodies; and the machinery of the human frame, as well as other machinery, is often indebted to steam for its strength and power; so that for every few hundreds of people that it is so cruel as to deprive of life, it boasts a credit account of thousands whose life it has saved.

This fact brings us at once to the STEAM DOCTOR, of whose rise and origin we must give some account.

The Steam, or Thomsonian system of medical practice, was founded by Samuel Thomson, who was born in the town of Alstead, in the state of New Hampshire, February 9th, 1769. His parents were poor, but industrious, and taught their son to imitate their habits of industry; while over his principles of moral honesty they watched with increasing vigilance. The father of young Thomson was one of the most enterprising and determined spirits of the age, and he thought every one should possess the same inimitable perseverance as himself. Fortunately for future generations, he succeeded in imbuing the mind and composition of his son with that peculiar tact, talent, and trait of character, which, at maturity, has rendered him, in the estimation of thousands, one of the greatest benefactors the world has ever known. At a very early age, he evinced a disposition to examine closely the works and mysteries of Nature, and being brought up on a farm, he was constantly tasting and testing the qualities of the different vegetable substances with which the face of Nature was clad, during their appropriate seasons. His knowledge, therefore, of the medicinal qualities of vegetables, enabled him frequently to play off tricks upon young lads of his age, by one of which, he first discovered the great medicinal virtues of LOBELIA. In 1790 he married, and circumstances which followed, induced him to test the medicinal qualities of many of the vegetables which he had in former years examined from curiosity. The severe and continued illness of his family, although attended by the most eminent physicians in that part of the country, led him to commence, as an experiment, the practice of that system of medicine for which he has become so justly celebrated.

Although uneducated, Dr. Thomson, who is still living in Boston, possessed a strong mind and a retentive memory, which enabled him, from his extraordinary perseverance, industry, and long experience, undoubtedly to be a better judge of disease, and its effects upon the system, as well as the remedies for the same, than most of the educated physicians, who are taught a system, which long experience has proved to be at least imperfect, if not altogether erroneous. Notwithstanding the doctor has labored under great difficulties, from persecution and prosecution, (having been once tried for his life before a jury of his country, and most honorably acquitted,) he has shown himself a superior man, and established his system of botanic practice, which bids fair to supersede all others. His *steaming process*, for which he has been so highly censured by many, whether justly or not, we will leave the many thousands who have tested it to say, was like many others of his discoveries a matter of accident, or perhaps we may say necessity. His wife being dangerously ill, and given over as incurable by the physicians, he applied the steam bath, among other remedies, which proved so efficacious that he has adopted it as an indispensable feature of his system. That the botanic practice is rapidly spreading and superseding the regular medical system, is acknowledged by all who are acquainted with its history. In many portions of the country it is adopted as the only sure and safe remedy for disease, and even in this city, where its virtues are least known, it is daily growing more popular, and rapidly increasing in its converts.

There are already several botanic stores in various parts of the city, the principal of which is located at 43 Bowery, opposite the theatre, connected with which is an infirmary for the accommodation of such invalids as may wish to try the effects of the botanic system. Dr. J. M. Norris, the physician of the establishment, has had over eleven years' practice in the botanic medicines with the utmost success.

On the first introduction of the Thomsonian system, its progress was retarded, in consequence of many ignorant and illiterate persons undertaking to practice it. There were, at this time, no Thomsonian colleges; examinations were not made and diplomas granted to those competent to practice; and the consequence was, that many pretenders entered the field for the sake of making money; and there can be no doubt that lives have been sacrificed by these unskilful, ignorant, and impudent imposters. But the science has advanced; it has triumphed over the injury done to it in its infancy by the quacks; and, both in Europe and this country, it is spreading far and wide, and gaining favor. Many regular physicians have embraced it, and many well educated men are now practicing it with great success. In Georgia, there is a Thomsonian college, where young men are regularly educated to practice it. They receive their diplomas in the same manner as other physicians. There are other institutions in various parts of the country. In Boston there are seven infirmaries. Among the planters at the south, the Thomsonian system is generally adapted. These things show how it is marching on. We may likewise state, that a great number of sound works are written upon the subject, and that twelve newspapers, in various parts of the Union, are advocating the cause.

Many persons are alarmed at the idea of steaming, and have some vaguely horrible notion concerning the bath. Now the bath, in the Thomsonian practice, is only a common vapor bath, in which your perspiration is more freely, effectually, and beneficially forced, in consequende of taking, inwardly, hot medicines.

We give, in our cut of the STEAM DOCTOR, a representation of that practitioner in the act of administering a bath. In his left hand is a thermometer, by which the heat, from the vapor in the bath, is gaged; in his right hand is the cock of the boiler, by which, in an instant, he can turn off the steam—so that there can be no danger in taking the bath, and need be no fear.

THE CAUSE OF THE UNSETTLED WEATHER.—Philosophers in petticoats and oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems are bothering all the brains they possess, to account for the unseasonably changeable weather with which we have been favored. The philosophers in the peculiars firmly believe that it is produced by large masses of ice which have detached themselves from the north, and gone upon an exploring expedition to the south pole, while the philosophers in petticoats as firmly believe, that it is caused by the manner in which Professor Epsy's theory has been slighted. They aver that the rain king has opened the sluices of the clouds to be revenged upon us, and they are making collections in order to buy him off. Both are wrong. We have received a letter by the Despatch Post from the Clerk of the Weather, at No-man's land. He says, that at this season of the year when the weather is fine, people are most dreadfully gravelled for matter to converse about, and that he has been for years most heartily sick of hearing individuals meeting each casually, holding a conversation something like the following:—

"How are you, Tom; fine day."

"Very fine."

Or,

"How are you, Ellen; a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Heavenly."

From this he is convinced that mortals have only one great subject for conversation, and that is *the weather*. Under these circumstances he thought he was conferring a favor in making the subject as varied as possible.

Every one will see the philosophy of the thing, and will give the clerk credit for having succeeded most admirably; at the same time, all will join with us in petitioning the clerk to suffer us to have fine weather and limited conversation rather than bad weather and a fine field for talking, the more especially as bad weather not unfrequently causes bad language.

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply.

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it."

"And, I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working hard for her and her little ones all the day? It may be for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."—*Bulwer's Student.*

TO ALL OLD BACHELORS.

You unhappy, misanthropic, billious, wifeless, stock-less, and stocking-less bipeds—you snarling, growling, testy, crusty, fusty animals—read the following from the Bay State Democrat, edited by two jolly, fresh-hearted, glorious fellows who know the blessings of matrimony. Think of this subject seriously. Ponder over the picture so graphically and beautifully drawn below, and then compare it with your present most melancholy situation.—*Portland American.*

"*We* find the lone fellow, who has no home, or rather no wife, which is the same thing, strolling about town, to his club house, the theatre, and too often the gaming house, to find that enjoyment which, could he sit down under his own vine and tree, or in other words, had he a kind, intelligent and affectionate wife for a companion, he could find without going out of his own door. why, sirs, you know nothing of the quiet happiness of the married state. Just picture to yourself a good comfortable easy chair beside the lively coal fire, after the toils of the day, and yourself comfortably seated discussing a regalia of the first brand. Opposite to you, sits your wife, with a happy heart, industriously plying her needle, or reading you some interesting story. Here beside you, with his curly head resting on your knee, sits your rosy cheeked boy, half knapping, and little sis is building castles, not in the air like too many of her sex, but with cards on the table. Here you sit, among those who really love you, and look up to you for protection. Is not this a picture worth realizing? We find no enjoyment equal to home. Home? Why the word has a magic sound that tickles not the ear of the bachelor. Take our advice and commit matrimony the first good opportunity.

☞ "Jane, what does snooze mean? don't blush, my dear; hold up your head, and tell we what snooze means."

"Please, Miss Splitzfiddle, I don't know."

"Don't know, child—very strange—very. Can't you guess?"

"No, ma'am, I can't."

"Well, what do you like to do after supper? La! what does the child hold her head down for?—here, Jane, look up and tell me what you love after supper. You are a great girl, almost eighteen now, and your education has been shockingly neglected. What is it you love after supper, my dear?"

"O! Miss Splitzfiddle, I don't like to tell!"

"Don't like to tell! nonsense—out with it."

"Well, ma'am, if I must tell, I loves Joe Snob, the miller, to kiss me!"

"O-o-o-o-o! my gracious!"

SCOTCH HUMOR.—A considerable part of the humor afloat in Scotland, respecting the fishers, consist of stories of their rencounter with Presbyterian clergymen. The minister of Footdee had preached on the text about casting bread on the waters, to find it after many days. He afterwards asked a woman why she left off attending church.

"Because you tell lees, sir. I baked a cake, and a big cake it was, sir, and John and me coost it into the sea, between the pier heads, sir, but deil pick out my eyne if we've seen a stime (atom) of it again."

A very zealous clergyman was in the habit of visiting a fishing village every week, to examine the people in the Shorter Catechism. Adam L——, a fisher, got tipsy, fell and broke his nose, just before a catechetical visit at his cottage. His wife huddled him into bed. When the minister began to question the woman, he asked her the cause of the fall of Adam.

Thinking all was out, she answered—"Deed, sir, it was naething but drink!"

A DUTCH ROPING-IN GAME.—*Der Deutsche* of New Orleans tells a good story about a fellow who went into a grocery store and called for a quart of molasses. The molasses was brought, and the purchaser demanded to have it poured into his hat. The grocer's clerk offered to lend him a measure, but no—the purchaser insisted upon having it put into his hat, at the same time laying down a piece of money that required change. The shopman, much wondering at so odd a whim, hesitated no longer, but doused the molasses into his customer's old hat, and then pulled out his drawer to make change. In a twinkling the rascally purchaser dropped the hat on the young grocer's head, grabbed all the money within his reach, coolly put the grocers good hat on his head, and walked off whistleing, while the shopkeeper was blinding, choking and smothering in a bath of molasses.

☞ A fellow stole a horse near Peoria, Illinois, and after considerable difficulty was caught. The incidents of the theft and capture afforded the editor of the Peoria Register a subject for his leading article of a full column and a half, which he concludes in this notable manner:—

"The prisoner's council at the trial will doubtless complain of this article, and say we have endeavored to prejudice the public mind against him, but we are not to be choused out of a good article by such an empty pated charge."

FANCY SKETCHES----NO. 3.



THE BACHELOR'S PRESENT.

In all cities there is a vast amount of crime, and its attendant, suffering Great cities are the head quarters of vice and immorality, which there throw off the mask they elsewhere assume, and boldly avow those evil propensities they would in no other place dare to acknowledge. Now their disease being infectious, the harm they do by the dissemination of their poison, is as fearful in its extent as it is fatal in its consequences. It is said that good and evil are blended in all things earthly. We firmly believe it. Perfection is not a sublunary virtue. Even that peerless dame, the fair maid of Munster, quibbled about her cork leg, and was therein guilty of one of those delicate fibs which we pleasantly call "white lies." Large cities show this blending system to the fullest extent. Here is New York, the empire city of the New World. Into her lap is poured the riches of this vast republic. She sends them to all parts of the world, and in return receives the treasures of nations, which she transfers to every nook and corner of the Union. How vast, how mighty is she in her commercial greatness!—how noble in her benevolence! What millions are directly or indirectly dependant upon her enterprise! Beautiful is the bright side of her picture—beautiful and dazzling; but O! the other! It is proportionably dark and gloomy. Vice is rampant—immorality reigns in pride and scorn; and in the number of its followers, and in the encouragement it receives, laughs at poor justice, plucks his beard, and passes on, scatheless, in defiance of the law, elbowing untainted virtue—the angel and the devil side by side.

Morality being a guardian angel of virtue, immorality cannot usurp its place without leaving poor virtue defenceless; and thus it is, that among the great evils which great cities are cursed with, is the number of little responsibilities, who might exclaim with Jemmy Twitcher, that they "never had no father nor mother"—that is, "not as they knows on;" and the still greater evil of mothers who have never been wives, strangling their own offspring, and committing murder, the most accursed offence in the calendar of human crime, to conceal their shame.

We commenced by stating that opposites, as good and evil, were in all things blended; the serious and the ludicrous seem to have been born in an April month, and to have twinned together. Who has not heard roars of unbecoming laughter on a murder trial, by the quaint remark of some queer witness? Who has not found his risible faculties most inconveniently affected at that most solemn ceremony, a funeral; or some other grave occasion, when he would have given almost anything to have observed a due decorum? In the business of these illegitimate responsibilities, grave as the offence, awful, often, the consequences, there is frequently very much of the ludicrous in the peculiar situation in which some poor devil of a fellow—sometimes a married man, but more often a bachelor—is put, in being held responsible for the sins of other persons. When darkness has spread her dunnest pall over the earth—when virtue has gone to bed, and is snoring healthfully in its night cap—when watchmen are lazily walking their lonely round, or "nid nid nodding" under the magic spell of the drowsy god, only disturbed occasionally by those musquitoe like fellows—the drunken rowdies—who wont let any one rest if they can help it; then, at the risk of her life, comes forth the young mother with the tender offspring she has newly brought into the world, and walking stealthily through the streets deposites it, wrapped up in a few swathing clothes and placed in a basket, at the door of a house she has fixed on; then she returns a short distance from the spot and watches it, till a watchman has discovered it, or the early rising servant on opening the door has gaped with wondering astonishment at finding such an unexpected parcel at her master's door. The abandoned now safe, the abandoner then returns, weeping that a mother's pains cannot be blessed with a mother's love, to her wretched domicile.

But what is the astonishment, the consternation of the bachelor, who, on coming down to breakfast in the morning, sees in the parlor a baby with his bread and butter? It is bad enough to have to pay for a brat thus dumped upon your premises, and to whom you are in no way related; but, then, as a man of irreproachable character, to be suspected of having committed a little peccadillo—to hear the *double entendres* of your male friends—to read the knowledge of your alleged crime in the eyes and blushing cheeks of your female acquaintances—and to find the maid servants in your establishments avoiding coming near you as a dangerous man or one of Driesbach's lions who would devour them in a moment, this is horrible and quite sufficient to drive any man into a state of the most raging and incurable madness.

Sometimes a present of this nature has been sent into the house of a married couple. It has, at times, caused as much confusion as if one of Congreve's rockets had exploded in the apartment. Sometimes, however, the looks of the deserted and helpless stranger have softened the hearts of the worthy couple who have looked upon it, and they have brought it up and adopted it as their own.

Some instances have occured when the young innocents have been found in a basket, suspended like Billy Lackaday, from a sign post. It has not been a solitary instance, in which a young "human" packed up in a box, not *a la* Adams, but alive and kicking, has been sent directed to some young spark at College, who has thence been the butt and jest of his companions. A case occurred, in which a learned and old professor was about to deliver a lecture to a numerous auditory of young collegians. On opening a box, which he supposed contained surgical instruments, two milk white arms were stretched towards him, and the young infant, with a precocity worthy of *le jeune editeur*, cried "la," which the collegians, to the distraction of the professor, construed into "pa."—These cases are, however, exceptions to the general rule. The chance children, as the young striplings are called, are generally made presents to bachelors, and though, in a few cases, they may doubtless arrive at the right shop, yet in a large majority of instances they are as surely palmed off upon those who are, as the Irishman in the play says, neither the father nor the mother of the child. This fact is well known, and the authorities of the alms house cannot but believe that more than one half the cases of alleged paternity, sworn to by the abandoned, against respectable individuals are cases of gross perjury. It is hard to prove it, and they are bound to take the evidence of any fallen wretch, who disgraces the sex she belongs to, against the most pure and virtuous. While this is the case—while the abandoned can protect "her man," and put the price of the consequences of her guilt upon a respectable individual, she will not fail to do so. There is nothing which sinks the soul of woman so low as the loss of virtue. An outcast from society she cares nothing for its rules, and, after losing all that makes life valuable, the crime of perjury is as nothing in her eyes.

However necessary it may be to make somebody pay for the little responsibilities that are dropped by dezens in the streets, we think that a system which causes any but the parent to become the payee for the infant—a system which brings grief and misery into families—a system which screens the guilty and punishes the innocent—ought to be blotted from our books of law at once and forever.

We have not time to draw up an act to meet this emergency. Some of our legislators, whose business it is, should do it. They need not be afraid. If they do not make a better law, they cannot make a worse—that is one consolation. In the mean time, dear reader, if you are a single man, we wish you may never redeive THE BACHELOR'S PRESENT.

SAM SLOPE.—A loafer of the old school, reclining on the Levee philosophising—not like *Diogenes* in a tub, but like *Sam* on a tobacco hogshead, and it was evident from the smile that lit up his features, that he was dwelling on the reminiscenses of by-gone days, recalling from the store house of memory, the recollection of the many drinks he had imbibed without disbursing the needful, the untold success he had met in his nightly search for quarters, and after a careful survey Sam seemed to conclude that a bright particular star had thus far shone unclouded upon his path. A new era had dawned upon the world and its effects bothered Sam's calculations. With a peculiar toss of his head which practice had made him expert at, he threw his old silk hat from out his eyes, wiped his nose, and *bust out:* "Well, I've seen all kinds of times, but of all the times these ere is wosser. Why, the people's all bustin' up, and comin' into our perfession till its bilin' over. Times wonst was before they got Temperance societies that a feller could get along rite neat, cos the people sympathized with him, and if he looked bad giv'd him a drink; but they tells him now to jine a temperance society. I hate them societies, and I doesn't care who knows it. As long as them societies is goin', people must bust up, cos nobody will spend nothing now as they used to, and in course it makes it bad for them wot sells. People doesn't fall down any more, and give a feller a *bit* for picking them up; besides wots wosser again, the fellers on the steamboats doesn't git *teed* any more at night, and an enterprising individual can't git into a stateroom to nap. I'm a bust up concern if these ere times lasts, that's certain. I wish I was a steamboat, and there aint much difference between a steamboat and a man. They have to feed a steamboat to git it along, and so they must I—she paddles her way, and so do I—she wants steam, and so do I—she's got boarding and lodging on board—Ah! there's a wisible difference—I aint got neither on them, and 'their wery essential,' as the undertaker said about his coffins, to the man wot was dying. There comes watchy and it's *essential* I should move,"—accordingly *Sam sloped*.—*St Louis Organ.*

A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

When God speaks of rewarding virtue, it is with everlasting life. Like happiness, it needs nought but perpetuity.

A good girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

Children should be taught to respect the aged, feel for the oppressed, and to sympathise with the unfortunate.

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be afther telling me how they make ice creams?" "In troth I can; and do they not bake them in cowld ovens, sure enough."

Can she Spin?

It is said that a young girl was once introduced to King James 1st, and that the person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in the ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said the King, "but pray tell me, can she spin?" This is rather an important question to ask at the present time, when music, dancing, painting, &c. are considered the only requisites in the education of young girls.—They can paint, sing, dance, but few, very few of them can spin or perform any of the simpler household duties. A painted doll would, in most cases, make quite as good, profitable, and economical a wife, as the great majority of young women of the present day. A singing, dancing, and *par consequence* an extravagant young girl may make a good wife for a man of wealth, who is not obliged to labor with his own hands for his livlihood, but to the young merchant or mechanic such such an one would prove a constant source of annoyance and a complete drain upon all that he could acquire by honest industry. It is much more important to the merchant and mechanic, that a young woman should know how to spin (not street yarn) and perform all the various household duties, than that she should be acquainted with the ancient languages, possessing a smattering of the modern also, with an imperfect knowledge of the fine arts.

Times are indeed strangely altered, and much for the worse, It was once thought honorable to toil, in some useful avocation—there was a day when labor was no disgrace, when he or she who worked hard for a livelihood, was not considered an unfit associate of the wisest and best of the land. But how different is the case now. It is a disgrace to labor, even with the pen. A young woman, especially, if she is obliged to work, takes every pains in her power to keep this fact concealed from the world,—she would not have it known, as in case it should be, she would lose cast with her associates, and perhaps her *friends*. Most of them, think more of dressing up in the latest fashion,—with the dresses trailing upon the ground, laced as tight as possible, sleeves *pinching* the arm, and worst of all with a most unsightly article worn over the hips,—than of fitting themselves for wives or mothers, and to fill their stations in society, when the present generation shall have made their exit from the stage. We wish they could be brought to imitate the matrons of our Revolution—it would be better for them, for the men of our country, if such could be the case.

"WE'LL WAIT TILL YOU GET AGOING," we are often told by those to whom we make application for subscription or advertising. (This "get agoing" covers the time of one year.) Wonder how we or any other paper would get along if all should make such a reply to an application for patronage. This waiting is not the thing—we, in common with all our friends, want support and encouragement at the start. After we can walk alone, there is not so much need of support. But at the commencement of every new enterprise, no matter what its nature, the projectors of it need encouragement. To tell them you will wait to see how they do, before you do anything for them, is cruel—give them, or *us*, if you please, reader, your hand at once, and the hearty grasp we return shall be an earnest of our good wishes;—and be assured that neither of us will get along any the worse for the companionship.

HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in anotheo; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy; for health and good humor are nearly the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand.

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE-------NO. 113.



THE BELLE OF THE BATTERY.

Reader—we have pictured the Belle of Broadway and mirrored a beautiful, aristocratic young lady. We have portrayed the Belle of the Bowery, and shown you a nice little bit of lovely democracy, and now we present you with the Belle of the Battery, in which there is no distinctive feature. She is the Belle, on account of her beauty; and whether she comes from the north west or the north east side of the town, is a matter of inconsequence to the countless beaux, who gaze upon her with intense admiration, and who would be the proudest and happiest of mortals, if the bright eye which all enchants, and the sweet smile which all delights, were their own exclusive property. What selfish mortals! The man who married Miss O'Neil was very properly called a public robber. He stole from thousands and thousands of admiring mortals a star—a divinity—not a capering divinity—a speaking, intellectual, soul fraught divinity—one whose genius was in the head and not in the heel—one who displayed mind and not a leg—one who caused the purest emotions and not the rankest passions. The man who would monopolise the Belle of the Battery, would do incalculable injury to thousands who go down town to look into her heavenly eye, and to feel that its light has irradiated their souls Such a man should most unquestionably be brought up on a charge of swindling the public. Jupiter! would there not be hosts of witnesses, ourselves among the number, to prove the fact? If you wont answer, we shall call upon Juno. Never frown! We have always been a favorite with the ladies—Juno has always taken the Atlas, and our carriers have hosts of Venuses upon their books, who pay—God bless them!—their shilling a month in good Spanish coin, and scorn the swindling operation of forking out a ten cent piece and two coppers, where by the carriers lose half a cent.

What a delightful thing it is to be a writer. The President of the United States, exercise his veto as often as he may, is not more powerful. The Emperor of all the Russias—the mighty *ursa major* of the European and Asiatic continent is not more despotic. Twenty thousand persons are every week at our mercy—they place themselves under our direction. We hold the reins. We choose the road—always the most pleasant one that we can pick out—and they have nothing to say in the matter. We stop when we please and go on when we please. Now and then it is possible, certainly not probable, that some crusty curmudgeon may feel offended at our course, and jump from our vehicle. The loss is his. He will never get a more comfortable conveyance.

Now you, most sapient sir, or your most bewitching Miss, no doubt, think we are going on to describe the Belle of the Battery. You are both amiss in your calculation. You are in the world—the world is on the shoulders of Atlas. We bear you, and you must bear with us.

You are on the Battery—you may not know it, but the editor's clairvoyant propensities have taken you there—the green grass is beneath your feet, goodly tall trees are around you, heaven is smiling above, and over the sun-kissed wave the sweet zephyrs from the balmy south, are dividing their amorous sport between the beautiful trees and your beautiful tresses Beautiful tresses, says the cynic, art—art!—Pshaw! bears grease, oil, brush and comb! Grant it, sir; and are not the trees indebted to appliances for their beautiful appearance. Is not the dew the oil that brightens them?—is not the rain their *eau de cologne*, which sweetens and refreshens them?—and is not the winds their towel?—a very rough one too, at times. No more sneering!

You are on the Battery—before you is Castle Garden, a famous pile where many a joyous evening has been spent in pleasure, where many a love tale has been breathed in beauty's ears, and troth plighted, under the tongue loosener, the bashful. ness curer, "wine, mighty wine;" and there many a love tale will be breathed again while this charming spot is under such admirable management as that of French & Heiser.

At your right and left, moored to the bridge, are two floating palaces for baths. One kept by Rabineau, renowned of old—the other by Thomas, who has entered the field, the water we ought to say, to swim ahead of the veteran, if possible. We guess it will be a neck and neck concern, both have handled an oar so strong, that the public will be divided between their merits.

Beyond both the baths and Castle Garden see the tall shipping. There are ships of war with their iron teeth, looking as savage as a bull dog—there are merchant vessels, skimming with all the grace and pride of a swan, as if they knew the value of the cargoes they are bearing—and there are steamboats going ahead "in spite of wind and weather"—crafts of all kinds, pilot boat, cock boat, pleasure boats, barges, brigs, ships, skimming the bright, blue water, spreading their swelling sails to the winds, and passing each other like graceful dancers in a quadrille or gallopade. And what the deuce, you exclaim, has all this to do with the Belle of the Battery? Reader dear, you must be very stupid. We answer, every thing. Shakspeare says:—

"How much more beautiful doth beauty beauteous seem,
For the sweet ornament which truth doth give;"

and in truth we say—

How much more beautiful doth beauty beauteous seem,
For the sweet ornament which nature gives.

"Sweets to the sweet," says the immortal bard.

Thus it is we have given a description of this beautiful spot, to show that it is the most appropriate place for beauty. Here beauty is in sisterhood with nature's beauties. Here she is a queen, surrounded by her handmaidens; and therefore it is that the Belle of the Battery takes precedence of all other belles. The beautiful verdure is beneath her feet, as if proud of being trod upon by such loveliness; the waves, splashing against the barrier that divides them from the Battery, seem to sigh like disappointed lovers, in their hopelessness; the zephyrs kiss her tresses; the trees shade her countenance, as if fearful that so peerless a complexion should receive a taint from the fiery sun; and heaven—heaven itself, laughs out in her resplendant eyes, as if proud to mirror itself in such glorious orbs.

There is only one more question. Who is the Belle of the Battery? Now, really, if you cannot tell her from the cut and our description of her, you cannot learn of us.

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.—The Russians themselves allow that their clergy are deplorably ignorant, and in many cases coarse and vicious. This is pretty well borne out by the fact, that they are never admitted into society, unless their presence is requested at some religious ceremony or festival. The anecdote related to Mr. Venables, by a Russian gentleman, will give a good idea of the degradation to which they reduce themselves.

"Passing one day," says that gentleman, "near a large group of peasants, who were assembled in the middle of a village, I asked them what was going forward."

"We are only putting the father (as they call the priest) into the cellar."

"Into a cellar!" I replied; "what are you doing that for?"

"O," said they, "he is a sad drunkard, and has been in a state of intoxication all the week; so we always take care every Saturday to place him in a safe place that he may be able to officiate at the church next day, and on Monday he is at liberty to drink again."

"I could not help applauding," says Mr. V., "this very sensible argument, which was related to me with all the gravity in the world."

Such conduct, in the eyes of a Russian gentleman, is only a failing.—*Notes of a Half Pay in search of Health.*

THE WESTERN ERSKINE.—The following sublime burst of eloquence astonished the natives in Arkansas, (classical, Rakensack,) some few weeks since. An overseer had killed a negro named Daniel. The Advocate wound up his defence in the following words:

"Gentlemen of the jury:—I know that Daniel will no longer pick the white cotting boll from the cotting stalk—no more enliven the midnight crowd with the patting of the romantic jawbone, and the playing of the sentimental jewsharp—will never again cast his angling line into the broad, superfluous, majestic and outrageous bosom of the eternal Mississippi. Yes, I know that he now reposes "alone in his glory," on the north corner of a bleek hillside, with his eyes turned towards the cerulian hevengs, and his big toe sticking out a feet! Yet, is that any reason why my client should be hung? I think not! I rather suppose not!"—*Rochester Democrat.*

TO THOSE WHOM THE SHOE PINCHES.—Asmodeus was a most glorious fellow; he unroofed houses with more dexterity than a fishmonger could skin eels, or Downing himself could open oysters. By this arrangement he dived *in medias res*, and showed to the world human nature without its mask, and men and women, not as they appear to be, but as they are. This was in the days of "Auld lang Syne." We wish Mr. Asmodeus would walk with us in Broadway for about an hour; view the beautiful girls that promenade that splendid mall, and then lift up—don't be shocked—just three inches of their nether garments, to see whether cleanliness goes hand in hand with finery. In one of the old farces, a valet, before committing himself by popping the all important question to a chamber maid, enquires the amount of her wages. It would be a good thing if many young men, attracted by the exterior of a maid whom they deem bright and peerless as an angel, could be enlightened upon the point of her habits An angel should never be dirty—and young men who learned that the garments of their lady loves only paid an occasional visit to the wash tub, would soon cease their wooing. The Spanish proverb says, a white glove often covers a dirty hand—and we may add, that a magnificent frock often covers a dirty petticoat.

☞ "We have lost," said a gentleman the other day, "our money." That is nothing, for by industry and economy we may again become rich. But we have sustained a greater loss—we have lost our morality and our honor. There is a perfect recklessness in our business transactions; and acts, that would at one time have caused the greatest astonishment, and have been execrated, are now passed over without notice, being regarded with a most fatal indifference."

Truth will sometimes take the place of poetry.

A poor wife "dears" and "my loves" her husband, but wouldn't sew a button to his coat to keep him from freezing.

HUMBUG.—"What is humbug?" asked we of a friend, the other evening, as we were seated on an eminence, in a beautiful meadow a short distance back of Hoboken.

"Humbug!" replied he, "every thing!"

The answer was certainly explicit and comprehensive, but not enough so to suit us. We desired him to explain himself, which he did, as follows:—

"As we walked toward the ferry, I saw a young man seated in a splendid vehicle, attached to which was a handsome, spirited horse. He was dressed as fashion dictates; his jewelry was costly and showy—his *tout ensemble* excellent. He boards at the Astor—bets on the races and prize fights:—in short, he is in possession of a large fortune, left him by his grandfather, and he is spending it at the rate of one hundred dollars a day. He fancies every one admires him, on account of his splendid turn-outs and devil-may-care manner—that he is esteemed a jovial, generous, open-hearted fellow, because he spends his money so freely, and treats his friends so well—that he is the happiest man in New York. That's humbug!—all humbug!—and before he is five years older he'll acknowledge it.

"I saw yesterday a light-hearted, pretty girl advance to the altar, and vow in the presence of her Maker, to "love, honor, and obey" a fellow who has nothing to recommend him but a good suit of clothes, and a tolerably handsome person. She fancies they will *always* live happy and contented; she sees no clouds above her—all is bright, sunny, pleasant. A life of love and ease presents itself—she thinks it real. That's humbug!—she'll soon acknowledge it.

"I know a man who is well to do in the world, who attends church each Sabbath three times. He pays great attention to the words which fall from the divine's lips, mutters over the responses, joins in singing the hymns, conducts himself with the greatest degree of propriety, and lays his head upon his pillow, with an idea that he's a specimen of a perfect christian. Yet he returns to his trade and traffic the next Monday morning, cheats, lies, wheedles—never swears, not he! He considers himself "safe" to inherit eternal righteousness; but it's all humbug!

"Mark the street mendicant; see his tattered habiliments how they flutter in the air, almost seeming to scatter disease and poverty. His care-worn countenance—his attitude and expression—his broken murmuring—piteous accents—'only one penny!' Why, you wonder that such want and wretchedness can exist where thousands are squandering lives and substance. You are sure that old man has not tasted food for a day or two, and has not the wherewithal to procure it; yet, in almost every case, it's humbug—sure humbug!

You may think that charming actress, who is dispensing mirth and enjoyment to the gazing thousands in the part, must be the happiest creature in existence! Her light step, joyous laugh, and thrilling tones, bespeak a heart at rest, a mind at ease. Follow her to her narrow chamber and you will learn that *that's* humbug—wretched, heart rending humbug!

Watch the poor laborer, toiling and sweating beneath the rays of an August sun for a miserable pittance. The same mill-horse routine is before him, with nothing to cheer the prospect, and you involuntarily exclaim—"that man *must* be miserable—what tie has he to bind him to life?" Look at him when he enters his humble habitation! An affectionate wife and handsome healthy children meet him at its threshold. He *has* a tie, and you will admit that the misery you imagined for him, is humbug!"

Our friend paused, his face lengthened, he took out his handkerchief and wiped the gathering drops of perspiration from his brow, and, looking us steadfastly in the face, said—

"I was most essentially humbugged on the day before yesterday. I had been down town upon some important business, and was vexed, tired, and, of course, ill-natured, when I entered my solitary room. [He is a bachelor.] I sat down, and became partially composed, as I beheld the girl lay the cloth, and make sundry other preparations, preparatory to placing the "smoky joints" before me. Strange to say, by the time every thing was accomplished, save the last act mentioned, I had regained my usual temper, and drew up to the table. I looked around the room; my books looked inviting; my easy chair comfortable, the apartment cheerful. 'I am a happy man, after all,' thought I. as I heard Betty's footsteps on the stair. The door opened, and she appeared with a tureen containing my favorite dinner—rich, luscious *soup!* She approached the table, and my mouth was already in a proper shape—my fingers grasping the spoon, when horror! down went the vessel—in its fall and concussion spattering my only pair of white pants, spoiling, beyond redemption, my carpet, and scalding my famous *Tom cat*. I rolled in agony—thought better of it—changed my dress, and have not entered the room since I was humbugged. I am not 'a happy man.'"

"Come," said we, "there goes the bell; run, we'll be left;" but it was humbug. We were *not* left.

P. S.—Rest assured, dear reader, that this article *is not* humbug!

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE-------NO. 112.



THE COBBLER.

"A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlor, and kitchen and all."
Old Song.

St. Crispin! thou patron saint of cobblers, a right jovial set of beings are thy worshippers, and have been since time immemorial; that is to say, since Adam or his descendants took to wearing shoes, always, however, excepting the Israelitish cobblers in their forty years pilgrimage through the wilderness. We have often wondered that Shakspeare did not introduce the jovial character in his "Midsummer's Night Dream." But though Shakspeare has not had a passion for portraying Cobblers, preferring to paint that much abused individual, the tailor, other writers have come forward, and song, tale, and drama have pictured our hero in all his glory.

We need not inform our readers, that a Cobbler is one who mends the soles and repairs the understandings of his customers. In the old country, a legitimate cobbler could rarely be met with, except in some little wooden building abutting from some house, generally a public house, at the corner of a street. This little building, or *shanty*, was called a *stall*, from its small dimensions. It was rarely large enough for the cobbler to stand upright in; and any cat in christendom might have entertained the fullest assurance, that, in a place so narrow, it would escape the punishment of swinging. In this little place, a sort of flattened sentry box, the Cobbler did duty from morning till night—singing right merrily—as happy as a cricket. Your Cobblers have always been famous for their vocal propensities, from those of olden time to that renowned individual—Christopher Strap, who was up with the lark each morning, singing 'Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry Swiss boy,' to the great annoyance of his aristocratic neighbor. This custom of singing is doubtless owing to their being so much alone. Their voice becomes a companion, and habit confirms the practice. During the sway of Oliver Cromwell, in England, it is said that this singing propensity ruined many a good Cobbler, who did not work for himself, but for an employer—as many were in the habit of doing. It must be understood, that a singing Cobbler will take his stitches and hammer his nails to the time of his tune, just as a soldier paces to the measure of the ear piercing fife, &c. Now, the roundheads, despising the vanity of songs, and all tunes of a quick or lively nature, sang nothing but solemn chaunts; and, thus keeping time to their tune, were most miserably inefficient workmen, and as they were employed by the day, and not by the piece, they had generally to quit the ranks of St. Crispin's followers, and, like the renowned Mawworm, "go a preaching." The reader will perceive at once, how much more work would be done by a Cobbler, who plied his tools to such an air as "Cherry Ripe," "Yankee Doodle," or a hornpipe, than one who worked to the accompaniment of the hundred and fourth psalm.

The Cobblers of the present date, though they do not reside in the little *shanties* we have spoken of, have all the habits and manners of their ancestors. In this respect they are like the gipsies of the East, who preserve a distinctive character through generation and generation, in whatever country they may unsettledly settle. The Jobson of old, would find his brethren of the present day, as jolly a set of fellows as himself, though they would not be like to meet with such remarkable adventures. They sing as heartily—they enjoy a horn as jovially—they are as confirmed politicians and wranglers upon politics—and, we are afraid, that there may be some of them who use the strap as abominably; although we do not think that there is one, who, however he might desire to stop the voice of a scolding wife, would go so far as to sew up her mouth, to accomplish his purpose.

It has been, with most writers, a point to make Cobblers industrious and merry, but prone withal to indulge in those libations which, temperance folks say, will send their *souls* to a place where they cannot be mended. Jobson, as most of us have seen, rejoiced in the spirit; and our honest friend Christopher Strap would take a drop of the creature before breakfast, and a drop afterwards, in order that the red herring might swim nicely in the middle. There is another Cobbler in an old farce, the Turnpike Gate, we believe, who indulges pretty deeply in potations, and who is of opinion that—

"A lass is good, and a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world it is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together."

He resolves, if possible, to be revenged upon a person who has offended him, by sticking a peg in his shoe, if it is ever brought to his shop to be mended.

Cobblers have been immortalised in modern times, by having their name given to one of the most exquisite drinks ever manufactured—the Sherry Cobbler.

We have spoken a great deal about the singing of Cobblers. The singing of one had a great effect upon a gentleman, who lived in the immediate vicinity of one of the tribe. He was very nervous, and was much fretted by the incessant vocalition of the happy but humble individual. To escape the annoyance, he moved away; but his mind was unstrung, and he became a monomaniac. The fact was discovered from his declaring that since he had moved out of the vicinity of the Cobbler, the Cobbler had moved into his belly, and was there hammering away and singing all his old songs, as he did in the stall. Nothing could dispossess the gentleman of this belief, though upon all other matters he was a rational being. It was a tolerable large incumberance for a man to have a Cobbler, his stall, and his *awl* in his belly; but nothing to that with which a poor woman, likewise a monomaniac, was troubled. She firmly believed that she had an ocean in her stomach, and that ships were constantly sailing across it!

To return to the Cobbler. Look at the top of this article, and you will find that our artist has given a representation of a modern son of St. Crispin, working at his profession. The cut says so much for itself, that we have nothing to say for it.

Jury—A happy institution by which frequently, for one fool that tampers with blood illegally, there are a dozen empannelled to spill it according to law.—*T. Hood.*

Tom evidently went against that kind of *pun*-ishment Had he lived here, he would not have had occasion to satirize it so strongly. But few men make their exit by a halter, and those who do are poor, miserable devils, for whom, none but devils as poor and miserable as themselves care a jot. It were far better that the bloody sentence of the extreme penalty of the law should be blotted from our statutes, than that even handed justice should not be administered to all alike. The poor man who is hung is *murdered*, if, for the commission of the same crime, a rich man should escape. How many men can we New Yorkers name, who, according to law, would have expiated their crimes on the gallows long since, had

"Laws been made for every degree."

☞ A cat, no matter who owns her, will go into that house where things are kept neat, and clean, and tidy. If you drive her out of the door, she will come in at the window. The same is the case with prime old maids. If you keep a neat house, with everything in its place, the brasses well scoured, tables waxed, and carpet swept, these convenient visitors will drop in quite frequently, officiating as friends of the family. If, therefore, you would get rid of this description of visitors, watch for their approach, and when you see them coming, scatter the chairs about the room, upset the cricket, push down the shovel and tongs, and set the tub and mop in the middle of the floor! After the lady has been served thus half a dozen times, she will seek a new roosting place.

It is the quality and not the quantity of brains, that makes the difference between a wise man and a fool.

A modest little girl in Richmond, says the Star, fainted in church, because the minister happened to say that "young ladies are apt to have too much carnal *stuff* in their bosoms."

Evils should be extirpated, not fondled.

Philosophy and christian fortitude are capital virtues these trying times.

We heard of a polite Frenchman one time, who carried his ideas of gallantry to such a pitch of sublimity, as to run round the other side of a lady, when her shadow fell so that he couldn't avoid stepping on it.

"Pa, has lightning got fists?" "No, my child." "I guess it has, Pa; for I read in the paper that the lightning *struck* a man, and knocked him down." "Go to bed, my child."

☞ Our "Black Bill" was lately taken with a pious fit, but says he does not believe exactly in foreordination.

"Why, Bill?"

"Because I don't think I belong to the common nigger race."

"What has that to do with foreordination, Bill?"

"Why, you see that this child wasn't born to be hanging round a printing office in this station; but he is, and the fault's entirely his own; there was no foreordination about that. I once had the honor to be deputy editor to a paper, and furnished the principal with light for his ideas."

"Deputy editor, Bill, how so?"

"Why, you see, the editor had no candlestick, so I held the light while he wrote; he couldn't have got along without me. If that wasn't being deputy editor, I don't know nothin'."

Bill was right.

A Gallant Witness.—At a trial the other day in Clonmel, a police constable, who was examined as a witness, after giving his testimony that the prosecutrix in the case was worthy of credit on her oath, added—"I know nothing of her but what I heard the neighbors say; and in my opinion, what women say one of another is not worthy of belief."

☞ The man of innate dignity laughs at thrones and pompous equipage. Republicanism is founded upon this principle; but it is a principle which is not indigenous to any particular vice; and geographical boundaries cannot define the extent of high and noble feelings. Pomp and splendor are not, in themselves, wrong; for the Creator has largely attired his work in sublimity and beauty; but where the sweat of the poor man's brow, and the toil of the many are exacted for the benefit of the few, there is crime and injustice.

"The thing's up with him," as the fellow said of a man in a balloon.

There is a chap in this city so soft that he sold himself for a feather bed.

Social Feeling.—To love each other, we need but know each other. Ignorance begets suspicion; suspicion, dislike or hatred; and so we live as strangers or enemies, when knowledge would have led to intimacy and friendship. How often do we find the truth of this verified in our intercourse through life. We meet a stranger, perhaps of a reserved disposition, and we set him down as proud, haughty, conceited, and unfeeling; we shun him, we wish no acquaintance with him; circumstances, perhaps, prevent this uncharitable resolution from being carried into effect—we are thrown together often, and by degrees reserve of manner (occasioned no doubt by unjust suspicions and treatment like unto our own) disappears in him who was a stranger, now so no longer, and we discover, as indeed we shall in all but the most utterly depraved, kindly sentiments and warmth of feeling beneath an exterior apparently cold and repelling. Let us not, then, judge too hastily of each other; as the experience of every man who has lived long in the world will tell him that hasty conclusions are in nine cases out of ten unjust and repented of when too late; let us judge with charity, placing ourselves mentally in the position of those upon whom we would pass judgment, and above all, let us *know* before we decide.

The larger our list of aquaintance, the more extended our social circle, the happier we shall be. Man is a social being, and is dependent for his happiness, on the sympathy and love of his fellow man. It is an unalterable feeling of his nature. Look at him who shuns society, locks his thoughts up in his own breast, and dwells in solitude though surrounded by his kind. Is he happy? Do the stony glance, the contracted brow, the hurrying gait and neglected toilet, bespeak a happy or contented man? No, he is not happy. Without the proper exercise of those affections implanted in the breast of man by a beneficent creator, he cannot be happy. The man who avoids society is either the victim of a morbid sensibility, which is continually rendering him miserable; or, he is a miser, preying upon his kind to minister to the basest passion of human nature, and his mind is constantly on the rack for fear of loss and in devising means to increase his hoard, which will never yield him happiness or content.

As the end and aim of man is happiness; next to the preserving of a clear conscience in performing his duty to his maker, the surest way of acquiring it is to encourage the social relations. Brotherly love is the foundation of a host of virtues—for, as the affections and better attributes of our nature are constantly acted upon and strengthened by social intercourse, one virtue is like to be the fruit of another. Therefore, above all things we should look with leniency on the faults of one another, and encourage social feeling if we would know happiness.

Lost the Corks.—One Sabbath, during a severe drought, a country minister, not far from this city, made the following prayer: "O Lord, we pray thee that thou wilt open the bottles of heaven. and let the earth be refreshed with rain." During the following week rain poured down in abundance, and continued even until the next Sabbath, when somewhat alarmed at the manner in which his prayer had been granted, the worthy divine prayed as follows—"O, Lord, we thank thee that thou hast heard our prayer, but, O Lord, we hope thou has not lost the *corks!*" A fact.

An Inpromptu—and a good one by a traveller—a better description of a sea voyage than volumes could be:

Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas, you "ship a sea,"
And sometimes "see a ship."

Grammer on a new Plan.—A boy being requested to parse the verb go, did it as follows: Go is an insensible rig'lar verb; infinity mood, perfect tense; 1st, person go; 2d, person go ahead; 3d person, no go; rule, in the 3d person to agree with daddy's old grey mare understood.

LINES SENT TO A LADY WITH A BUSTLE.

Fairest of ladies! foremost of your sex!
I hope this present will not tend to vex
One of all others whom I fain would please,
Nor harbor thought, nor speak a word to tease.
Although this bag, I am compelled to say,
Contains not feathers, rags, or bran, or hay;
Yet from its contents may be formed
A bustle, beautiful as e'er adorned
A Broadway Miss, who in the height of fashion
Always delights an extra hump to lash on.
Fashioned by your enlightened and just taste,
'Twill make your dress hang from your slender waist,
Just like the ringlets from your noble brow,
Fall gracefully upon your neck of snow.
Thousands upon thousands will thy form admire,
And tens of thousands to thy charms aspire!
Thou'lt be besieged at morning, noon and night,
By those who in such extra charms delight;
They'll trumpet forth thy praises to the skies—
Compare thee to the sun when he does rise!
And like his course as brilliant your's will be,
Perpetual brightness—immortality.
When generations hence you calmly trot on,
Pray don't forget how much you owe to cotton!

REFINEMENT.—"Ma," exclaimed Sophronia, "be kind enough to hand me the bobinett."

"The what, child?"

"The bobinett, Ma."

"For heaven's sake, Sophronia, never use tha odious *bob*inett again—call it *Robert*inett."

☞ Postscript from a boy in Indiana to his father in New Orleans:

"DEAR DADDY—Corn is dull and brother John is dead likewise. Excuse haste, (in a bad pain.)—Your Omnipotent. J. P. C."

☞ A man in Ohio was pursued lately by a black snake. All at once it occurred to him, just as the reptile was preparing to jump at his throat, to run round a small birch tree, which stood in his path, as tight as he could spring. He did so, until he got the creature in a SNARL, when stopping suddenly, he threw a back somerset, and the snake trying to follow him, tied himself in a HARD KNOT! Can you swallow that?

☞ A dull playwright, about to read one of his productions in the green room at Drury Lane, observed that he knew nothing so terrible as to read a piece before a critical audience.

"I know one thing more terrible," said Mrs. Powell.

"What can that be?" inquired the author.

"To be obliged to sit and hear it!"

☞ "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," as the fellow said when his stomach rejected a pill and swallowed a young porker.

☞ "Where have you been this week?"
"Me! I've been fishing."
"Catch any thing?"
"Yes."
"What?"
"I caught a cold."
"Where were you last night?"
"Ducking."
"Got any?"
"Yes."
"How many?"
"One."
"Where?"
"In the river."
"How?"
"Tumbled in!"
"Nuf sed."

☞ A "stuck up" sort of a genius entered a shop in Baltimore, and, turning up his nose at some peaches in the window, exclaimed,

"Are these peaches fit for a hog to eat?"

"I don't know, *try them and see*," was the instant reply of the shopkeeper.

☞ Anistheses wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends, as to take them flawed with vice.

☞ The Prudenceville Miss, who discharged her beau because he happened to say the wind had *shifted*, has turned off another for sending her a newspaper in which it was stated that the fashion for July was a "*transparent mantelet*."

☞ There is a man in this city who has such a hatred to any thing appertaining to monarchy, that he wont wear a *crown* in his hat.

Is this good transcendentalism or merely supereminent nonsense:

There are many peanuts which once were not—then growing—ripe—roasted, and ready for the jaws—small, large—contracted and capacious—of young youths and aged old men—toothless and gummy, but with appetites peanutty, and pockets containing a penny. And shall they not eat and be merry, or rot anon and go to blazes or to glory. Peanuts are opposed to piety—they belong rather to the playhouse than the church; they stink with a loud stink, and impregnate the atmosphere with a peculiar smell. Peanuts thin shelled—thin skined—crackly. Man of little experience thin skined—similarity, strange, striking, startling and natural. Who can tell what's what and what's not what, why peanuts are and why money is not? Scarce the one—very—plentiful the other.

☞ When we see worth clothed in poverty respected and honored, and scoundrelism clothed in scarlet and fine gold despised, we shall say the world is honest. A great change must take place before we make the important announcement.

MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS.

When pensive evening shakes the soot
From off her dusky wings—
When Luna on the lake below
A grist of moonshine flings—
I love to linger on the shore
And muse awhile alone,
Lending a listening ear unto
The night wind's solemn moan.

It mourns above the darksome tomb
Of just departed day;
It seems to tell that all things fair
Must quickly pass away;
It seems to tell that I'm a child,
To care and sorrow born,
And that no pleasure can be found,
Except it's "in a *horn*."

The owlet sits and mourns, meanwhile,
Within yon hollow tree;
It mourns perhaps for children dead,
Perhaps it mourns for me;
But let it mourn for what it may—
Because it's cursed or blessed—
Myself doth mourn because I see
Nature in mourning dressed.

The breeze that brushes o'er the lake,
And wake its tranquil rest,
Is like one thought that oft disturbs
The calmness of my breast;
It is the thought that I must soon
Within the ground be hid,
Nor be as once I used to *was*,
Nor do's I used to *did!*

I LOVE, I LOVE BUT YOU.

By the crimson hues of the fair sunset,
By the skies so darkly blue;
The sinking sun the moon hath met,
I love, I love but you.

By the clustering stars so sparkling bright,
By yon cloud of darky hue;
By the full rays of the moon's clear light,
I love, I love but you.

By the birds that sing so merrily,
In groves remote from view;
By the leaves that spring on the forest tree,
I love, I love but you.

By the sun that shines so pleasantly,
'Midst summer's skies so blue;
By the frost so white on grass and tree,
I love, I love but you.

By the yellow leaves that strew the plain,
By the flowers that bloom anew;
When the gentle Spring resumes her reign,
I love, I love but you.

And tho' I sink in pale decay,
Can memory prove untrue?
By the foam that tops the ocean spray,
I love, I love but you.

☞ A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word Surrogate

"It is," replied he, "a *gate* through which parties have to pass on their way to get married."

"Then I suppose," said the lady, "it is the corruption of *Sorrow-gate*."

THE LAWS OF THE RING.—Start not, fair reader, we do not mean the ring in which men undertake, for a bribe, to disfigure each other by the brutal practice of pugilism. We refer to the laws so generally recognized in England as controlling the use of those ornamental rings so much worn by the fair sex. Here they are:—

"If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if engaged, on the second; and on the fourth, if he intends to live and die a bachelor.

"If a lady is disengaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on the first finger of the left hand; on the third if she is married, and on the fourth if she intends never to be married."

The above rules in England are generally understood and acted upon. A lady in company with a hoop on the third finger of the left hand, is universally understood to be married. Why should not such be the case here? Whenever we are in company, unless well acquainted with all those present we are at loss to say which of the young ladies are married and which single, for we frequently see married ladies without them, and unmarried with them. Besides, it displays a feeling in a young lady which is likely to make an unfavorable impression on a sensible young man in search of a wife. It is natural that he should think, a young lady who betrays an evident desire to assume the air and importance of married state, would not make the best wife, but would be likely to take upon her more than her due share of the reins of government. We *know* that such are the thoughts of some young men, and we have therefore published the above rules for the guidance of such of the fair sex as will be ruled by them.—*Phil. Sat. Eve Post.*

INSTINCT IN PLANTS.—Dr. Hancock says, if a vessel of water be placed within nine inches of a cucumber vine, that in twenty-four hours time, the vine will alter the direction of its branches, and not stop till it comes in contact with the water. And if a pole be placed at a considerable distance from an unsupported vine, the branches of which are proceeding in a contrary position from that towards the pole, the vine will, in a short time, alter its course and not stop till it clings round the pole.—But the same vine will avoid attaching itself to a low vegetable near it.

☞ What is a man without money?
What is an ox without a master?
What are fine silks without some one to wear them?
What are books worth to those that cannot read or understand them.

Beautiful is the love, and sweet the kiss of a sister; but when you haven't a sister handy, try a cousin—or any other lady, so she is young and pretty—'tisn't much difference.

If there is one creature we abominate, it is he who will smile upon you, and feed you with soft words, but the moment your back is turned, will thrust a dagger into your honor and reputation.

It is the right of canvassing, without fear, the conduct of those who are placed at their head, that constitutes a free nation.

"Out of darkness cometh forth light," as the devil said when he looked into the ink keg.

An exchange paper gives the following "advice for the times:" Live temperately—go to church—love all the pretty girls—marry one of them—live like a man, and die like a christian.

Lady Blessington has said that a love match is an alliance formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

"Every Dog must have his Day." The Mobile papers announce the marriage of James Daug to Mary Day.

Tiberius seeing some farmers' boys employed, some at hoeing and others at mowing, in the same field, remarked they were a *hoe-mow*-genious set of fellows.

Mutual affection requires to be preserved by mutual endeavors to amuse, and to meet the wishes of each other; but where there is a total neglect and indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wonderful if affection, following the tendency of its nature, becomes indifferent, and sinks into mere civility.

Two negroes had a fisticuff fight, says the Picayune, on the neutral ground. The fellow who was receiving the worst of the fight run. His antagonist pursued him, but the defeated took refuge in the Savings Bank, and turning round to his pursuer, he said—"Dar, now I'se safe—I'se in de Savin' Bank now, and you can't touch dis nigger, no ways you can fix it."

A brute of a stage-driver flourished his long whip and touched a poor old blind man in the eye with the lash, as the sightless wretch was tottering on after his little dog. "You heartless scoundrel," said a kind-natured gentleman, "what are you doing?" "Only giving that blind old fellow an *eye-lash!*" coolly replied the unfeeling driver. The gentleman snatched the whip out of the fellow's hand and gave him a sound drubbing, which he well deserved. "*I* can handle a whip, too," said he, "and I reckon I've given *you* an *I*-lash!"

A Yankee boy and a Dutch boy went to school to a Yankee schoolmaster, who, according to usage, inquired, "what is your name?" "My name is Aaron." "Spell it." "Big A, little a, r-o-n." "That's a man; take your seat." Next came the Dutch boy. "What is your name?" "My name is Hanns." "Spell it." "Big Hanns, little Hanns, r-o-n." "That's a man; sit down."

The spring months clothe the earth in new variegated hues; but man they usually dress in black.—Just when our icy regions are becoming fruitful, and the flower waves of the meadows are rolling together over one quarter of the globe, we on all hands meet with men in sables, the beginning of whose Spring is full of tears. But, on the other hand, this very upblooming of the renovated earth is itself the best balm for sorrow over those who lie under it; and graves are better hid by blossoms than by snow.

"I never was in better *spirits* in my life," as the dead man remarked, when they put him up in alcohol.

"I'm over head and ears in debt," as the fellow said when he had on a hat that was'nt paid for.

A fellew asked the meaning of 'reward' the other day. 'Why,' said another, 'it means sometimes five dollars and sometimes ten, and I have known it to run up as high as fifty.'

'Will you treat?' said a hard drinker to an old associate, who had reformed. 'No,' said the teetotaller. 'What will you do then?' 'Why, I'll re-treat.'

'You are a tall customer,' said the dove when the giraffe looked into her nest in the belfry.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," as the cook said when she used her night cap for a pudding bag.

Why is my coat, whether in doors or out of doors, exactly the same? Because, when it is worn at home it is also *worn out*.

'Sensible to the *last*,' as the fellow said when he was knocked down by one of those implements of St. Crispin.

Always keep good company.

"There's but one way," as the hungry man's throat said to the dinner.

"*Meat* me by moonlight," as the terrier said to the butcher.

"Neck or nothing," as the guillotine said to its subject.

Spectacles through which to look at ghosts—two glasses of *spirits*.

"I'm better off without you," as the thief said ven he broke jail.

MARRIAGE.—Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct, and elegant, has declared the benefits of marriage. They are these:

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them.

2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some.

3 Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it.

4 Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, and bear her part.

5 Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy.

6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.

7. Nothing is delightsome at home. No society is equal to marriage.

8. The bond of conjugal love is adamantine.

9. Kindred increased, parents double, brothers, sisters, families, nephews.

10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue.

11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life.

12 If nature escape not punishment, they shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage

"Earth, air, sea, land full soon will come to naught,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

THE SISTER OF BURNS.—A sister of Burns, the last survivor of his father's family, still lives. She is now a widow, at an advanced age, and resides at the village of Tranent, in Haddingtonshire, with two unmarried daughters, who endeavor to support her by the exercise of their needles. She is a decent looking old person; with a good deal of the poet's physiognomy, and particular his fine dark eyes. The youngest of William Burns' children, she was 12 years old at the time when he died at Lochlea, a broken spirited man. She was one of the household at Mossgiel, during its occupancy by Robert and Gilbert Burns in succession, and she afterwards married a person named Begg, who, for ten years conducted the business of Gilbert's farm, of Dunning, on the estate of Sir Charles S. Monteath, of Closeburn. Since the death of her husband, her sons being all removed from her, and unable to assist, she has been dependant upon her two daughters, who, though active and most respectable young women, are barely able to keep house for themselves and their venerable parent. In short, the sister of Burns has fallen, in the course of Providence, into poverty, the dread of which is the theme of so many of her brother's verses.—*Correspondence of the Inverness Courier.*

☞ No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily in life, without a fair, moral character.

LOGIC.—Money is scarce. "Time is money." *Ergo*—Time is scarce.

I'm *brooding* over my *loss*," as the hen said when she was sitting on the broken egg.

When is a bookkeeper like a rope dancer? When he's making his *trial* balance.

When is a building like a gambler? When it is sustained by *props*.

When is a bell like an orange? When it is *pealed*.

"The cry is still they come," as the old bachelor said when he found a fine fat baby two nights in succession tied to his door knocker.

A good lady in Philadelphia recently found a live eel in her milk, soon after it was left. This is considered proof positive that milkmen sometimes water their milk—or, perhaps, that cows sometimes swallow eels.

We must give out a new thought as an old truth if we would escape the charge of heresy, as we soil and wrinkle a new garment that it may not be seized as contraband goods.

Sound teeth may be had by taking out the first carious tooth you have, and putting it in a jar with a consumptive pickle—it sympathises with the pickle and not with your other teeth.

Faith neither discovers nor proves any truth, it only receives.

"I'm in-*dust*-rious," as the feller said when he was sifting ashes.

"A *tree*-mendous hit," as the tree said when it was struck by lightning.

"I was *struck* with your appearance," said the tree to the lightning.

"My lad are you a mail boy?" cried a lady to an urchin passing by. "Whoy, yes marm; ye don't spose I'se a female boy."

A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

Prince Esterhazy once replied to a nobleman who boasted that a tenant had 5,000 sheep, "that his father could reckon more shepherds."

Have every day higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

There is a chap, down east, so cursedly little, that he can't see himself without a magnifying glass. Oh! crackee!

Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

Every house should have a garden as a remembrance of Paradise.

The



DANIEL WEBSTER'S FARMING.—It is said o Daniel Webster, that when a boy his father intend ed to make a farmer of him, to which, as the seque will show, he was not much inclined. He wa first sent to a country school, there to learn to read write and cypher—it being in those days all th education necessary for a farm. Such knowledg having been gained, Daniel returned home. Hi father took him into the field that he might take his first lesson in mowing A scythe was handed him, which he reluctantly took, and commenced wielding; but it did not work well. His complain was that it was not *hung right* His father took it, and remedied the evil, as he supposed. Ano ther attempt was made at mowing, which was as unsuccessful as before. Again the complaint was made, that it was not *hung right* Again his father tried to hang it to suit him. But no, those hands were not made for a scythe. The same complaint was made so often, that his father got ou of patience, and told him to hang it to suit himself, at which Daniel stepped up to a tree standing nea by, and *hung it on*, which, we believe, ended his first and last lesson at farming.

BLANCHARD, THE ACTOR.—A recent number of Bentley contains several well told anecdotes of the eccentric Blanchard Here is one :

Blanchard was exceedingly polite and attentive to females. He did not approve of the New York customs of not walking with a lady arm in-arm, as in England.

"It being ridiculously fastidious," said he, "I could not endure it all—it's barbarous. And then, my boy, the general formality and reserve of the females is anything but pleasing to an Englishman like myself. It is the duty of man to be attentive to the dear creatures, bless em! and being permitted to be so, put me out of all patience, and well it might. I'll give you an idea, my dear boy, as to how attentions to the sex are received and estimated there—I mean America. One evening I was going down Broadway—precious broad it is, too—between eight and nine—it's the longest street they have, a tremendous length, three miles, I believe—the moon was shining very brightly—they have exceedingly fine moons, there, I must allow, but how they come by 'em I can't guess—the frost was very severe—no joke, their frosts, my boy—and the streets were very slippery—by the by, there had been a heavy fall of snow—well, I saw a splendid figure of a female walking before—(I forgot where I was going to—no matter—I remember I had acted Job Thornbury the night before)—when suddenly down she fell—but, as Alice in the Castle Spectre says, 'she fell with all possible decency, and took care to hide her legs,' at least as far as I could see, my boy Well, I hurried to her assistance—(I was all bu down myself.) She was very good looking—many of the women are very good looking there, I must say, up to a certain age, my boy, but they don't wear as well as ours, though I dare say they last as long—and on my expressing a hope that she was not injured by her fall, she turned round and said to me—just as I was supporting her with my arm around her waist—in a precious tone of voice—you remember Mrs. Davenport in Mother Bruigruddy—well, my boy, what was it?——

"*Clear out!*—clear out!" said I.

"Yes, '*clear out!*'" said she. "D——n it,' said I, "you are all alike—men, women, and children! and you've no KING, poor creatures!"

☞ 'Twas a night when Luna had attired herself in glory to wait on the laughing mountain tops the embraces of the young Endymion, though the gay coquette smiled sweetly on the silver lake whose waves leaped to her kiss with infantile joy The breeze was asleep among the young leaves, and at the foot of a monarch oak a solitary form reclined. Care had played upon his cheek and open brow, and mournful were the sounds which stole from his lips as turning a wistful eye upon the goddess of the night, he exclaimed—"*My eyes! what a night for catching coons!*"

"Aint you green," as the angler exclaimed to the frog, when he saw him dangling on his hook, instead of a trout.

☞ "Is Mrs. Smug in?"

"An sure yer hanner, she's that same."

"Ask her to step to the door, if you please."

"If I plase! sure I might ask thin."

"Why, what's the matter, good woman?"

"Be St. Pathrick, there's mather enough."

"Well, can't you ask Mrs. Smug to come to the door?"

"Be the powers! I'm thinkin' not."

"Why, didn't you say she was in?"

"To be sure she is, *in jail*—the dirthy black guard iv a constable tuk her there this morning', and bad luck to him."—*Star.*

☞ A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like.

She should be like a town clock, keep time and be regular; she should not be like a town clock, speak so loud that all the town may hear.

She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to; she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.

She should be like a snail, keep within her own house; she should not be like a snail, carry all upon her back.

☞ Give me but the liberty of the press, and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him a full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place confers upon him, to purchase up submission and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack with that mightier engine, the mighty fabric he has raised; I shall shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruin of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—*Sheridan*

WAR TO THE NAIL.—The British Critic, the high church, in fact, steeple Tory journal, tells its readers, "if we strike out the first person of Robert's speeches, ay, out of his whole career, they become a rope untwisted," &c. This excited old lady is evidently anxious to disfigure the head of the government, by scratching Sir Robert Peel's "I's" out.—*Eng paper.*

MOLAR AND INCISOR.—Muntz, in rigging Wakeley upon the late article in the Examiner, likening the member for Finsbury, in his connexion with Sir Robert Peal, "to the bird which exists by picking the crocodile's teeth," jocularly remarked—"Well, I never had any body to pick my teeth" "I should think not, or they would have chosen a much better set."—Eng. paper.

☞ Frazer says—"I certainly blame no young lady who has been accustomed to the ordinary elegancies of life, for refusing to marry a poor man; but must beg my sweet friends to recollect, that though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer.

☞ "They do say there's nothing new under the sun, but if there aint a new pair of stockings," said an old woman, as she finished knitting a pair of stockings, "then I'll be *darned*—that's all."

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Egotism — Suffering the private *I* to be too much before the public *eye*

Ditch—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Jealousy—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

POSITIVELY SHOCKING.—A wag standing by at an execution, remarked that "it must put one out of breath most awfully, to stand on nothing, and stretch a hemp rope with his neck."

☞ Slob was badly cut in his right side by a scythe blade While the Doctor was sewing it up, Eph whispered to Simon that he was committing *sew his-side*.—*Richmond Star.*

☞ What rule in arithmetic is the most poetical? The rule of three *in verse*

☞ We like to see a girl with a stocking well darned; it bespeaks industry and economy.

☞ If a person be struck down by lightning, pour water copiously and instantly upon him.

☞ "No man," says Bacon, "can be so thoroughly convinced by argument that fire will burn, as by thrusting his head into the flames.

BUSTLES—TO THE LADIES.

The world is at present making a great *bustle*—about bustles. The Boston American asks, in an agony of spirit, if there is not a law of the city corporation prohibiting, under very severe penalties, projections of more than "a feet" in length beyond the sidewalk. The inducement to asking this important question is on account of the enormous projection of some of our fashionable lady's bustles, which not only monopolize the sidewalks, but take up no inconsiderable portion of the carriage-way.

The "American" man is something of an antiquarian, and has instituted an inquiry into the early history of bustles. He thinks St Paul was blowing out against them when he told his hearers to forget, or cast off *the things which were behind them.* Very like.

Passages from ancient writers prove the existence of bustles in the old classic times. Hear what one of them says:

"Et super ejus clunes cingit *bustellam* magnanam," which is thus translated by Dryden:

"With bustle huge she girts herself around."

Here is a curious passage from Tacitus, who wrote a great many centuries ago:

"The ladies of rank are accustomed to wear certain curiously shaped articles of dress, called bustles, which are ornamented with fine embroidery and needle work. Their weight is prescribed by law. The wife of a chief wears one weighing three ounces, the weight of that one worn by the wife of the emperor is one pound and two ounces."

A traveller lately dug up a bustle at Pompeii in a good state of preservation. He thus describes it:

"Its form is that of three equilateral triangles joined at the base. The substance with which it was stuffed, puzzled visitors for a long time, but at length it was decided to be rasped whalebone."

Thus prates an old English poet:

"Ne was there in all the countree roun,
So fayre a maide, ne or so high renown;
A bushel grate she wore of velvet made,
Which eke with finest silk was broidered."

And here is a passage from one of the older dramatists, who thus introduce the bustle as the last momento of affection from a dying wife to her absent husband:

"This bustle take, and to my husband bear,
And say that she whom well he loved hath sent
A token of her love; and bid him think,
That the last pulse of her who loved it once
Did throb for him."

Orestes Brownson, the great transcendentalist, thus decants upon these articles in the following clear and lucid manner:

"Their superiority orbitates to eternity. The cylindrical predominates. The cycloid reduced to entity is impermeable. Cotton is dull; bran is derivative. Circumstances combined fortuitously preclude investigation. The irrefagable concatentation derive by attrition supersedes divinity. Preternatural divisions are oblique."

Sam Slick, too, is truly crazy on the subject, and thus delivers himself:

"I swan to man, it gives a fellow a sort of an all-overish feeling to see a gall with one of them things on. I'll be darned, if my heart don't jump clean into my mouth, every time I set my eyes on 'em."

A friend of ours took home on Saturday night one of the long water melons which grow in the Jerseys, intending to have it for his Sunday desert Dinner time came, and he couldn't find the melon. He asked his wife if she knew where it was She made no reply, but instantly turned pale as death. The affectionate husband thinking she was ill and about to faint, cut open her dress behind for the purpose of loosening her corset, when, to his horror and astonishment, out dropped the water melon! She was *wearing it for a bustle!*

A printer of our acquaintance, missed from his office, one Monday morning, a short *roller!* On inquiring at the house, he found that his daughter had worn it to church the day before, and forgot to return it.

We have on hand a few more *bustle* ing *in sides* ents to dish up for the gratification of our female readers, which have fallen under our personal inspection. We will fix them out in the course of a week or two.—*Albany Mic*

☞ "Did you notice that?" said Digby, "he bade me adieu three times, on leaving the room."

"Yes," replied Quilp, stung by the neglect, for Sphoor had scarcely noticed him; "yes, and it reminded me of the play, "much *adieu* about *no-*

A parish clerk, instead of reading from the Psalms, "The unrighteous shall be compared to beasts that perish," bawled out, "The unrighteous shall be compared to the *best of the parish.*"

ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAMES OF COUNTRIES—The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate:

Europe signifies a country of white complexion—so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow haired, as yellow hair characterised its first inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountain province in Scotland.

Hibernia is almost, or last habitation; for, beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin—as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of a man, which it resembles.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produces in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction:

Charybdis, the holes of destruction.

Etna signifies furnace, or dark, or smoky.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood.

The above are gathered from a very ancient history of Britain.

A CINCINNATUS.—A gentleman fond of rural pursuits was observed, some weeks since, in his grounds mowing grass, with "spectacles on his nose," and a servant holding an umbrella to shelter him from the sun.

☞ "Let the toast be, dear woman," as the guest said when his hostess was about removing it from before him to the other end of the table.

Forced marriages often wring a girl's heart, while they ring her finger.

It is certainly the part of prudence to trust nobody; but, whether for good or evil, God made us all anything but prudent.

Those who outlive their incomes by splendor in dress and equipage, resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys it.

"Why must people in training do wrong?" "Because they *must err*, (muster.)

"Any thing to please the child," as the nurse said when she gave the innocent darling a razor to play with.

"To *grease* we give our shining blades," as the whalemen said when they cut up the blubber.

Why are toads like religion? Because toads are sometimes found in the centre of rocks; and religion is often found in hearts that are seven degrees harder than adamant.

The person who deceives you once, may be treated with civility; but it is your own fault if he deceives you again.

"I'll soon grow out of your remembrance," as the lighted candle said to the lamp.

"I've found the inward life," as the Quaker said when he found a worm in the core of his apple.

Drink is the friction oil of the tongue, as eating is its drag.

When is a nose not a nose? When its a little *reddish.*

When are soldiers most industrious? When they are *in-tent* on duty.

Atlas

"'TIS ONLY MY HUSBAND!"



ONLY MY HUSBAND!—pleasant, isn't it? It is common enough, however, for all that. Nature often makes great mistakes, and misplaces spirit shockingly. How frequently do we find the timid, retiring, yielding spirit of a woman in the form of a man—giving place at once, as if like woman, "born to be controlled." The whiskers of a tiger, and the proportions of a Hercules, in innumerable instances, cover a heart with no more boldness, or energy, in its pulsations, than the little, palpitating affair, which is placed in the bosom of a maiden of bashful fifteen; while many a lady fair—before marriage all softness and graceful humility—bears within her breast the undeveloped fire and indomitable resolution of an Alexander, a Napoleon, or a Cæsar. That soul, which, had she been a man, would have qualified her for a military conqueror, or a great thief catching police officer, by being in a female frame, renders her a Xantippe—a Napoleon of the fireside, and pens her husband—like a vanquished King—a prisoner, a spiritless captive in his own chimney corner. The whole race of grey mares—and their name is legion—according to our theory, became so by accident. They did not get their own souls—they have the souls of men;

ODDS AND ENDS.

Education is a young man's capital; for a well informed, intellig ent mind has the best assurance of future competency and happiness. A father's gift to his child, then, is education. If you leave them wealthy, you may insure their ruin: at the best you can only leave them that which at any moment may be lost.

Religion is that hope which is the resource and comfort of the penitent, and the sovereign balm for all the evils of life.

"This is the last charge you'll bring against me," as the soldier remarked when they were shooting him for desertion.

They have a chicken with a cork leg in England. It lost its foot, and a young lady made one for it out of a bottle cork. Does it lay wooden eggs?

"I wish to introduce a bill for the prevention of worms," as the red headed woodpecker said to the apple tree

"Aint it wicked to rob this henroost, Richard?" "That's a great moral question, Noggs—hand down another pullet!"

"Breakers a-head," as the woman said when she knocked the large tea pot into pieces on her husband's pate.

"Shame, where is thy blush," as the carrot said to the turnip.

"How we printers *lie*," as our devil said when he got up too late for breakfast.

"I'll take a *swallow* or two," as the martin house said when the spring opened.

"Sensible to the *last*," as the fellow said when he was knocked down by one of those implements of the trade of St. Crispin.

Ephraim, of the Richmond Star, whispered to the Corporal, the other day, that the *butt* end of a goat is at his *horns*.

"Bill, I understand you are on a cruise after Sall, to cowhide her." "Yes—I am off on a *whaling* expedition."

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her to the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours.

"Here's for a *run*," murmured the rain to the gutter.

A Yankee, on being asked why he did not marry, said—"the time was pitched upon and all was ready when *she up and died!*"

"O *turn* to me," whispered the chisel to the grindstone.

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends," as the young lady said at her toilet—"his name is *bustle*."

"I want you to do a large job for me," said a forger to an engraver; "but I first want you to cut this die for me." "I would *die first*," said the engraver.

Hiram has a perfect horror for knock-down arguments—they are *so-fist-ical*.

It is said, however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, but very few of them are able to *decline* matrimony.

When is a man's nose like a bell? When some one is *wringing* it.

"Stick no bills here," as Dutch said, scratching his leg, and addressing a musquito.

A lady in Old Town wears an enormous half-moon shaped cucumber for a bustle. It was presented by a young gentleman, who purchased it at market.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," as the schoolboy blubbered when he receeived corporeal punishment for inattention to his lesson.

Christianity teaches us the endurance of misfortune; it encourages its votaries to triumph in adversity, and inspires the soul with joy in the hour of affliction.

"I have bagged the game," as the possum said to the sportsman, when she ran off with four young ones in her pouch.

"You seem to be full of the milk of human kindness," as the monkey said when he sucked the cocoa nut.

It is ordered by nature, that the further our bodies are separated, the nearer do they approach to each other.

"That motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

The wise man does three things. He abandons the world before the world abandons him; he builds his sepulchre before it is time to enter it, and does every thing pleasant in the sight of God before he is called to His presence.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to the Almighty of the devil's leavings.

Nothing in the world is sweeter or easier than a defence.

"Two heads are better than one," as the cabbage head said to the lawyer.

"I'll be *floored*," as the house said to the builder, "before any body shall live here."

"I'm trifling away your *time*," as the pickpocket said to the gentleman, while stealing his watch.

Why is idleness like the letter C? Because it is the beginning of Crime.

"Every one to his taste," as the man said when he stewed his kittens for breakfast.

"*Don't men-shun it*," as the parson said of the theatre.

"You are always in a *bustle*, Mary," said an old lady to her daughter. "It's the fashion, ma."

To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think—to do as we profess—to perform what we promise—and really to be what we would seem and appear.

There are many faint, free hearted, liberal souls in this world who care nothing about money; but whose tailors and shoemakers would be glad to find out where they board.

"I'll take the *Pic*," as the man said when the editor invited him to select something to read from his heap of newspapers.

"I come to *steel*," as the rat observed to the spring trap.

"And I spring to embrace you," as the trap replied to the rat.

A preacher in the "far west" gave out for his text a certain chapter and verse of *Clover*. The deacon arose and told him it was *Timothy*. "O! yes," replied the divine, "it is Timothy. I knew it was some kind of *grass*."

"What is the difference between a lady and a politician?" "One makes a bustle and the other wears one."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say." "Pooh, nonsense! tell right out, Jane; which do you like best?" "Well, (blushing and dropping her eyes,) I like *u* the best."

When we see a girl standing one fifth of her time at the glass twisting her hair into ringlets, which they term "beau catchers," we rather guess the "beau she catches" will find himself caught in an evil net.

The Price Current put down whiskey as a *drug*—so much for temperance.

He that knows the world will not be too bashful. He that knows himself will not be too impudent.

Man's soul is greater than his fortunes, and there's majesty in a life that towers above the ruins that fall around its path.



[For the Inquirer.]

AUNT PEGGY'S FORTUNE.

'Aunt Peggy,' said I, 'did you ever have your fortune told?' 'Ah that I did once, Elly,' said she, 'as thee shall hear; and if thee don't think there is somethin' in forten tellin', I'll give in.'

Aunt laid down her knitting work, took off her spectacles wiped the glasses, and put them up on top of her head, then taking a pinch of snuff, and giving me a look of scrutiny she commenced.

'Kitty Rowley says she to me one seventh day arternoon as I met her on the flag, says she. 'Did thee know Peggy that there was a fortinteller down to Guinea.' 'The old juggler, says I,' 'there ant though. 'Yes there is,' says she, 'and I'll go if thee will, for they say she tells true.' 'Well,' says I, 'if it warnt for darsentry'—'Poh,' says she, 'what is thee afraid of? she cant hurt thee.' 'Oh, its a woman, then,' says I again. 'To be sure,' says Kitty,—'I hope thee don't think I'd let a great pizen man tell *my* forten—but what I was a gonto say is, she cant *alter* nothen. She only *knows*, that's all, and besides if she told me any thing bad, I should'nt believe a word on't.' 'What if she should say thee'd die an old maid?' says I again—for Kitty was as hombly as a post and rail fence—and as old as the hills, and never had the sign of a feller in her born days.—

'Hold thee tongue,' says Kitty, 'I don't niver intend to die, and least of all an old maid; and I should'nt believe one mite more than I'd a mind to.' 'Well,' says I, 'I've a great mind, and then again, I can't, for I haint got no money.' 'Lawful suz,' says Kitty, 'she don't take money at all—she'd rather have provisions: thee can jist steal a little of thy mother's tea or butter or somethen'.' 'Well, if she'll take truck,' says I, 'I don't know but I'll try my luck—what sort of a creter is she?' 'Oh she's a good natured great fat nigger,' says Kitty. 'Go 'long with thee niggers,' says I, 'they don't niver know nothen'.' 'Yes, yes she does though,' says Kitty, as ferce as Bata. 'She says she niver told a forten in her lif but what come out jist exactly.' 'Well now, if I railly thought so,' says I, 'and if any of the rest of the gals would go too—now lets plan,' says I, 'thee knows next seconday evenin' we're goin' up to aunt Naomi Peckham's to have a dance if we can contrive it, while aunt is gone off to quarterly meetin', and in the evenin' we'll slink out onbeknown, and it need'nt take us long, for we shant want to stay down amongst the niggers more than a week.' 'That's a lumshecute plan I swonny,' says Kitty, 'and I'll hunt up Lois Nubegins and Milly Dexter, and mind and dont let the fellers know a lisp, for they'll afflict us to death.' 'The deary suz, not for the world,' says I—but I was fully intarmined in my own mind, that 'fore I'd kitch myself down amongst the niggers arter dark, I'd go without a forten all the days of my life—so thinks I, I wont tell nobody but Jo Ray, and then I shant be under no consarn, for he's sich a still body.

Well—the next fust day night we got together and planned it all out, but we could not coax any o' the gals to jine but Lois and Milly, they were all so skeary about it.

So barmby second day come, and arter awhile it come night and up we streaked it, loaded and rafted to Aunt Naomi's, for her gals were raal clippers for dancin'.—Their mother was a meetin member, but they no more keared for that than a tip up cart.—Well 'twarnt long afore we mustered a house full, and then in poured the fellers. I cant wait to tell all their names, nor what sort o' dancers we had in them times, but jist as we were in the haith o' dancing and stomping it out to the tune o' the "Weaver's darter' or some sich-a, Kitty Rowley she dances along to me and whispers, 'When this is out we'll scud.' 'Umhm,' says I. I minded that Kitty's clothes stuck out like every thing, and so I whispers and says I, 'Kitty, what has thee got in thy pockets?'

'Prog,' says she, 'for the nig.'

Well, what it was, I could'nt think, for I had only smuggled a quart o' rice for my part of the pay, and that did'nt take up no room in my pocket to speak of, and what she *had* got I could'nt demise,—but I warnt long a guessin', for poor Kitty, she got alligated with dancin', and undertook to cut a pigeon wing extra; and havin' so much ballis aboard, she kinder canted, and with that she lost her balance, and down she come cojung, and out rolled the turnips and potatoes, and O my gracious I's a gonto say, did'nt they laugh? and poor Kitty I thought die she would, and die I should to see her. Humsoever, we picked her up, potatoes and all. The fellers they looked and did'nt know what to make ont, but we got her righted at last and kept on till we'd done that figure—and when there was a new set got up and a clear stage, we slinked out, no perceivance, and on with our heppies and legged it.

'Twarnt fur, but 'twas a dreadful pokerish way, and by the time we got there we all stood jist ready to be skeered.

Hold Kitty Rowley that she must go in ahead, but she swamped it she would'nt, nor nary one of the others. 'Well,' says I, 'I dont come clear down to Guinea of a Tom fool's errand—so I'll go fust'—so I stepped up, and, says I, 'hold on your noses gals.' With that I rapt, and somebody within squealed out 'Who's there.' 'Come and see,' says I. 'Who's there,' they squealed again. 'Nobody but I,' I squeals back again. 'Well then, come in,' says they, and in we stivered, Milly Dexter lookin' as pale as a whippin' post. As good luck would have it the old creter was at home, jist a lightin' up a meetin' house lamp; she held it up, and says she, 'the bless me, what a lot o' pretty gals; what do you want darters?' 'We've come to seek our fortens,' says I. 'Well, that's right,' says she, 'nobody cant tell better fortens than me, nor truer nother. There's Flory and Vilut both on em tells fortens, but they tell with keerds, and then you know the divel always deals.' 'I hope thee dont deal with him,' says I.—'With who? says she.' 'Why the D—,' says I—for I darsent say divil right out. 'Bless you, no indeed,' says she, 'I always tells with coffee grains,—and I knowed you was a comin', so I sot some to settle.' 'The old,' says I, 'how come thee to know it?' 'Cause, I knows every thing,' says she. 'O dear! O dear!' says Milly, 'less go home.' 'Not till you have had your fortens-told, darlin,' says the old woman, 'for I can see a spark in the very wink of your eye.' This kinder pacified Milly, and so we sot down on an old sea chest, and then the nigger hauled out an old nasty coffeepot, and give it a shake and turned out the slops into a tea cup and reached it to me. 'No! thanky,' says I, 'I dont choose any.' 'Why you fool,' says she, 'take hold of it, and turn it round, and reach it to me again.' So I took it and my hand sort o' trembled I s'pose, for I spilt a little; and at that, the nigger looked sober, and said it was bad luck to spill any; 'I know that,' says I, 'for I've spylte my new leno apun.' Well, I reached it to her, and she pecked and squinted at the cup, and then at me, and then she clapt her hand so fashion, down on to her knee. 'I niver see,' says she, 'the very old scratchum!' 'Thee dont see him in the teacup, I hope,' says I. 'No,' says she, 'but *sich* a forten! O loddy sakes alive sich a forten! But gals,' says the creter, 'I forgot to tell ye, that I must have my pay before hand, for a forten haint good for nothen that aint paid for.' So she would'nt tell us a lisp till we'd mustered up our stores; she fetched a milkpan, and I guess we poured in provisions enough of one sort and another to last her one sweat. I rather guess Kitty Rowley was glad to be onfreighted.

Well, at last Darky took up the forten cup again. 'The blessed Inglun,' says she, 'why yo'um a gonto be married right off.' 'That's one lie,' says I 'to begin with;' for Joe was only sneakin' round then, and hadnt popt the question fairly. 'Lie or no lie,' says the creter, 'its as true as Luke, and you may go to quiltin' like smoke.' 'Can thee tell what sort of a lookin' creter he is?' says I—'I hope he's handsome.' 'Why middlin,' says she. 'Is he short or tall?' says I. 'Why—hem! he's middlin' short, and middlin' tall, and rather more middlin' short than middlin'.' That's another lie, thinks I, for Joe was called 'tongs' in the company. 'And he's pretty light complected,' says she, 'and not very nither;—and he wears a dark blue seirtoot.' 'Now there's another lie,' says I, 'for as it happens, all the fellers wears a blue seirtoot in the company but jist him; so take away your forten,' says I. 'Then,' says she, 'he's got one a making, for there's a blue siertoot, say what you will, or I aint a nigger:' and she pinted her great smutty finger into the tea cup to show me—but not a speck of any thing could I see but coffee grains, and so I telled her, and she got pipin' mad, and showed the whites of her eyes at me so that I telled her that I'd got forten enough, and she might tell the rest. So Lois took her turn next, and made out to turn the teacup without spillin'.

Lois was a pretty gal as thee'd see of a summer's day. Her cheeks looked like crambrys, and her eyes shined like glass bottles. But when the black creter took the teacup she looked sideways and cornerways and ivery which way, and then says she, 'I guess I must'nt till your forten, young woman.'—'Why, Why?' says Lois. 'Cause' taint very good.' 'O then, pray less know it,' says Kitty, for she hated Lois like pyzen, and for nothen in this world but because she was sich a pretty creter—clear invye! 'Do tell it,' says she, 'Lois wont be frightened.'—'Frightened! no!' says Lois, 'It takes more than that to scare a Nubegins.' 'I'll tell it then,' says the old woman, 'and taint my fault if it is'nt a lucky one; I niver made a forten in my life.' I should'nt think so, thinks I. 'And in the fust place I can see as plain as day,' says she, 'that you've got an inemy, (with that we all looked at Kitty, and I guess she felt rather streaked, for the old creter, says she, 'its a female, and she aint far off, but come to look, you need'nt fear her much, for there's water betwixt ye—*she'll* go off or else *you* will. Oh, its *you!* for there you are amongst trees, and there are none here you know; and there's a feller—and, jist lemme see—yes, its a husband; and, the nickups! there's the inemy again, but she don't come very nigh; and there! she's dropt down: that's a sign she's dead.'—At that Kitty riz up, and says she, 'for the land's sake do make haste, for we can't stay here all night; and, Lois Nubegins, you've had forten enough, so give somebody else a chance;'—'fore I could stop her she twitched the cup out of the woman's hand, and riled it all up, and then give it a whirligig, and reached it back again, and told the nig to tell her's in the shake of a minnit. 'Why,' says I, 'aint you a gonto give Milly a chance?' for all this while she'd sot on the corner of the trunk, the picture of Patience Greaves on Monomov, as Shakspeare says. 'O loddy!' say Milly, says she, 'I would not have my forten told for the kingdom; so do make haste, and less go, for I thought I heard old Cloven Foot to the door.'

'Get out' says Kitty—I dont know whether she meant the old scratchum or Milly.

Well when Nig had looked into the cup a spell she looked as sober as a deacon, and says she, 'you poor child you,' I must shake up the coffee pot and turn out some more grains, and may be it 'll come up better luck.' 'Never mind the luck,' says I, 'Kitty you know you need'nt believe a bit of it.' 'Hold your tongue,' says she, 'Peggy Darlin' I'll shake it fifty times but what I'll have good luck.' But you cant shake it but once, says I, in fortentellin,' and then I slily nodged the nigger to bear me out. 'Marcy! no' says Darky, 'arter the first shake its no go.' 'Then' says Kitty, 'I guess I'll shake it authenticly' and she clawed hold o' the coffee pot and give it a good rile up, and when the woman took it again to pour out it was as black as ink. 'Now for it' says I, but I says nothin'! She looked up, and then down, and then at Kitty in a dreadful pitiful way; and sich a face as she made up, I was enermost skeered. 'O dear me,' says she, 'young woman, go home and say your prayers.'

'I never said any prayers in my life,' says Kitty, but 'Now I lay me down to sleep;' will that do?' 'Why 'twont be no use' says the woman, 'for it cant alter nothin, but ah! well a day! the tea cup tells me that Beauty will be your downfall!' With that we snortered, for the old woman had vegled us up so, that I expected nothin' short of murder. And when she telled Kitty that beauty would be her downfall, we all bust out. We leetle affronted Kitty I 'spect, for she was as hufty as be kicked. She didnt know for her part she said, what we were laughin' at, and if beauty was her downfall, she guessed that would niver be Lois Nubergins' calamity. The more Kitty jawed, the more we laughed, till as we kinder died off we thought we heered somebody sniggerin' in the entry way, and the old woman she give a jump, and let the tea cup fall, and it went down and smashed into ten million pieces, and Kitty's forten along with it. But we niver stopt to pick um up, only bolted out o' the back door as if the evil one sent us; and we cut through by granf'ther Coleman's candle house yard, round the meetenhouse corner, and into that lane there by Jethro Bunker's; and when we got round that corner we all scrudled down, and we had'nt more'n got still, before a great tall feller come past us, that I knew by the cant of his shoulders was Jo Ray. When he'd fairly got by we crept out, and walked along as composed as so many pounds o' butter. Lois Nubegin and Milly Dexter went off home. By this time it had got to being considerable late, and we had'nt parted with them long afore we come acrost Jo Ray again. He looked hard at us, but in them times every body wore a coaten cloak, so he could'nt know us by the riggin—and I kept the head up close round my face, and seein' him lookin pretty hard at Kitty and her face all open, I reached up my hand to haul her cloak head to, so as he need'nt know her. But unluckily her nose was a yard or two long, and I grabbed right hold ont. With that she fetched a screech, 'Let alode by doze' says she, and that brought us out. 'O you jades and faggits about house' says Jo, 'now Ive kitched you.'

Here my aunt ceased speaking, to indulge in an inordinate and uncontrollable cacchination, which shook her fat sides as the picture of poor Kitty's nose rose in her memory. Suddenly she ceased, and becoming calm, she added with a saddened tone 'And it's very remarkable, Elnathan, how exactly it all come out.'

'You surprise me aunt', says I, for I cannot discover the least resemblance between the fortune that fate has given you, and that which you purchased with a pound of rice.

'Thee's a dummy then' says aunt, 'for did'nt she say that I should have Jo Ray—even to the blue siertoot; for I telled Jo about it, and he said that if it was all as true as that, he was the feller slick enough; and in less than a fortnight he struck out with a beautiful new black siertoot clean down to his heels.'

'This was very well aunt, but how you could make out that Uncle Jo was a middlin' short man, its past my powers of guessing.'

'Thee talks as if he was as tall as a light-house' answered aunt Peggy. "Why he was not so tall as Bihu Baldwin by a hand's-breadth, and *too*, she said, he was *middlin'* tall.'

'And then, says I, Kitty's beauty, what do you make of that? How could beauty cause the downfall of a woman as old as the hills, and as ugly as sin?'

'But it was so, and I'll tell thee how. There was a fellow come into the gang. He was very likely, and he took a shine to Kitty, and railly meant to have her, but jist afore the time sot to be married, her; little sister come home from Chopquiddic. She was a charmin' pritty gal, and Kitty looked so hombly to him arter he'd seen her, that he couldn't abide her so he broke short off, and it was the greatest mystery in the world, what the reason was, till a year or two arter, when her sister had grown up and he come a courtin her, and by that time Kitty had married that poor shoat of a Fairweather out o' spite. And he become a drinkin' creater, and they come upon the town, and now they are either dead or in the poor house, so that beauty *was* her downfall, but not her *own* beauty, thee sees.'

'Indeed aunt, it now appears wonderfully clear, but I am such a "dumb hewsen" as you sometimes call me, that I should never have found it out but for your explanation. Lois Nubegin's fortune puzzles me more than the rest. What did the trees and the water mean? for I am told that she never set foot on any other soil than this.'

'Thee's a livin Hector,' says aunt. "Why didn't she marry Capt. Cozzle, that went to the Western Islands? and did'nt he send for her, and wouldnt she a gone, if she had'nt took and died just as she was gettin ready? True the forten-teller told about Lois's money, and how she would die, but it was Lois herself that the teacup shewed up, as the forten-teller told me herself not a great while ago, only she kinder darsent tell Lois.'

'There is another thing, aunt Peggy, and don't deem me skeptical; did she not predict your immediate marriage? Whereas, if my memory serves me, you were not married until after Uncle Jo had performed at least one whaling voyage.'

'I declare,' exclaimed Aunt Peggy, 'thee's the greatest affliction in life, and don't believe nothin' and I won't never tell thee nothin again.'

'Any thing more, sir.'

The following colloquy took place lately, between an inquisitive English gentleman and his butcher boy:—"What are your politics?" said the gentleman. "The Queen's, sir." "What are the Queen's?" "Moin, sir." "What's your name?" "My name," replied the boy, "is the same as father's." "And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It's the same as moin." "Then what are both your names?" "Whoy they are both aloike," said the boy. The gentleman turned upon his heel, and the boy shouted "Anything more, sir?"

A Figure to Paint.—"Paint me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading out aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he can't be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

In a Western paper we observe the marriage announcement of Mr. Isaac Roberts to Miss Mary Ann *Goose*. A verification of the words of the old song:—

"There lives no goose so gay but soon or late,
Will find some silly gander for her mate."

It is a curiosity to find a Miss of fifteen who has not begun to think of getting a husband. It is equally a curiosity to find an old maid who does not wonder that she has not long since been married.

A lady, who has found the following remedy fo the prevention of bed bugs, wishes to make it public: After cleaning the bedstead *thoroughly*, rub it over with hog's lard. The lard should he rubbed on with a woolen cloth. Bugs will not infest such a bedstead for a whole season.

[Original.]

THE ORPHAN'S QUERY.

FATHER! Mother! whither hast thou fled?
To what lone spot have thy dear footsteps sped?
I ask, how vainly, of each one I meet,
To show the path that leads to thy retreat.

I ask the elm which once you loved so well,
If of thy hiding place it aught can tell;
The wind sighs through its boughs, as if to say,
Where they have gone I cannot tell the way.

I ask the sweet flower, blooming in the vale,
If it, thy dark fate can to me detail;
It lowly hangs its head, as if to say,
Where they have gone I cannot tell the way.

I ask the dark wave as it thunders past,
If in his bosom you are found at last;
It dashes proudly on, as if to say,
Where they have gone I cannot tell the way.

I ask the rill which warbles still along,
As when by it we strolled, far from the throng;
It murmurs on, and on, as if to say,
Where they have gone I cannot tell the way.

I ask the stars while shining bright above,
Which often you have taught your child to love;
They smile at me in scorn, as if to say,
Where they have gone we cannot tell the way.

I ask the tomb if in its dark, cold cell,
My parents dear are destined there to dwell;
And then I hear a still, small voice reply,
Here, mortal man, thou too art doomed to lie.

[A. W.

THE GOVERNOR EXCEPTED.—A gentleman having supped at an inn in a small place, the host, after the table was cleared away, asked him how he liked the fare. "Very much indeed," replied the gentleman. "I can say that I have supped as well as the first lord of the realm." "*Except his Excellency the Governor*," said the host. "I except nobody," said he. "But you must always except the Governor," returned the host. "But I won't," rejoined the gentleman.

In short, the dispute went so far, that the host, who was an inferior magistrate, though not quite equal to Solon, or Lycurgus, had the gentleman, summoned before the Governor.—The magistrate, with a grave air, told the gentleman, that it was an immemorial custom in that place always to *except his Excellency the Governor;* and that for his offence he must pay a fine of one shilling; for that nobody could be excused from conforming to the practice.—"Very well," said the gentleman; "here is a shilling; but may I die, if there is a greater fool in the world than the host, *except his Excellency the Governor.*"

CAN'T AFFORD IT.—We think it was Major Bliss who told us, during what was to us a most pleasant sitting in the sactum one night until 'the wee short hours ayon the twal,' of a man in Mexico who was supposed to be dying from fever, suddenly starting up in his cot on hearing his friends speaking of his near dissolution and of the probable cost of his funeral expenses, and exclaimed, 'Oh! the devil—that's too much! I can't spare *that* amount for burial money! I'll get well first!' And he did actually recover. We recently heard an officer in the navy describe a similar feeling on his part. While laying prostrate and helpless with the dysentry at Tampico, his mess-room companions would now and then come in, always exclaiming, 'Good Heavens! how poor B—— looks! He is going to make a *die* of it!' 'This put me,' said he, 'upon my good behavior, and I was deteimined to disappoint them—and I did!'—*Knickerbocker.*

YOUTHFUL—*Little Boy*—"Poppy, does Newspapers have sores?"

Poppy—"No, my son; why do you ask me that?"

Little Boy—"Well, what do they mean then, when they say they have such a press of MATTER?"

Poppy—"There—you may go to bed."

LEAP YEAR.—Yes, Leap Year, ladies!—It is nearly gone—only two months left—and hundreds of you haven't got a 'fellar.' Come, come, make up your minds quickly—dont stand shilly-shallying—pop the question—out with it, quick—you *know* its your right to speak. A sentence—just one short sentence—and a husband is yours! There, we have done our duty to the fair sex—we have warned them solemnly, and we breathe easier.

A COW IN THE BOX, ALIAS A COUGH IN THE CHEST.

The following amusing incident which befel a Frenchman, is narrated by the Boston Bee:

'We were not a little amused at the Phonographic exhibition, the other evening, by a story told by Prof. Church with reference to the difficulty he had to meet in learning to pronounce the English language—whose barbarous orthography is so totally at variance with its elementary sounds. The gentleman said, that the first time he ever visited London, he caught a violent cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French University, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to the words, as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue, with nothing but a Dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and some he didn't know; one thing however, he felt, and that was that he needed a physician to cure his cold. Accordingly he sent for one, and in the interim, wishing to show Dr. John Bull how well he could talk English, he took Nugent and found that '*toux*' was '*cough*,' in the latter tongue.

'C-o-u-g-h,' spelled the Frenchmen, 'how they say that? I have him! P-l-o-u-g-h is *plow*, and c-o-u-g-h is *cow*. I got a cow!'

The doctor entered and began to feel his pulse, where all seemed right.

'I have no trouble dare,' said Professor Church, putting his hand to his throat '*I got cow.*'

'Well, I am not a cow doctor!' said the surgeon indignantly, 'why do you send for me to see your cow?'

'But you will not understand me!' said the disconcerted Frenchman, 'here is my cow—here;' and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The doctor shook his head, as though he thought him demented. The Professor again had recourse to his Dictionary thinking if he got the precise locality of his cow, the Doctor would understar Accordingly he looked for the word '*chest*' and found the first definition to be '*a box*,' then shouting as loud as he could, he exclaimed,

'Now you understand, *I got a cow in my box!*'

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman, almost died of chagrin. When the Professor told the story, the audience were perfectly convulsed, and fully appreciated the gentleman's enthusiasm, as he concluded by saying—

'If your Phonography can do anything *for my cow*, it will be a great thing!'

A hypocrite is a saint that goes by clock-work; a machine made by the devil's geometry, which he winds up and makes go as he pleases.

'My wife,' said a critic, 'is the most even-tempered woman I ever saw, she is always mad.'

'You are the scum of society,' said a fop to a poor laborer. 'And you are the sediment,' was the answer.

The Pittsburgh Age asks—what would people have said fifty years ago, had they received a London paper with an engraving of a fire in Pittsburgh *before the ruins had ceased smoking*! Yet such is the case now. We received a paper of this kind on the 4th, and lit a cigar among the ruins the same morning.

'What would our wives say if they knew where we are!' said the captain of a 'down east' schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. 'Humph! I shouldn't mind that,' replied the mate, 'if we only knew where we were ourselves.'

A preacher is now attempting to prove that the beast who was chained a thousand years, and then let loose to scourge mankind, is nothing else than RUM.

'The sailor may be wrecked on a bar, the day laborer may be injured by a bar, the prisoner may may be brought before the bar; but they are not half so destructive as the *bar of the rumseller.*'

[From the Youth's Penny Gazette.]

LITTLE EMMA.

We have just read a letter from father of a little girl, who, a few years ago, was a picture of health—then she was sick a few hours, and is now, (as we believe,) in that blessed happy world, where there is no sickness nor death, because there is no sin there.

This little girl was playing about all day, in fine spirits, and between 7 and 8 o'clock, in the evening became sick, and continued so until next morning about 5 o'clock when she died. Only think how little time! Two or three little incidents in her life are well worth remembering, and we are glad to be allowed to mention them.

"On the evening of the day before she was taken sick, she was put to bed by the servant without saying her prayers. After the servant left the room the dear little child got out of her bed in the dark, kneeled down and said her prayers. The servant hearing her from an adjoining room said to her, 'Why, Emma, I thought you had gone to sleep long ago.' She made no reply until she had got through her little prayers, and then said, 'Eliza, you ought not to talk to me while I am saying my prayers.'

"I was one morning, after breakfast, working in the garden, when little Emma came up to me and took me by the hand, and said to me, 'Father, I want you to come up stairs and say prayers with us.' I immediately left my work and was led up stairs by this dear little one, where I found her mother with the Bible in her hand. But this was not the first time they had met together for worship. They had done it for some time, unknown to me; but this morning, little Emma, after her mother had read a few verses, said, 'Stop mother, I will go down and bring father up, and he will pray with us.' This occurred some months before her death, and we all continued the practice, and now, as we kneeled down, the loss of her is indeed sorely felt."

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH. If you put a lot coal into your pocket, it will burn its way out. Ah! and so will a bad deed that is hidden, make itself known. *A fault concealed, is a fault doubled;* and so you will find it through life. Never hide your faults. 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

Laugh.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

Laugh, my young companions, laugh;
Wherefore should you sigh?
Surely tears were not distilled
To ever dim the eye.
Throw off the cloak of dignity,
And laugh again in guileless glee.

Know you not one silvery laugh
Would cheer a saddened heart?
And to its gloomy depths of wo
Unwonted joy impart?
Fear not to shed the gladdening smile,
To light on others' path the while.

Think not that now the time has come
To smother youthful glee;
And sober age and thought to don,
While yet from sorrow free.
Life's cares will crowd around full soon,
Then claim them not before they come.

Deem not that on the brow of youth
The chill of age should lie;
The sunny smile of love and truth
Will bid thy sorrow fly.
Yield then to youth's gay witchery,
And laugh amid the glad and free.

☞ They smoke so much in Holland, that when a party are in a room, and any one present is wanted, the waiter goes round with a pair of bellows, and blows the smoke from before each face, that he may distinguish the individual called for!

THE CHILD AT THE TOMB.

The Brooklyn Eagle found the following eloquent anecdote in the journal of a traveller in the East:—

——A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb—
What should it know of death?

At Smyrna, the burial-ground of the Armenian, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a half playful countenance, busy, blue eye and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained, into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet and laid the wreath upon its pure face.

'And why,' I inquired, 'my sweet girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls there?'

'It is to bring the birds here,' she replied with a half wondering look, 'they will light on this tree,' pointing to the cypress above, 'when they have eaten the seeds, and sing.'

'To whom do they sing?' I asked, 'to you or to each other?'

'Oh, no!' she quickly replied, 'to my sister—she sleeps here.'

'But your sister is dead.'

'Oh, yes sir! but she hears all the birds sing.'

'Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers.'

'But she knows I put it there; I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning.'

'You must,' I continued, 'have loved that sister very much, but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again.'

'Yes sir,' she replied with a brightened look, 'I shall see her in heaven.'

'But she has gone there already, I trust.'

'No; she stops under this tree until they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together.'

THE SECRET.

'Mother,' said a girl of ten years of age, 'I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning.'

'Why, my dear?'

'Because it must be to see some one you love very much.'

'And what leads you to think so?'

'Because I have always noticed that when you come back you appear to be more happy than usual.'

'Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love very much, and that after seeing him, and conversing with him, I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?'

'Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also.'

'Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening, it is to commune with the Savior. I go to pray to Him; I ask Him for His grace to make me happy and holy; I ask Him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against Him—and above all, I ask Him to have mercy on you, and save you from the misery of those who sin against Him.'

'Oh, that is the secret,' said the child, 'then I must go with you.'

An Irishman was once brought up before the magistrate for marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? "Plase your worship," said Pat, "I was trying to get a good one."

A Wherefore.—"Please, sir, I do n't think Mr Dosem takes his physic regular," said a doctor's boy to his employer.

"Why so?"

"'Cause he's getting vell so precious fast!"

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

We copy the following lines, read at the New England Society's Festival at New York, December 22, 1846, by ALLEN C. SPOONER of Boston, from the Courier.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light cigar
As usual you must know.

I mused upon the pilgrim flock
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only rock
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bark—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind, rolled ocean dark.

Alone that little handful stood
While foes were lurking nigh,
Their creed and watchword, 'Trust in God,
And keep your powder dry.'

Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits fainted,

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke *had* filled the other;
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares, deride me—)
I looked, and, drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign—
He civilly returned my stare.
And said 'I'm Richard Warren!'

'You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
The first New England charter.

I *could* some curious facts impart—
Perhaps, some wise suggestions—
But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions,'

'Ask on,' said I, 'I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation.'

Says he, 'First tell me what is that
In yon compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eyeballs up,
And scorch my very marrow.'

His finger pointed to the grate—
Said I—'That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth'—he shook his head—
'It is, upon my soul!'

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end was black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When lo, a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
'What necromancy's that,' he cried—
Quoth I, 'A friction match.'

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew,

Uprose my guest; 'Now heaven me save,'
Aloud he shouted, then
'Is that hell fire?' 'Tis gas,' said I,
'We call it hydrogen.'

Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud,
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised
In worship, Warren fell—
'Great is the Lord our God,' cried he—
He, doeth all things well.'

'Iv'e seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
O, may I ne'er provoke his ire,
Nor at his threatening scoff.'

'Rise up, my friend, rise up,' said I,
'Your terrors all are vain—
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train.'

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent but sure—
He started, smiled, burst out laughing;
'What witchcraft's that?' 'it's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing.'

Once more we stepped into the street;
Said Warren, 'What is that
'Which moves along across the way
'As softly as a cat?'

'I mean the thing upon two legs,
'With feather on its head—
'A monstrous hump below its waist,
''Large as a feather bed:

'It has the gift of speech, I *hear*,
But sure it can't be human?'
'My amiable friend,' said I,
'That's what we call a woman,'

'Eternal powers! It cannot be,'
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
'I loved the women in my day,
But, oh, they're strangely altered.'

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,
A labor-saving *hennery*
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, ' 'Tis plain to see
This world is so *transmogrified*,
'Twill never do for me.'

'Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your hump backed women, rocks for coal,
Your thing which chickens hatches,

Have turned the earth so upside down,
No peace is left within it,'—
Then whirling round upon his heel
He vanished, in a minute.

Forthwith, my most veracious pen
Wrote down what I had heard,
And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
You have it, word for word.

AFFECTION.—One of the prettiest specimens of Hindoo poetry, celebrates the history of a youth, who soon after his marriage, being compelled to make a long journey, takes leave of his bride in the garden of his house. There he plants a spikenard; and enjoins her to watch over it with the most assiduous care. 'As long as the plant flourishes,' said he, 'all will be fortunate with me; but should it wither away, some fatal misfortune will assuredly happen.' Business of an important nature, detained the bridegroom from home several years. On his return, he assumed the garb of a Hindoo mendicant, in order to see whether his wife had been faithful to him or not during his absence. Thus disguised, he calls at his house and being admitted into the garden, beholds his wife lost to every pleasure, but that of weeping over the spikenard, which still flourished under her care.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When a poor loafer is keeled up, with an empty rum bottle by his side, the papers say,—'Another victim of intemperance.' When a 'respectable' citizen eats a dinner that kills him in a few hours, with or without the help of the doctors, the same papers head his obituary notice, 'Mysterious Providence.'

Some old ladies who saw the comet's tail imagined that they could read the words "End of the world" upon it.—*Bos on Bulletin.*

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.—I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the days of his innocent childhood? and that in after years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like a balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be without some agency like this, that, gazing unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamor of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse, and, above all, the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes, or soothed our childish sorrows—all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me: I covered my face with my hands, and wept in silence.—*Adventures of a Kuzzilbash.*

PARENTS must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only *government* firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

A DISCRIMINATING YOUTH.—A gentleman travelling in Tennessee, stopped at a house for the night, and during the first meal observed an urchin eating a loaf of corn bread. At length the youngster remarked, 'mammy, here's a *har* in the bread.'

The old lady remarked 'that it was only a piece of corn silk.'

'Corn silk, the mischief,' replied the young 'un—'how came *corn silk* to have a *nit* on it!'

'Everybody was looking at me.'

Farmer Miller had long been solicited to sign the pledge; but no, he would not do that thing. However, the influence of the cold water folks was such as led the farmer to get in all his hay without rum. As they drove the last load into the barn, the old man said to his boy, 'Well, John, we have got in all the hay and haven't had any grog; now, while the men are pitching off the load, you take the jug over to the store and get a couple of quarts.'

John started off with a heavy heart, for he did not feel just right to be seen carrying a a jug; and having to pass entirely through the village, at every house and shop the windows were open, and John thought that he never saw so many people, not only at the windows, but in the street; and they all seemed to be looking at his jug.

When he got to the store, it was crowded with customers, and as he entered, every eye seemed to be directed, first at him, then at his jug, and then at him again. The poor boy waited until the people had all gone out, and then said 'Capt. Jones, Mr. Miller has got done haying, and he wants you should let him have two quarts of rum to treat with.'

The store-keeper replied, 'I sold the last I had the other day, and I think I shan't get any more; it's rather bad business.' John left his jug, and took the shortest way home; and, after telling his story, he said: 'I never felt so ashamed in my life, as I did with the jug in my hand. I thought I would not bring it home till dark; and I never want to go after any more rum, for I thought that *every body was looking at me!*'

TROUBLES. An aching tooth, and a crying child in church. Remedy—take them out.



A VALENTINE

Not to be *beet*.

Betting by Proxy.

Just after the State election in Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith, a warm Cass man, met his friend Mr. Jones, an enthusiastic Taylor man.

"Jones," said Smith, "the election of Johnston does not increase Taylor's chances in Pennsylvania."

"Yes it does," answered Smith.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars that Cass carries the State," cried Smith.

"Done," exclaimed Jones, "But he added after a moment's hesitation—"but if we bet we lose our vote."

"So we shall," said Smith.

"I'll tell you what," Jones cried, his face brightening up—"I'll tell you what may be done. My wife shall call upon your wife, and bet with her."

"Good," said Smith.

Home went Jones.

"My dear, Mrs. Smith wants to bet a hundred dollars with you that Cass will carry Pennsylvania."

"Mrs. Smith bet a hundred dollars with me!" exclaimed the astonished lady.

"Yes, if you want to bet, there is the money. Go round this afternoon and see her; put the stakes in the hand of a lady friend."

The two ladies met, and the money was deposited. On Thursday last, when the result was known, Jones told his wife to go draw the money she had won. The lady was not slow in obeying her husband that time, and before an hour, the two hundred dollars, exchanged into half eagles were glittering through the interstices of her beautiful purse.

When Jones came home at night, he said to his wife:—

"Well, my dear, did you get the money?"

"Yes!" was the reply.

"I'll trouble you for it darling, if you please."

"Trouble for what?"

"For the money I won of Mr Smith."

"*You won?* did you bet Mr. Smith"

"No, no—that is—yes. I bet in fact, though to save my vote, I made you the agent," answered Jones with visible embarrassment.

"I cannot consent my dear husband," said the lady with great dignity, "to be a party in any violation or evasion of the law. I cannot on your account—you whose honor is so dear to me. And I shall therefore keep the money, in order that I may still retain my respect for a law loving, a law honoring and a law obeying husband. Dear Jones, kiss me."

The lady was as good as her word, and Jones discovered that in his attempt to whip the devil round the stump, he had lost a clean hundred.

This is a fact.—[N. Y. Despatch.

QUEER WEARING APPAREL.—A runaway apprentice is thus described in a Bangor paper:

'He is thick set, usually wears a glazed hat five feet high, and iron shod shoes with cross eyes.'

THE

FLOWER OF OUR VILLAGE.

Ellen Gray *was* pretty; there is no doubt of it; and to say that I loved her would be saying no more than every one might say on whom the light of her bright eye shone. Up there in the country where we lived, there was none of that stiff formality, and no rules of conventional etiquette that govern society here in the city, and the heart had full play in childhood and youth. Our young people acted as they *felt;* and as they were usually happy, they *seemed* to enjoy themselves when they came together for an evening visit, or set off on a winter's sleigh-ride. But if there was one more buoyant and joyous than the rest, it was Ellen. Her heart was always in her face; light, ardent, pure, and blessed herself, a stream of love and blessedness flowed ever from her warm soul, as from a perennial fountain.

She was ten years younger than I, and was therefore a little girl when I was grown to man's estate, and my heart was fixed before Ellen came on the stage. But everybody loved Ellen Gray, and I loved her with the rest; and why should I not? There was no more harm in loving her than in loving a fairy or a picture of an angel. The heart would go out after one who loved every one; and hence the universal admiration which this sweet girl received as she passed on from childhood among the years that are known as the teens. Her father was dead, and her mother was poor, and Ellen was an only child; and if a slight feeling of pity was mingled with the feelings which moved the heart when Ellen Gray was near you, it served only to deepen the attachment with which this child was regarded. But before the death of her father, Ellen had enjoyed as good opportunities for instruction as that region of country afforded, and she had improved them all. Quick, ready, and ardent in pursuit of anything on which her mind was set, she had made rapid and solid advancement in learning, so that there was no young lady of her age who was equal to her.

Ellen's mother had struggled hard, after she was left a widow, to provide the means of support for herself and her daughter. How tenderly that mother and that child loved! It was a sight to bless the eye to look in upon their cottage; you could not say which was the more dependent; the mother lived for the daughter, and the daughter was happy only as she was the solace and support of her on whose breast in infancy she leaned. And the sweet smile of the daughter lighted that cottage as a star that never set. The mother rejoiced in it, and felt gratitude she could not speak in the possession of a treasure that no wealth, in her poverty, could buy.

But the mother's health was feeble, and her *labors* were of course hardly sufficient to maintain herself, and Ellen's industry must add to the common store. This was cheerfully rendered; and for many years past, even when Ellen was but a mere child, she had delighted to spend her mornings and evenings *in helping her mother*, performing those light domestic duties which a child may easily discharge, if so disposed, and which lighten the load of a mother's cares, and leave her more leisure and strength for the more profitable employments on which she depended for daily bread. Now, let not any refined and sensitive reader in the city suppose that Ellen and her mother were the less *respectable*, or the less *respected* by the best society in the town of Lillinton, because they *worked for a living*. The fact is, they would not have been esteemed had they been willing to be dependent so long as they could take care of themselves. There was not a lady in Lillinton more beloved than Mrs. Gray. She was at the head of many of the movements in the parish for the promotion of this and that object of Christian benevolence; she was often looked up to for advice, and her example was as powerful as that of any other lady, except the minister's wife. In the best circles, that is, among the wealthiest and most intelligent people of the town, Ellen Gray was the brightest ornament; her company was sought; and a party was dull that lacked the light of Ellen's smile and the ring of her joyous voice. It was the mother's wish that Ellen should mingle much with her young friends. Mrs. Gray did not wish her daughter to be confined to her side continually; and she would urge her often, when Ellen would prefer to stay with her, to go out and be happy, and make others happy, as she shared the pleasures of society. But home was the dearest spot to both mother and daughter. Neither of them could have been happy elsewhere, unless the separation was the call of duty. It was therefore a terrible trial to faith and love when the conviction slowly pressed itself upon the mind of both mother and daughter that it was necessary for Ellen to go abroad, and assume labors and responsibilities for which she seemed unfitted. But it had often been suggested to Ellen by those to whom she looked for counsel, that her education qualified her to give instruction to others, and that as a teacher she could provide a comfortable support for herself and her mother, and relieve the feeble Mrs. Gray from those labors to which she was now more and more inadequate. The thought of thus contributing to the comfort of her mother was enough to rouse the soul of this ardent girl to any sacrifice. She would undertake any thing to make life's path smoother and life's load lighter for the mother she loved; and the only inquiry now to be made was, where to find a situation in which to engage as a teacher. She first sought in her own neighborhood for a school, but none could be found that was not already supplied; and then the city was visited by the minister of the parish, who took a lively interest in the family, and an effort was made to obtain employment in one of the many schools in the great metropolis. Nothing being met with that answered the desired purpose, the worthy minister was advised to advertise in the newspapers for a situation, and he yielded to the suggestion.

It was represented to him that there was a great demand for female teachers at the south, and if the young lady in whom he was interested was willing to go thither and take the charge of children in a private family, she could find a situation pleasant and desirable, and far less laborious than the care of a school. The advertisement soon appeared in the usual form, and the result was that in less than a month Mr. Jones had several applications for the young lady, all of them from the south; and the most eligible being selected, it was determined that she should accept it, and as soon as a suitable opportunity should offer, that Ellen Gray should go and enter upon her new relations in a distant part of the land.

It would be useless to speak of the painfulness of that parting. Ellen had the strong support of one who *feels* that she is doing right; it was filial piety—a daughter's love that led her to make the sacrifices involved; and great they certainly were. But the mother, how could she sustain the trial? There were kind friends who promised to be still kinder, and Ellen whispered that she would return at the end of a year; and a few years of service in her new vocation would give them the means of living always together, in more ease and comfort than they had enjoyed before.

She went. It was a new world, and a strange world, and a world she did not love, on which Ellen entered when the low but spacious mansion of a southern planter became the scene of her labors. Her new friends were kind in their way, and did what they thought was enough to make their governess happy. But what did they know of the means to make Ellen Gray happy? It was love that Ellen wanted; and in the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and to which she had never been accustomed in her own cherished home, she sighed often and deeply for the hills and the hearts she had left in the frozen north.

Her charge was that of two girls, twelve and nine years old, and they were delighted with their new teacher. They hated the cross French governess, who had tormented them with her music and *parley vous*, and it was joy to them to have so sweet tempered and lovely a girl as Ellen Gray to be their companion and guide. Months, a few months, passed wearily by, and the sense of loneliness wore slightly away, when George Douglass, the son of Mr. Douglass, in whose family Ellen was now domesticated, was announced upon his return from college. It was nothing strange that he should be smitten with the winning loveliness of this new inmate of his father's house, and that he should wonder that one so gifted with beauty and wit should be compelled to toil in the drudgery of teaching among strangers.

It will give a sad turn to this story, and one that I would not give to it, if it were not to record the dangers of youth and innocence, to say that George Douglass at college had not been cured of the vices contracted in still earlier life. Years of unbridled indulgence away from home had only served to pamper his depraved appetites and inflame his heart; while the associations and pursuits of his educational course had expanded his mind, improved his manners, and made him a more attractive and dangerous companion. He came home to be admired, caressed, and courted; the pride of parents who had spoiled him in childhood, who were blind to his faults, and praised him for those dashing and prodigal habits that made him offensive to others. But this was the *character* in which he appeared before the world. He had not been at home a week before he learned that Ellen Gray was a lovelier woman than he had ever trifled with; and her modest worth, while it commanded his respect, assured him that if he would win her regard, he must *appear* to be all that he was not, and conceal all that he was.

Among the young men at the north, and in the retired country parish where Ellen had lived, who looked upon the fair girl with admiration, there was not one who ventured to think of her as within his reach. Her purity, dignity, and grace shed a lustre over her character, which dazzled the eye, and rendered her the object of a lofty worship. None had ever approached her with a word of flattery, or whispered in her ear the tale of secret love. This was the lesson she first learned from George Douglass. It was his artful tongue that first told her of her beauty, that, he said, had stolen his heart, and his voice first breathed the words of love into her unsuspecting ear.

Yet well did George Douglass know that Ellen Gray would not, with the consent of his parents, ever be his wife; nor did he seek her as his own choice. A poor, portionless governess was not the girl for the proud youth with a plantation and three or four hundred slaves in prospect. But he whispered love in Ellen's ear, and the sound was new to her, and fell on her heart, and she loved him and gave her heart to him. She believed him; and as she had never been deceived, she knew not the wickedness of the world, nor the dangers that lay in her path.

George told her that his parents were opposed to their plan; and his mother soon gave the trembling Ellen to understand, that if she had any designs upon her son she would soon leave the house. Ellen assured the proud mother that she had no *designs* upon her son; he had told her that he loved her, and she loved him in return; but rather than interfere with his happiness or the peace of his family, she would return to her own home in the far north, and George should be to her as if he had never known her.

This was the first impulse of the generous heart of Ellen Gray. Yet she did not know herself; she did not know how strong were the ties that already bound her to the first and only heart that she had ever loved; and when George proposed to her that night that they should fly to the nearest city, and be married privately, assuring her that when it was once settled his parents would yield and be satisfied, the confiding girl gave her ready consent, and in an evil hour committed her happiness for life to the tender mercies of a villain. * *

It was a mere trick of the wretch to get her into his power. The marriage was a sham, in which one of his college companions impiously personated the man of God; and after a few weeks of travel, in which Ellen began to discover the vices of one whom she had supposed to be stainless as herself, George made an excuse to leave her, while he should go home and seek the forgiveness of his parents, and effect a reconciliation. * * * *

She never saw him again. Deserted in a strange city, and left in absolute want, she woke to the comprehension of the awful deception which had been practised upon her, and she sank under the discovery. Nor would she seek comfort from friends of whose love she might be sure, in the village of her childhood. She thought of the mother whom she loved as no child but Ellen Gray could love, and the burning tears of penitence and shame fell in streams at the memory of those days of peace and bliss when she was a happy girl in her mother's cot—days to come back never to the lone, crushed heart of the deserted one in a friendless land.

Poor Ellen Gray! What has become of thee I know not. The gray hairs of thy mother are rapidly going down with sorrow to the grave. The letter to the minister informing him of thy ruin, was gently communicated to thy mother, and the blessedness of the grace of God in sustaining the heart under the bitterest cup that was ever put to a mother's lip, was never more sweetly displayed than in enabling her to bear up under that dreadful blow.

Ellen is probably ere this in some Potter's field, in the grave of an outcast!

What is the use of telling such a tale as this? The answer is easy, if any one is foolish enough to ask it. It illustrates the deceitfulness of the human heart, the dangers to which unsuspecting innocence is exposed, especially where the affections are liable to be trifled with. This is not the only instance which has come to the writer's knowledge of cruel deception and ruin under similar circumstances, and he writes it for the good of those who may read. Let him that is wise consider.—*Christian Parlor Magazine.*

CORPULENT persons desirous of regaining their shape, should apply to some newspaper establishment for the office of collector. They will run the fat off long before their station becomes a sinecure.

'SAM, you little imp!' said a tender hearted mother to her dear little son, 'what on earth did you throw the kitten into the well for?' 'O, coz I crazy!' 'Come to your ma, you little cherub.'

A Millerite the other day attempted to console a woman who had fallen into the fire, by assuring her that the pain she endured was nothing to *what was coming!*—That was playing the part of a good Samaritan with a vengeance.

A WRITER in the Knickerbocker says, 'the difference between a doctor and a lawyer is simply this: send for a doctor to bleed you, he will take out several ounces, and charge you five dollars; send for a lawyer, he will bleed you freely, and charge you nothing for it.'

Women, according to Bulwer, are first, what nature makes them, which is good, and second, what men makes them, which is bad. It is certainly rather hard, that we 'bearded creatures,' who have sins enough of our own, should have to bear the failings of the women.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—When we look abroad over the great potato patch of the world, we see innumerable hills filled to overflowing with the very smallest kind of 'taters,' and a feeling of sadness comes over us at the thought that they'll never be any bigger.

works and dey spout out water out of dar

Albany			
Andover			
Concord, Ms.			
Concord, NH			
Eastern			
Fitchburg			
Lowell			
Old Colony			
Providence			
Stonington			
Taunton			
Worcester			
Waltham			
Woburn			

Missionary Map of China.

THIS beautiful Map, compiled by Rev. M. M. Dean, may be had at GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN'S, No. 59 Washington Street, and at the MISSIONARY ROOMS, No. 17 Joy's Building. 6t—6

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

The British steam-packet Britannia, Capt. Hewett, arrived at this port on Saturday, about half past 9 A. M., from Liverpool, having left that port on the 19th ult. She brought 10 passengers to Halifax, 87 to Boston, and 16 from Halifax to Boston—total 113.

The news by this arrival is not particularly important. The corn bill, it was ascertained, would pass the House of Lords—and there were indications that Sir Robert Peel and his cabinet would give place to the Whigs, with Lord John Russell at their head, before long. The Irish Coercion Bill is the measure which will cause the downfall.

There has been but little change in the markets. The cotton market remains about the same, and freights are exceedingly heavy. The harvest promises to be an early and [illegible]

[illegible] were dedications of [illegible] Scotland and Ireland.

The Mexican War, it will be remembered, excited much official accounts of General Taylor's victories on the Rio Grande. They were of course the subject of remark in the [illegible] which is well made, and will be found on our most favorable terms.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
SCHOOL BOOKS.—In connection with the Society of [illegible] and Stationery, are for sale by C. C. SHAW. 6t

TEA AND COFFEE.
The public are informed that C. C. Shaw has been and is now one of the agents for selling the best Teas and Coffee in the country. For proof please call and see. 6t

BOOTS & SHOES.—Cases of Calf Calcutta, and Thick Boots and Shoes this week opened, and to be sold very low by C. C. Shaw. 6t

POCKET CUTLERY.—The best variety of Pocket Cutlery to be found in the country, is for sale on very favorable terms at C. C. Shaw's. 6t

REMEMBER—That Bullard's Worcester are agents for the China Tea Company, and have a full assortment of Teas, which are warranted good. 6t

FLOUR.—Ever-flow and Extra Brands constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest market price, by C. R. Wallace.

BOOTS.—Calcutta, Calf and Cow hide Boots, of the best quality cheap for cash. C. R. Wallace.

TEAS.
OLD and Young Hyson, Natural Leaf Souchong Teas, selling cheap. A good article of Young Hyson Tea, which we warrant, selling at the low price of 31 cents by J. B. Burrell & Co.

WINDOW GLASS.—A good [illegible]

A gentleman captain of the navy, who has cruised three years in the Pacific, states, that in Monterey a piece of fresh beef can be exposed to the sun five thirty-six hours without the least taint—the air is so pure.

A prisoner in the House of Correction at Ipswich, named Thomas McCarty, committed suicide on Friday morning, by cutting his throat with a clasp knife.

The thirty wild Indians, now in Washington as delegates from fourteen tribes, are making a great sensation. Some of them are beastly or quite inviting. Five of the number are said to be cannibals!

The President has accepted the services of another regiment of mounted volunteers, and a separate batallion of artillery, composed of five companies. These troops are to rendezvous at Independence, it is said, by the first of August next.

At a partial exhibition of fireworks in Tompkins Square, New York, on Monday evening, a rocket took a blasting direction, struck a lady in the crowd of spectators, and killed her instantly. Her husband was standing by her side, and she had a child about a year old in her arms at the time. Her name was Burke, and she was only 25 years of age.

A young man named Wm. B. Butler, formerly of Lancaster, in this State, was drowned in the Merrimack, at Amesbury Ferry, on the 4th.

Dr. Ellis, a professor of hydropathy, in London, has been held to bail on a charge of manslaughter, for causing the death of a patient named Dresser, by [illegible] system."



MARRIED

In this city, 21st inst., Mr. Charles E. Sabin, to Miss [illegible] Harrowell, of Boston.
21 inst., Mr. John Nichols to Miss Elizabeth M. Savage.
Mr. Peter F. Towne to Miss Harriet N. Moody.
Mr. Wm. C. Marden to Mrs. Mary C. Berry.
7th inst., Mr. Isaac Norcross, of Lowell, to Miss Mariana Nash, of Rehoboth, Ms.
8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mr. George O. Capen to Miss Lucy M. Welch.
Mr. John Sherman to Mrs. Mary L. Dunn.
Mr. Silvester Vinces, of Dorchester, to Miss Susan B. Francis.
In East Boston, 7th, Mr. Alfred N. Pollard to Miss Maria Noble.
In South Boston, 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William H. Smith to Miss Rhoda A. Buckminster.
In Charlestown, 30th ult., by Rev. Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Frost to Miss Hannah Maria Thayer.
7th inst., by the same, Mr. Nathaniel G. Maling to Miss Eliza Rutledge.
In Newburyport, Mr. Geo. Wm. [illegible] Newburyport, to Miss Caroline Mudge.
In Fall River, 28th, Rev. T. W. Coit, Middleboro', to Miss Abby E. Campbell, of F. R.
In Roxbury, 30th, Mr. Chas. F. Hunnington, of Boston, to Miss Mary M. Parker, of R.



DIED,

In this city, 20th ult., Mr. Allen B. Haskell, 38.
24th inst., William Tudor, Esq., 57.
25 inst., Mrs. Mary [illegible] Moses Bass, Esq., 62.
30 inst., Mrs. Nancy Edwards, 63, widow of the late Thomas Edwards, formerly of Newburyport.
Mr. Jedediah Allen, 81.
In Charlestown, 30 inst., Arch. C. Cowell, only son of John Mollet, 20 mos.
2d inst., James R., son of Mr. J. Marshall, 18½ yrs.
7th, Mr. Nelce Melvin, 40.
In Quincy, 3d, Mrs. Frances Spear, 80.
In South Reading, 7th, Eli Richardson, formerly of Boston.
In West Roxbury, 21 inst., Stuart Lindsay, third son of S. D. Bradford, Esq., 11 mos.
In Danvers, 5th, Mr. Daniel Brown, 75.
In Savin Hill, 2d inst., Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Mr. John A. Blanchard, of this city.
In Jamaica Plain, Mr. Andrew Patterson, 68.
In New York, 7th inst., Mrs. Cearing, wife of Joseph Pierce, Esq., formerly of Boston, 45.

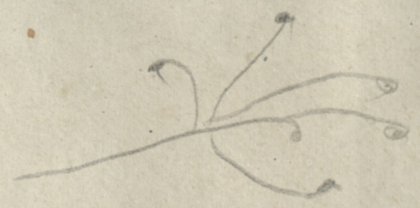
The Railroads.

Carpeting from the [illegible]

Graining & Graining.

[illegible] WORK MANSHIP, [illegible] Boston, [illegible] Boston, [illegible] Boston

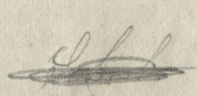
My kind Love's home



The bird has laid a little egg
Within its little nest
She sits there on her little leg
And there she takes her rest
to be continued

I hope the egg will soon be hatched
Into a Yellow bird





O dear what shall I do,
The first time I cant get
The second

My Dear Walter



AND HIS WIFE. THE SURPRISE. THE FASHIONABLE HAIR-CUTTER.

nily journal in the United States. It's columns teem with useful and instructive reading.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Birmingham docks will be ready for the timber trade in next June.

The Queen of Spain has created [illegible] are just a branch of the order of Charles [illegible]

Typhus fever is raging with great violence in Glasgow, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Edinburgh.

Destitution and distress are daily the increase at Bradford.

Soulouque, who was interpreter to Napoleon when in Egypt, lately died in Paris.

Of the 170,000 weavers in [illegible] shire, only 48,000 are fully employed.

Vast quantities of [illegible] have lately been [illegible] into Liverpool from Ireland.

The Prince de Joinville has resigned the command of the Mediterranean squadron. The cause assigned is [illegible] position.

The eldest daughter of the late Duke de Praslin is about to be married to the Count de [illegible] as soon as the term of mourning has expired.

The Ocean Monarch.—This packet-ship arrived in the Mersey on the 3rd inst. from Boston, after a short run of sixteen days from Boston.

Spain has the activity in preparing for war. The guard-ships and gun-boats [illegible] there are more men employed at Cadiz now than during the whole of 1844.

On the 8th inst. several thousand persons assembled in Hyde Park to witness the review of the Household Brigade by the Duke of Wellington.

On the 6th inst. 500 emigrants were shipped on board of the Prince of Wales, 2,000 tons of shipping, at Liverpool, for Australia.

Lord Dalhousie, the newly appointed governor-general, is reported to be dead, and the business in India, was not to carry on war there, but to [illegible] peace.

The East India Company have announced their intention of exporting an extraordinary quantity of 230,958 pounds of London porter to Bombay.

In the hope of preventing a rise in the price of provisions, the King of Sardinia has established in districts where the crops have been scanty, public bakehouses, where flour and bread will be sold at moderate prices.

It is reported that Mr. Jones Lloyd, the conqueror of Peel's Bill, and the [illegible] of our currency [illegible]

[illegible] parties hostile to our [illegible] be sold cheap.

OPAL Varnish and [illegible]

Lay The last Yankee invention [illegible] that of wooden [illegible] shave with [illegible]

Mean Financiering.—It is [illegible] ascertained that a Swiss goodlooking [illegible] has been engaged in business for [illegible] time in this city, and [illegible] abruptly in the Britannia, [illegible] circumstances somewhat [illegible] his fair fame. According to the Courier it is reported that he purchased [illegible] on time, and [illegible] for cash. It [illegible] that he [illegible] large amount of New York [illegible] for the money, and [illegible] back for want of [illegible] and that sundry other [illegible] financiering expeditions were [illegible] successfully tried within a day or [illegible] the steamer. If there were a [illegible] telegraphic communication between Boston and Halifax, the mode of [illegible] the steamers for foreign and [illegible] rogues, would be cut off. Two or [illegible] large swindles like those of Mr. [illegible] B. would pay for the establishment [illegible] such a line.—*Boston Transcript.*

10 or 12 years old, were sold for [illegible] fees, at $1 per month, for the term of one year, at Plainfield, Illinois.

☞ Parson Wylie, of New Bedford, has been presented with a piece of plate and a purse containing five hundred dollars in gold. The job was done by [illegible] congregation.

☞ Seven hundred persons died of the cholera in three days, at Trebizond.

☞ The Swiss are unrivalled shots, and few of them will miss the [illegible] at that distance of 300 yards.

☞ Senator Cameron has adopted [illegible] printing press for his coal of arms.

☞ There are 2300 women in the army in Mexico.

☞ It is said that that case of [illegible] at Falmouth did not come off as reported.

☞ The pollen of the [illegible] captured a wagon with six dead bodies supposed to have been taken from the [illegible] dell's Island. The men were [illegible] dressed, brought the bodies to Baltimore [illegible]

[illegible] ☞ I am gentleman who never do any thing [illegible] enement—pursued business [illegible] instant.

The *Moniteur Parisien* contains the following letter, dated Mayence, [illegible] November:—"On Sunday last, [illegible] tween eight and nine o'clock in the ev[illegible] nings, M. M. Lorentz, a physician, Kauffeer, an architect, and Chilian, master builder, were returning from Weissenau to Darmstadt. [illegible] near the public garden they were [illegible] sailed by some drunken soldiers belonging the Prussian [illegible] ing, M. Kauffeer, [illegible] under Prussian [illegible] and M. Ulrich [illegible] the hand. The following day the [illegible] complained to the commander of the federal fortress of Mayence, who immediately caused a search to be made in the barrack of the Prussian regiment, but none of the men would betray their comrades. The commander of the fortress then instituted an inquiry, which completely succeeded.

He drew up the regiment in square, commanded [illegible] times, and when the [illegible] ed, he declared to the troops that [illegible] should remain in the same position in which they were until they declared who were the men who committed the [illegible] assault on the three civilians. [illegible] dress, held firm [illegible] twenty minutes, when six soldiers [illegible] declared they were guilty. [illegible] laration having been confirmed by the comrades, they were handed over to a court-martial."

Fires in chimneys in France have been prevented by placing three feet of wire-work, one foot above each [illegible] near the base of the chimney, so that [illegible] will pass through them, while the [illegible] of the chimney will be [illegible] [illegible] money.

Burning Paper.—In a paper [illegible] experience of Mr. Clay, the [illegible] certain of London, [illegible] blotting-paper where it was an object to preserve the writing the full advantage [illegible] be derived from the good quality, [illegible] ink—the effect of blotting-paper, [illegible] of course, to obstruct a portion of [illegible] employed.—*Repertory of Patents* (New Series).

Acting on the hint [illegible] from this paper from the [illegible] French inventor, [illegible] of Mayence, [illegible] process for [illegible] work without the least trouble. [illegible] bees are at first much agitated, [illegible] stupified, and fall to the ground—[illegible] they may be handled with [illegible] The effect is produced in [illegible] than a minute and a half.—*Dublin*

News Items.

Suicide.—A shocking [illegible] was committed [illegible]

AMUSING HIEROGLYPHIC



A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year?

QUESTION.—Why is a confectioner like an apothecary?
ANSWER.—Because he sells pies and things.

Why is your nose like the letter V in civility?
Because its between two I's.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

"MY FORTUNE'S MADE!"

BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" he replied.

I was a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic, nor sanguine; and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honey-moon had expired, lessened by enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabile rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well! No matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say?" replied Cora. "My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember, that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go upon the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eye of your husband, whose approval, and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the world?"

"But he doesen't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event. Edward must have more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time, or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance.

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits in which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously and still more so, when her carlessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted any thing on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complicated; but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table, with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You havn't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty looking face of her husband was unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort, everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slip-shod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all a once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off today, as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just at good with a long beard as a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! How you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and run his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking, indifferently, as he did so,

"It's no matter; I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was

The following definition is pretty fair:—"Legislative Assembly—a circus, where each of the performers rides his own hobby, and takes his part at playing the clown."

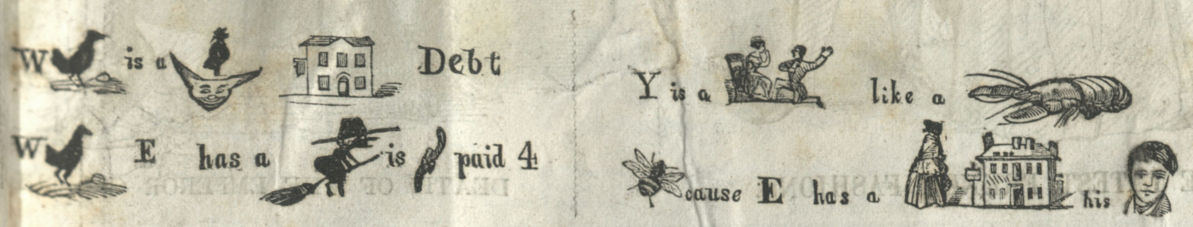
"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to an old maid who was proverbial for meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam!"

QUESTION IN SURGERY.—Do wounds often heal by the first attending?
Ans.—Not when the patient is rich and the surgeon is poor!



¼ Franc. 4 cts.

ICAL CONUNDRUMS.



When is a man over head and ears in debt?
When he has a hat on which is not paid for.

Why is a lover like a lobster?
Because he has a lady in his head.

Why is a busy-body like a cat on a fishmonger's roof?
Because both are over officious—(a fish house.)

as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me,

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing, up in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots was unblacked; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask what's the matter?" broke in Cora, energetically "How could you come here in such a plight!"

"In such a plight!" And Edward looked down at himself; felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair.

RESPECT FOR AGE.

A young gentleman fresh from College, who had more knowledge of books than of men, was wending his way to the Rev. Dr. C——, of Ct. The doctor was extensively known and respected for his energy of character, his learning, piety, and moral worth. But like the great apostle he did not disdain to 'labor with his own hands.'

With a letter of introduction to the aged divine, whom he had known only by reputation, our genteel young friend was seeking the privilege of an acquaintance with him.

'Old daddy,' said he to an aged laborer in the field by the way-side, whose flapped hat and coarse-looking over-coat—it was a lowering day—and dark complexion and coarse features, contrasted strongly with his own broadcloth and kid gloves and fair person;—'Old daddy, tell me where the Rev. Dr. C—— lives.'

'In the house you see yonder,' the old man modestly replied.

Without condescending to thank him for the information, the young man rode on, and soon found himself seated in the parlor of Dr. C——'s hospitable residence, at the invitation of the lady of the house, awaiting the expected arrival of the doctor.

In due time the host appeared, having returned from the field, laid aside his wet garments, and adjusted his person. But to the surprise and confusion of the young guest, whom should he meet in the reverend doctor but the same old daddy he had so unceremoniously accosted on his way!

'It was very respectful in you,' said the venerable divine, with an arch look, and in a pleasant tone,—for the aged parson was not wanting in wit and humor—'it was very respectful in you to call me old daddy; I always love to see young men show respect to old age.'

The confusion and mortification of the young man were indescribable. He could have sunk through the floor, and buried himself in the darkness of the cellar beneath him. With a countenance crimsoned with blushes, he began to stammer out an apology for his incivility.

'No apology,' said the doctor very pleasantly, 'no apology; I always love to see respect shown to old age.' But the kindness and assiduity of the family could not relieve the unpleasantness of his situation; a sense of the mortifying blunder which he had committed marred all his anticipated pleasure from the interview, and he was glad to take his leave as soon as he could do it with decency.

This item of his experience was, no doubt, a valuable lesson to him. And if our young readers will learn from this story, not to judge of a man's worth by the dress he has on, it will be a good lesson to them, and save them from many mistakes. [Western S. S. Magazine.

'Ah!' my good fellow, where have you been for a week back?' 'For a *weak back!* I'm not troubled with a weak back, thank you.' 'No, no, I mean where have you been so long back.' '*Long back!* don't call me long back, you scoundrel!'

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a bumble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. 'Och,' he exclaimed, 'how hot his fut is!'

III—Showing how Mr Caudle could go out and enjoy himself.

By the bye, Sarah just put half-a-dozen shirts, and all that sort of thing, in my portmanteau.—I'm going—There you are with your black looks again! I can never go anywhere, just a little to enjoy myself, but you look like thunder. What! I might sometimes take you out? Nonsense: women—that is, women when they're married—are best at home. What can they want to go out for? It's quite enough for them to go out to hunt for husbands: when they've caught 'em sit at home, and sing with the kettle and the cat; their best place is their fireside.

Half-a-dozen shirts, I say and my shaving tackle Do you hear me Mrs Caudle? Perhaps when you've done counting the legs of that fly on the ceiling, you'll attend to me. Eh? I think you never want to go out? Quite the contrary; it's my belief you'd always be out. If you wanted to go about like a June-fly, why did you marry.

I should have told you where I was going, but as you've shown your temper. I won't tell you a syllable. No; nor I shan't tell you who I'm going with, or when I shall be back. When you see me, then you may expect me, and not before. And mind that all the buttons are on my shirts—that's all.

It's miserable always being left by yourself!—Yourself, indeed! Arn't there books in the house? There's capital company on the shelves, if you'd only get acquainted with them. I'm sure you'd be none the worse for 'em. Beside there's the Cookery Book; read that. A wife can't study anything better.

The fact is, Mrs Caudle, I've made a fool of you. No, I haven't? Well, then, who has? If I have'nt, somebody has, it's plain. Going out indeed. I've no opinion of any woman who wants to go out at all. Women were never intended to go out; only the fact is we've let you have your own way. Ha! they manage these matters much better in the East.

I'm generally a quiet man, Mrs Caudle, and you know it. Nevertheless, I have a little of the lion in me, just a little. Don't rouse it that's all.

There you are with your pocket handkerchief again. Always hoisting that signal of distress.—No, no; I'm not made of sugar, like a twelfth-cake image; I'm not to be melted with tears; let them be as many and as hot as they will. Besides, as I say, you can all do it when you like—every mother's soul of you. But I'm not to be washed off my legs by any river of the sort.

All I say to you is—stay at home. You've a needle and thread haven't you? and I'll be sworn for it, plenty of things to make or to mend. And if you have'nt, cut holes, and sew 'em up again.

Now, see when I come home that my portmanteau's ready. What's o'clock? You want five minutes to ——? No doubt; the old story; you're always wanting something.

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous lady of old Deacon J——. "Yes, Ma'm," replied the Deacon; "I've seen them!" "Bless me!" exclaimed the lady; "do tell!" "Yes," continued the Deacon, fixing his eyes with solemn stare on a dark corner of the room: "*I see one now!*"—"Mercy! mercy on me!" shrieked the lady; "where." "There! there!" said the Deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. "That cat, Ma'm, may be called a fore-runner, she runs on all fours!"

"Give me Three Grains of Corn, Mother."

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND—BROOKLINE.

[The above words were the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in a corner of his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had; the whole family were perishing from famine.]

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death,
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
The sight was heaven to see;
I woke with an eager famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving, too?
For I read the famine in your cheek
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
The Queen has lands and gold;
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one.
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs, to-night,
Would give *me* life and *you!*

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me as you held
My father when he died.
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is all but gone,
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn!

"Hog or dog?—that is the question," as the fellow said when he sat down to a dish of fried sausages.

Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators of the globe? Because they are continually *crossing the line*, and running from *pole to pole*.

When you hear a man calling almost every one a fool, you can set him down as one of the same sort.

An exchange paper contains this advertisement: "Whitney makes over shoes." Now we should like to know who he makes them over to?

Why is the letter E a lazy and extravagant letter? Because it is always in bed and never out of debt.

Wasn't Cowper an Odd Fellow? Hear him: "Oh! for a lodge in some vast Wilderness."

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

'It is very cold tonight, mother,' said a young girl, whose dress betokened extreme poverty.

'Yes, my child,' answered her mother with a shiver, as she looked upon the dying embers; 'and we have but little wood and few comforts to protect us from the wintry blast; but God is merciful, he will provide for all our necessities.'

'Mother, do you never think it strange that God should afflict us so severely in taking away our father, and stripping us of all our earthly blessings?'

'Hush, my Ann! let not my daughter question the acts of her Heavenly Father. Doubtless he has some good purpose in view in thus afflicting us—his ways are not as our ways.'

'Oh, mother, when I think of our beautiful house, its rich furniture, and the many happy hours we have spent in it—and contrast our present situation with what it then was, I almost repine at Providence.' And the daughter wept.

'Hope in the Lord, Ann; he will sustain us,' said the mother, as she pressed Ann to her heart.

Mrs. Melville was the widow of one who had formerly been an extensive merchant in Baltimore; but having made several unfortunate speculations, he became a 'broken merchant.' With his family he retired to a small and uncomfortable house—plainly and scantily furnished. Mrs. Melville and her daughter Ann, then about thirteen years of age, took in fine sewing; while Mr. Melville was engaged as clerk in a store, at a salary which afforded a bare support—for besides Ann, they had four children, two boys and two girls.

Mr. Melville's health began to decline daily under the weight of his misfortune, and soon he was confined to his bed. During his protracted illness, Mrs. Melville spent her last dollar, and when he died was obliged to sell part of her furniture to defray his funeral expenses. Then came the Doctor's bill. To meet this they were unable: all was sold but one table, half a dozen chairs, a few articles of culinary use, and crockery of the most common kind.

'You will have to wait for the money Doctor, but with God's assistance I will pay you all,' said Mrs. Melville with a sigh.

Dr. Ridgley was a young man of tender feelings. He had known the Melvilles in their affluence, and as he looked upon that family once surrounded with everything to make them happy, now so destitute, he inwardly resolved never to present the bill again.

'Certainly, madam,' said he, 'you shall have your own time to pay it in.'

'Thank you, Doctor—may God bless you,' exclaimed Mrs. Melville.

The tears sprang to the eyes of the young physician, and he hastened away; but he had seen Ann Melville, and when once seen she was not easily forgotten. It had been four years since the failure of her father, and she was now seventeen years of age. We will not attempt a description of her, for her's was loveliness that cannot be described. Suffice it to say, she was beautiful in person, heart and mind.

'What a pity!' thought Dr. Ridgley, after seating himself in his office, 'that such a beautiful flower should pine in obscurity! And her mind—what intelligence was there!'

A day or two after this, as Ann was taking her work home, she met Dr. Ridgley on the street. She involuntarily blushed as she saw his eyes resting upon her bundle.

'Good morning, Miss Ann,' he said blandly, 'how is your mother this morning?'

'Tolerably well, thank you,' said she, blushing, and passed on.

'Poor girl!' said Dr. Ridgley, 'she feels the difference between our circumstances. What if I should raise her in society once more? Suppose I were to offer her my hand and heart? But do I know that she would listen to my proposal? She has pride, and might not be willing to be a portionless bride. Yet stay—would she be portionless? No—the love of such a girl as Ann Melville should be a sufficient portion. I will try and win her;' and he did win her; for after a few struggles between love and pride, she consented to become his bride.

It was but a short time after their engagement that they were sitting together, when Ann said—

'Charles, what will the world say of Dr. Ridgley—the rich and admired Dr. Ridgley—when they find he has married a portionless girl?'

'Ann, dear, do not say portionless; the qualities of your heart and mind are not to be compared to the paltry trash of this world's goods. I do not care what the world shall say, neither do I care for the wealth I possess, but as it will enable me to lavish it on you, and to ameliorate the condition of the distressed around us.'

'Oh, Charles! where could I find——'

But he playfully laid his hand on her mouth, and prevented her finishing the sentence.

One month afterwards they were privately married. 'In that old house?' some of my readers may ask. Yes, in that old house; but there was now a blazing fire on the hearth, and cheerful countenances around it.

As their engagement had been kept a profound secret, the fashionable circle in which Dr. Ridgley moved heard of the marriage with profound astonishment. The morning after the ceremony, a lady entered a splendidly furnished parlor, where were seated some four or five of her acquaintance.

'Have you heard the news?' she breathlessly inquired.

'No; what is it?' they exclaimed.

'Dr. Ridgley was married last night.'

'Dr. Ridgley? To whom?' they cried in a breath.

'Ah, that is what I cannot find out. Her name is Ann Melville, but who she is I cannot tell.

'Can it be the daughter of old Robert?'

'Yes,' said another, 'it must be so; I remember now, he did have a daughter whom they called Ann. What in the name of wonder, possessed Dr. Ridgley to marry that girl.

After conversing upon the subject a short time, they separated, each to report the story they had heard.

'Have you received an invitation to Dr. Ridgley's party?' asked the same lady, a few days afterwards, of her friends.

'Oh, yes; they say it is to be a grand affair; and Mary Ashton has called on the bride, and says she is very beautiful.'

'Well, I suppose she must be, to captivate such a man as Dr. Ridgley.'

The night of the entertainment arrived; the parlors of the young physician's house were crowded with the young, the gay and the beautiful; but Ann Ridgley shone the brightest of them all. The color had resumed its wonted place or her fair cheek, her eyes sparkled with happiness, and her husband gazon her with rapture.

'How did you enjoy yourself, last evening, Emma?' said Virginia Elmore to Emma Hamilton, the morning after the party.

'Exceedingly—and is not the bride a lovely woman?'

'Indeed, she is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen—and so modest and retiring. Hers will be a happy lot.'

The Doctor pleaded so earnestly, they say, Mrs. Melville was obliged to yield to his solicitations—and she and her children became members of his family; he sends the children to the best schools and provides for them every comfort.'

The union thus formed was one of unclouded felicity.

'Did I not tell you, dear Ann, that God was merciful?' said Mrs. Melville to her, some weeks after her marriage.

'Yes, my dear mother—and He is merciful, much more than we deserve; may He give us thankful hearts,' replied the happy wife.

Mrs. Ridgley did not forget the days of her poverty; but in her the distressed and afflicted found a willing and cheerful helper and friend.

DOING WHAT THE DEVIL NEVER DID.—The Telegraph speaks of a worthy clergyman down on the Cape, who was told that a portion of his flock were dissatisfied with his ministry, and anxious to get rid of him. Determined to be beforehand with them, on the next Sunday morning after service, he addressed them as follows:

'My dear hearers, in the course of the ensuing week it is my intention to do what the devil himself never did yet. *I'm going to leave Cape Cod.*'

"*Our columns are open*," as the Athenæum said, when the flames poured through the pillars of the portico.

THE TOPER'S REVENGE.

You might have lit a lamp upon
The fiery nose of merry John;
He drank so deep at Bacchus' bar,
His breath for miles perfumed the air.
Of late, his visits, long protracted,
Had well nigh set his wife distracted—
And feeble embers dimly burned
Before the "boozy" sot returned.
At length, with patience quite exhausted,
Her cruel spouse she thus accosted:
"This night you've stayed 'till after 'leven—
I would your soul were safe in Heaven;
I'd rather live in some dark cavern,
Than see you staggering from the tavern.
If you again return so late,
To lodge without must be your fate!"
The husband shook his hoary head,
And pausing for a moment, said:
"What! lock me out—you dare not do it,
For, if you do—you'll sadly rue it.
I'll drown me in the well hard by,
And vainly then you'll sob and sigh."
The wife replied, "My mind's at rest,
I'm sure, dear John, you only jest."
She, drowned in grief, and he with wine,
Themselves to peaceful rest resign.

As days rolled on, the cruel fetter
So galled poor John, he walked no better;
But, heedless of his gentle wife,
In wild excitement spent his life.
The sky, now dark with many a cloud,
Had clothed the earth with evening's shroud;
The struggling moon was well nigh hidden,
The stars to shine were all forbidden,
When the good wife, in neat attire,
Had drawn her chair full near the fire,
And trimmed her lighted lamp to burn
Till the inebriate John's return.
November's winds, so piercing cold,
Were whistling thro' the casement old,
Or chanting dismal songs around,—
Now ticked the clock with louder sound—
Now woke the kettle from its dream,
And from the rising cloud of steam
A voice of mingled woe was heard,
Unlike the lay of man or bird;
Perchance it sung of days gone by—
Perchance of some misfortune nigh;
Yet when the dismal song was gone,
Her thoughts were fiercely fixed on John.
"He's not returned, though late the hour,
And, though the heavens darkly lower,
No entrance to this house he'll find;
My plan is laid—fixed in my mind."
Behold her cover up the fire,
And softly, soon to rest retire.
Refreshing sleep had scarce stole o'er
The lady's mind, when at the door
Came thumps and oaths, a horrid din:—
"Get up—and let your husband in!"
"Go where you may," the good wife said,
And, as she spoke, the husband fled,
Crying, "You'll hear my funeral knell!"
And soon a fearful weight there fell,
And sounds of dashing waters come—
Then all is silent as the tomb.
"Poor John is drowned—good heavens!" she cries;
And rushing from her room, she flies,
And hastens to a neighbor near,
With mind o'erwhelmed with grief and fear,
Cries fire and murder, with one breath—
Rise up and rescue John from death—
My husband's drowning in the well—
I heard the poor man when he fell!"

Her friends, and sons, in nature's dress,
Run to the scene in deep distress,
All in their haste—one tore his shirt—
One bruised his shins—another hurt
His tender feet, at every pace—
At length they reached the fatal place—
With poles and hooks, the well explore,
And search the bottom o'er and o'er.
But did they find the human trunk?
No: nothing but a bucket sunk!
They hasten through the cottage door.
And hear old John with laughter roar;
Who, when his good wife fled with haste,
Himself behind the well-curb placed—
Enjoyed her fright, so cruel-hearted—
And entering in, as she departed,
Was snugly lying in the bed,
To hear whate'er was done or said.

I need not tell, though oft again
Poor John returned with dizzy brain,
And tarried to the latest hour,
He never found a bolted door.

MAN'S FLEETING LIFE.

MAN, like a stream, is in perpetual flow,
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey;
My youth, my noontide, his; my yesterday
The bold invader shares the present hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave,
While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?

DEATH.

"FOR what is death to him who dies
With God's own blessing on his head!
A charter—not a sacrifice,
A life immortal to the dead.
And life itself is only great,
When man devotes himself to be,
By virtue, thought, and deed, the mate
Of God's own children and the free."

GOOD BUT STRONG.—A fight occurred some time since in a town in Mississipi, between two individuals who had some little personal misunderstanding with each other, and there was a good deal of knocking down, blacking eyes, gouging and biting, and various other little variations of the pugilistic science—every thing was considered perfectly fair. At last one got the other "on the hip," and bit off the end of his adversaries nose. Thus ended the fight, and each cried "enough." A physician, a friend of the maimed one, picked up the precious morsel and stitched it on its parent stock again, bandaging up the parts and giving a few brief directions how to treat it. A few days after the physician called to see his patient, and after wiping the perspiration from his face he said:—"Well, Jackson, how's your nose?" "The Lord only knows—I don't," grumbled the sufferer; "look and see." The doctor raised the bandage, and, after examining his nose, said:—"Well, Jackson, your nose looks pretty well. "Does, eh" replied the patient: "I don't know how it *looks*, but it *smells* bad

DISCRIMINATING YOUTH.—A gentleman traveling in Tennessee, stopped at a house for the night, and during the first meal observed an urchin pulling at a loaf of corn bread. At length the youngster remarked "Mammy, here's a *har* in the bread."

The old lady remarked that "it was only a piece of corn silk."

"Corn silk, the mischief," replied the young 'un—how come *corn silk* to have a *nit* on it?"

GOOD REASON.—An Irish pedlar asked an itinerant poulterer of the softer sex the price of a pair of fowls.

"Six shillings, sir."

"In my dear country, my darling, you may buy them for a sixpence *a pace*."

"Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?"

"'Case we can't get the sixpence, jewel," said Pat.

A SHREWD TAILOR.—C—— B—— employed his tailor to make him a pair of small-clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, Charles complained that there was no watch-pocket.

'I did not think you wanted one,' said the tailor, 'since I found the pawn-ticket of your watch in the old pocket!'

MR. JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES OF LIFE.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak, —if very angry a hundred.

A YANKEE and an Irishman happening to ride together, passed a gallows.—'Where would you be,' said Jonathan, 'if the gallows had its due?' 'Riding alone, to be sure,' said Pat.



Negro Boy.—Cut up, Bill, jes as you like. You is perfectly safe, so long 's yer stands on de alley. Dat chap cant hit de pins no how.

'Lively and gossiping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too.'

Dean Swift said that a great fund could be collected from a tax on female beauty, provided every lady were left to rate the value of her own charms. The tax would not only be productive, but would be paid without grumbling.

'It's my luck,' exclaims every man when he meets with a misfortune. An Italian poet once said, in a fit of despair, that, if he had been bred a hatter, men would have been born without heads.

'The invasion of private life by the press is really execrable; it is as bad as the Inquisition,' observed W. 'It is much the same,' said J., 'only a different kind of ink-quisitors.'

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled;
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

'Knowledge is power,' wrote the great Lord Bacon. 'Knowledge is power,' complacently exclaimed a dandy the other day, when, strong men having failed, he released a lap-dog from the teeth of a huge mastiff by quietly administering to the latter a pinch of snuff!

Why cannot a bishop eat his apron?

Ans.—Because it is against his stomach.

A Curious Marriage.—At Voiteur in Jura, a blind man over sixty years of age, married a blind woman of about the same age. 'When the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch.'

Never was Luther wiser than when he threw the inkstand at the devil's head. For the devil dreads nothing but ink, and betakes himself to his heels as soon as he noses it.

On a placard affixed near the menagerie of the King's garden at Paris, are these words: 'For the preservation of the animals, people are forbidden to give them any thing to eat.'

One of our hackney coachmen seeing an undertaker carrying a coffin on his shoulder, called out to a brother whip,—'I say, Jim! there's your new box-coat going home!'

☞A solemn philosopher announced as the result of his deliberate reflections, that it was a remarkable evidence of the goodness of Providence that great rivers always run by great towns. It was the same "great scientificker" who explained the phenomena of expansion by heat and contraction by cold with the irrefragable illustration that in summer, when it is hot, the days stretch ed out very long—but in winter, when it was cold, they contracted until they became very shot indeed!

[From the South Yarmouth Casket.]

THE VOICE OF THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, farewell! but a few hours more
And I shall have trod the viewless shore
Of the future dim. I have run my race;
Another and younger will take my place.
Let the song and laugh ring loud and clear—
A welcome give to the fair Young Year.

Yes, a welcome give! But thronging thoughts
Will come to you with sadness fraught,
And amid the joy the New Year brings
Will the past a shade on your pathway fling—
For the buried past has a magic spell,
And sorrow and joy in the same heart dwell.

Ye are changed, all changed, since first we met,
Though ye smile as before in gladness yet.
There have shadows gathered where once was light,
And I miss the gleam of young eyes bright.
From many a lip hath the gladness passed—
All this have I seen as I sped by fast.

Ye are not all here; there were graceful forms,
There were cheeks where the rich blood mantled warm,
There were sparkling eyes where the glad smiles lay
Like sunlight that gleams in a Summer day,
There were silvery tones, there were footsteps light:
Where, where are they all—the young, the bright?

They are gone, all gone—to the dark blue wave,
To the earth's embrace, your loved ye gave;
On the battle field, with fame's proud wreath
On their brows, they have yielded up their breath.
There is not a spot in this wide world fair
But the dead, the silent dead, are there.

There are hopes ye 've cherished that die with me,
Visions that gleamed but to fade and flee.
Life looks not as bright—there 's a shadow more
To dim the picture so bright before.
There are hours misspent, there are moments flown,
Ye fain would call back—but I hold my own.

Farewell! Now sound ye my parting knell—
Solemn and high let the sad tones swell;—
O'er my funeral bier a requiem pour:
Then turn and smile as ye smiled of yore.
Let the song and laugh ring loud and clear—
A welcome give to the fair Young Year!

ELLA.

A SUCCESSFUL COLLECTOR.

A new way of collecting a bad debt was most effectively tried a few weeks ago, in the *Rue de la Seine*, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard, with the words:

"Monsieur C——— owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge*, I am waiting until he pays for them."

He did not wait very long.

DIALOGUE AT A SAILORS RENDEZVOUS.

Says Jack to Tom, "let's go and ship,
On board, the Mexicans to whip."
Says Tom, "But first I want to know
If 'tis to Vera Cruz we go;
They say the castle's very strong,
The fight will be both hard and long."
Says Jack, "That is, for glory's sake,
The *very cruise* I wish to take."

[*Baltimore Patriot.*

Females on Horseback. The Matamoras correspondent of the New Orleans Bee thus describes the manner of riding in vogue among the Mexicans:

Did I ever tell you the style in which the Mexicans male and female, ride on a horse. I have written to you so much nonsense, that I have actually forgotten whether I have spoken of this or not. St. James' Day is the time that every Mexican who can, bestrides a horse. There must have been on that day more than 3,000 Mexicans on horseback, most of whom passed the street on which I reside. Instead of the men and woman riding as they do in our country they reverse the thing. The gentleman gets out of the saddle altogether on the board piece of leather that hangs behind each Spanish saddle. His feet are in the stirrups the same as though he were in the saddle. He catches the *Senora* by the waist, flips her up on the saddle, with the left hand encircling her waist, whilst, the right has the reins, and in this manner they start off pell-mell, at a rate that would make one of our own ladies tremble for her safety. It is both graceful and comfortable.

How true.—A very eminent writer has said that although we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to arrive at honor; then to retire The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day; the politician would be content to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture that he fancies they will occupy after such a revolution of time, and the lover would be glad to strike out all the moments of existence that are to pass away before the next meeting.

The Age of a Coquette. Of all female pretensions, that respecting, age is generally the boldest because it is least easily coufuted. The wife of a merchant at Rouen, sojourning at Paris with her son, was visiting in company with some other persons, the old Marquis of E———, a friend of the family on the mother's side.

Madame——— is said to be gifted with a coquetry that we call intrepid; it is all that remains to mature females who have been young, pretty, and much flattered.

"How old are you?" suddenly inquired the Marquis, drawn into the indiscretion by a remembrance of childhood.

"Twenty-eight years!" replied Madame ———, without thinking.

"Bah!" answered the Marquis, with surprise and *naivette*. "But how old is your son, then?" added he, turning toward the young man.

"Oh" replied the malicious Normand, with a treacherous smile, "*I am one year older than my mother.*"

Terrible young man.

Corsets and Lacing. "Pa, nobody sha'nt put corsets on me, shall they?"

"No they shan't son; but what put that into your head?"

"Why, Mr. Green says as how as if I kill any more of his chickens, he'll give me the darndest *lacin* that ever was!"

The clergyman who confines his parochal visits to the rich, and neglects the poor parishioners, esteems the gold of *this* world more than the salvation of the *next.*

A Wealthy Irishman.—The Editor of the Lowell Courier in a late letter from Dublin, says that the wealthiest man, and the one best known in Cork, Tipperary and Kilkenny, is a Mr. Bianconi, the Mayor of Clonmell, and the proprietor ofall the stages and cars in the province of Munster. His history shows what a man of enterprise and perseverance can accomplish, even in so old and poor a country as Ireland. He is an Italian by birth, and came to Tipperary about thirty years ago, following the avocation of a pedlar. After a while he bought a donkey and a cart, and enlarged his business. He used to give pedestrians a ride on his cart, as he journeyed between Clonmell and Waterford; and this suggested the idea of having a seat put on his cart, and to charge a small sum from those to whom he have a ride. This succeeded so well, that he finally gave up pedling and took to carrying passengers. He has gone on from this small beginning until now. He has amassed a great fortune and owns eighteen hundred horses, and is now Mayor of the city in which he lives. He is much respected, and has the name of being strictly honest. Every one of his horses has its own collar, and its own name. The name is cut on the collar, and his teams all good.

How to Speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or words alone. There is one means of government,—the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely in its intended effect; or the parent may use language in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection; so is also her voice, and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls an infant to rest? It is not any array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one, in letters, syllables and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think ye that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the paternal roof. Is a boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakes in him the same spirit as that which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

HARD ARGUMENTS.

A jolly son of Neptune came up to a reverend gentleman in Charleston, not long since, shaking a handful of silver dollars. 'Why, Jack,' said the pastor, jestingly, 'you are flush to-day—do you intend to make me a present of all these dollars?' 'Faith, no,' said the honest tar; 'these are not dollars—they are arguments.' 'Arguments? Why, what do they prove?' 'Faith, and they prove that temperance is a good thing. Now, sir, I received my wages when I got into port here the other day, and had just twenty dollars, and says I to myself, now this goes for grog and fun. Well, sir, the first night I spent five dollars at the grog shop, leaving me just fifteen. But as you had appointed the next night for a temperance meeting, and begged us all to come up, I thought I would go just to see what you had to say. Well, sir, I signed the pledge that night, and here's the rest of my grog money all saved. Now sir,' continued Jack, shaking his money at the parson and laughing, 'don't you call these *fifteen good, hard arguments in favor of temperance?*'

A Down East Editor.—A New York paper tells of a down east editor who is without exception, the most industrious man of his time. He is his own compositor, pressman, and devil, and besides this, keeps a tavern, is village postmaster, town clerk, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth's pills, peddles essence and tin ware two days in the week, is parish sexton, and always reads sermons on Sundays, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all his occupations he has a scolding wife sixteen ungrateful and disobedient children, and a large circle of needy acquaintances.

Mary Elizabeth Coleman

M.E.C.

Machine Poetry.

By Mrs David Osborne.

1st verse

I'm called upon to make some rhyme
And now must do it while I've time
But as I very sleepy am
I'll try to do the best I can

2nd verse





NO. 5

Advantage of Habit.

Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practised writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day—from ten in the morning till three—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

A London Dinner in 1662.

My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning before day, and went to market and bought fowles and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jacke of which I was doubtfull, to carry it very well, things being put in order and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clarke and his lady, his sister and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pearce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a chine of beef. Next a dish of roasted fowles, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble enough, I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a fire in it, my dining room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing chamber; and my wife's a good fire also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper had a good sack posset and cold meat; sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company is very fine, and Mrs. Clarke a very witty fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.—*Pepys' Diary.*

Coal and Gold.

A curious fact is stated in the Philadelphia North American. From the annual report of the Director of the U. S. Mints, it appears that the value of all the gold coined in the U. S. Mint, for twenty-four years prior to 1847, was $18,741,663, or somewhat exceeding the average sum of half a million a year—a very considerable advantage to the stock of American wealth; but it appears from the returns of the coal trade in Pennsylvania that the value of this commodity brought in that State is *annually* equal to the above large amount; the last year for example, the value of her anthracite brought down to tide-water—nearly two million tons—was actually equal to the value of all this gold dug up in the South, during the whole twenty-four years. From this it appears that our Northern (Maryland as well as Pennsylvania) coal mines are more valuable *gold* mines than those of the South.

Foreign Yarn.

Several importations of yarn, composed of a mixture of raw silk and worsted yarn, have recently taken place from France into England, and application has been made for the admission of the article, free of duty, [illegible] being in a raw state, and to be manufactured [illegible] worsted into shawls, on the grounds that it would enable the home manufacturers of shawls, and enable them to compete with the foreign manufacturers, which is to a great extent impracticable if the duty of goods manufactured, as required by the revenue officers, were levied on the raw material. The parties have been referred to the higher authorities in the matter, application was made to the Lords of the Treasury for the admission of a particular parcel of this mixture of silk and worsted yarn free of duty; setting forth the impress which would be caused if the manufacturers of shawls in this country could have the benefit of the raw material from abroad free of duty, and their lordships granted permission for the delivery of that particular parcel free of duty, as requested. As the importation of this mixed yarn has continued to take place, and the Treasury order having reference only to a parcel in particular, leaving subsequent importations of a similar character without the same amount of privilege, a further memorial has been made to their lordships for their orders to be given for the general and free admission of the yarn in future, without [illegible] It appears that, by the 5th and 6th Vic., cap 90, the following articles are admissible free of duty on importation into the country, viz.:—Raw silk, thrown silk, not dyed and dyed, being organzine or crape, and yarn, combed or mohair, raw linen and raw worsted yarn, not dyed nor colored, and not being fit or proper for embroidering or other fancy purposes; and that this mixture is composed of silk and worsted thrown together, and in strictness liable, as goods manufactured, to the 27 valorem duty of ten per cent., but that the worsted yarn and raw silk, if imported separately, would each be legally admissible free of duty, and as the yarn is imported for the purpose of being manufactured into shawls in this country, and stated to be a matter of vast importance to the home manufacturers of those articles, the Lords of the Treasury have caused a communication to be made to the Customs authorities, through Sir Charles Trevelyan, one of their lordships' secretaries, stating, that having had under consideration the memorial of the parties stated to be had been communicated by their lordships

The Knights of the Ringlet.

BY GIFTIE.

If to be seated, on a bright winter's day, before a glowing fire of anthracite, with one's feet on the fender, and one's form half-buried in the depths of a cushioned easy-chair, holding the uncut pages of the last novel, be indeed the practical definition of happiness, then Emma Leslie was to be envied as she sat thus cosily, one afternoon, listening to the animated discussion going on between and elderly lady and gentleman on the opposite of the fire-place. The discussion ran on a grave subject—a very grave subject—one which has puzzled the heads of wise men, and turned the wits of weak ones. But though the argument grew every moment more close and earnest, the fair listener had the audacity to laugh, in clear, silvery tones, that told there was not one serious thought in her mind, as she said,

'Nay, good uncle, a truce to these generalities. If, as I imagine, all this talk upon woman's rights and woman's duties has been for my special edification, pray be more explicit and tell me what part I am to play in the general reform you propose?'

The gentleman thus addressed looked up at this interruption, and replied in a tone slightly acidified,

'For your benefit also has been your Aunt Mary's clear exposition of what woman may and should be. Perhaps you will profit as much by her suggestions as you seem to do by mine.'

'Do not give me up as incorrigible just as I am coming to be taught how to be good,' said Emma, with mock gravity. 'With regard to this subject of temperance, of which you were just speaking, and upon which you say woman has so much influence, what shall I do? How can I reclaim the drunkard while I move in a circle where the degraded creatures are not admitted. They will not be influenced by a person who has no feelings or sympathies in common with them, even were it proper for me to descend to their level in order to help them.'

'That may be. The tide of gay and fashionable life sweeps over and buries in oblivion the ruin its forms and ceremonies help to make. Yet there are some you might reach. Some who are just beginning to sink, and whom men cannot influence because they are too proud to own their danger.'

'How less likely, then, would a woman be to influence them,' replied Emma. 'You know how men try to conceal their vices and foibles from us.'

'True, but yet men do not suspect the weaker sex of doubting their power to reform themselves, and are therefore more willing to be advised and persuaded by them to abandon their bad habits, which have not yet become fixed vices. Woman's intuitive perception of what should be said, and the right moment to say it, men rarely possess; and this gives your sex a superiority over ours in the work of reform. Yet, alas! how often is this influence employed to lure the wandering feet further and further from the path of virtue.'

'Beware, uncle, I'll have no slander,' replied Emma, half vexed.

'It is not slander. How often have I seen you, Emma, with smiles and gay words, sipping that which, however harmless to you, is poison to some of your thoughtless companions. Were you pure in word and deed from all contamination in that behalf, how different would be your influence. Yet you refused to join the Temperanee Society I am endeavoring to establish in our neighborhood.'

'But you know,' said Emma, with a proud curl of her ruby lip, 'that I am in no danger. Why should my name be mixed with the common herd?'

'That is false pride, unworthy a true-hearted woman. To refuse to aid a reforming movement that will assist thousands, simply because it will not benefit you, because you do not need its help. I did not think you so selfish.'

'I am not selfish. You shall not call me such ugly names,' replied the neice, striving to turn the conversation from the serious turn it had taken. 'You know very well it is only my humility that speaks. I don't think women have any right to form societies and make laws. All that honor and glory I am willing to leave to men, and only ask for my sex the liberty of doing as they please in the humble station assigned to them by the lords of creation. You may rule the world, and give orders, and we will—break them.'

'Yes,' said her uncle, rising to go, 'you will break them, indeed—break all laws of justice, honor and humanity in your giddy course.'

'Nay,' said Emma, rising and holding his hands in hers as he was about to leave the room,

'Put down your hat, don't take your stick,
Now, prithee, uncle, stay.'

I will not let you go thinking me so naughty and saucy. Don't look so sober, or I shall certainly cry, and you know you hate scenes. I am really half convinced by your arguments, but were I to sign the pledge, what good would it do. I have no desire to go about with a sermon on my lips, and a frown on my brow, to bestow on all the luckless wights who touch, taste or handle. It is not genteel to scold, and I fancy they might think me impertinent were I to advise. Who is there among my acquaintance who would not resent my interference with their habits in this respect?'

'There is your cousin, Edward,' replied her uncle, seating himself again.—'You know well how to lead him in your train through all kinds of fun and folly, perhaps you might induce him to sign the temperance pledge.'

'But Edward is strictly temperate. He rarely takes even wine.'

'True, and I don't think him in danger of becoming less so. But his position in society gives him great influence over the young men with whom he associates; and some who follow his example in refusing to sign the pledge, are unable to follow him in controlling their appetites.'

'There is young Saville, too,' said Aunt Mary. 'It is whispered among his friends, that unless something arrests his course, he will ere long be ruined.'

A flush passed over Emma's beautiful face as, in a tone of surprise and horror, she exclaimed, 'What, George Saville! with his genius and eloquence—is he a slave to that vice?'

'They say,' replied her aunt, 'that much of his fiery eloquence arises from the fumes of brandy, and the sparkling wit that makes him so delightful is caught from the bubbles that dance on the wine-cup. When the excitement, thus produced, passes away, he is dull and spiritless.'

'And will no one warn him—no one save him?' said Emma, thoughtfully.

'Who can do it so well as yourself?' said her uncle. 'Is he not one of the worshippers at your shrine? Of what avail is it to be young and beautiful and wealthy, if the influence such accidents give be not employed in the cause of truth and virtue?'

Emma did not reply, and her uncle left the room, where she remained a long time in deep thought, roused and startled by the new ideas presented to her mind, for giddy and thoughtless as she seemed, she possessed a mind and heart capable of deep feeling and energetic action.

The same evening she was seated by the piano, drawing thence a flood of melody, while her Cousin Edward and George Saville stood beside her. But the attention of the latter seemed more absorbed by the fair musician than by the sweet sounds produced by her flying fingers; and directing his companion's attention to the soft brown hair that fell in long, shining ringlets around her pure brow, and over her snowy neck, he said, in a tone intended to reach his ear alone,

'What would you give to possess one of those curls?'

Low as were the words, Emma heard them, and pausing suddenly, said, 'What would *you* give?'

'Any thing—every thing,' said the young man, eagerly.

'Would you give your liberty—would you bind yourself to do my bidding?' asked the maiden, in a tone in which playful gayety strove to hide a deeper feeling.

'The liberty to disobey your will, lady, has long been lost,' replied Saville, with a glance that well-nigh destroyed Emma's self-possesston. 'It were a small matter to acknowledge it by my vow.'

'On that condition it is yours,' said Emma, while the rich blush that mantled her cheek and brow, made her more beautiful than ever as she severed from her queenly head one of the longest of the luxurient tresses with which nature had adorned it.

'Ma belle Emma,' interposed Edward as she did this, 'I cannot allow of such partiality. Let me take the oath of allegiance and gain an equal prize.'

'Will you dare?' replied Emma, gayly. 'Will you bow your haughty spirit to do my bidding? Beware, for when you have vowed, you are completely in my power.'

'And a very truant you will be, no doubt, fair queen, yet I accept the vow. Royalty needs new disciples when there are so many deserters.'

'Kneel, then, Cousin Edward, and you also, Mr. Saville, and rise Knights of the Ringlet, bound to serve in all things the will of your sovereign lady.' So saying, she placed half the ringlet on the shoulder of each gentleman, as they knelt in mock humility before her. Some unutterable feeling seemed to compel Saville to *look* the thanks he would have spoken, but Edward with a conscious privilege, seized her hand, and kissing it, exclaimed, as he threw himself into 'an attitude,'

"Thy will, and thine alone,
For ever and a day,
By sea and land, through fire and flood,
We promise to obey."

CHAPTER II.

About a month after, Edward and his cousin found themselves listening to the eloquent appeals of a well known temperance lecturer. He dwelt upon the woes and ruins of intemperance, and the responsibility of every one who did not do all in his power to remedy the evil. At the close of the lecture the pledge was passed among the audience. When it came to where they were sitting, Emma took it, and offering Edward her pencil, whispered, 'Let the Knight of the Ringlet perform his vow.' He looked at her inquiringly. She traced her own name beneath those written there, and bade him do the same. For an instant he hesitated, and was half offended with her for the stratagem, but good sense and politeness both forbade a refusal, and he complied.

It was a more delicate task to exert the same influence over the proud and sensitive George Saville, but at length the opportunity occurred.

One evening, as he mingled with the groups that filled the splendid drawing-rooms of the fashionable Mrs. B——, one of his acquaintance came up, and filling two glasses with wine that stood on the marble side-table, offered one to him.—As he was raising it to his lips, a rose-bud fell over his shoulder into the glass, and a voice near him said, in low, musical tones, 'Touch it not Knight of the Ringlet, I command you by this token;' and turning, he saw Emma standing beside him. As she met his gaze, she passed her delicate hand through the dark curls that shaded her lovely face, and shaking her finger at him impressively, was lost in the crowd. Saville stood looking after her with a bewildered air, as if lost in thought, until the laugh of his companion brought him to himself. 'Excuse me, he said, putting down the glass. 'You saw the spell flung over me, I am under oath to obey the behests of beauty.'

Emma watched him through the evening, but he seemed to avoid her, and appeared thoughtful and sad. They did not meet again until at a late hour; she was stepping into her carriage to return home, when suddenly he appeared at her side and assisting her into it, entreated, 'Fair queen, permit the humblest of your most loyal subjects the honor of escorting you to the palace.' She assented, and the carriage had no sooner started than in a voice, trembling with earnestness, he added, 'and permit me to ask if your command this evening was merely an exercise of power, or did a deeper meaning lie therein?'

'I did mean to warn you,' said Emma, gently, 'that there was poison in the glass—slow, perchance, but sure.'

'And do you think *me* in danger, Miss Leslie?'

'I think all in danger who do not adopt the rule of total abstinence; and pardon me, if I say that with your excitable temperament, I imagine you to be in more than ordinary peril.'

There was a long pause. When he spoke again his tones were calmer.

'I did not imagine I could ever become a slave to appetite. Often, while suffering from the fatigue induced by writing, I have taken brandy, and been revived by it. Sometimes before going to speak in public I have felt the need of artificial stimulous to invigorate my shattered nerves. Do you think that improper indulgence?'

'Do you not find,' said Emma, 'that, this lassitude returns more frequently, and requires more stimulous to overcome it than formerly?'

'It is true,' said he, thoughtfully; 'yet I often speak with more fluency when under such excitement than I can possibly do at other times.'

'Once it was not so,' said Emma, kindly.

'Very true, but this kind of life wears on my system, I cannot get through with my public duties without help of this kind.'

'Does not this show,' replied Emma, that you have already somewhat impaired those noble powers with which you are endowed. Would it not be far nobler as well as safer to trust solely to yourself than to depend on the wild excitement thus induced?'

'It does, indeed; fool that I have been to think myself secure. But, thank heaven! I am yet master. I *can* control myself if I choose.'

By this time they had arrived at the door of Miss Leslie's mansion.

'Let me detain you one moment,' said Saville, as they stood upon the steps, 'to ask you if you have heard others speak of this. Tell me truly,' he added, as she hesitated. 'Do the public know that I am not always master of myself?'

'I have heard it intimated you were injuring yourself in this way,' replied Emma, in a low voice, doubtful how the intelligence would be received.

'And you, said the young man fervently, 'you were the kind angel who interposed to save me from the precipice over which I have well nigh fallen. Be assured the warning shall not be in vain. A thousand thanks for this well timed caution,' he added, more cheerfully as they parted, the Knight of the Ringlet will not forget his vow.'

For a few moments the joyous excitement of his spirit continued, as he thought of the interest in him which her conversation and actions had that evening evinced. But when the door closed and shut her fairy form from his sight, a shadow fell over his heart. Other feelings arose and whispered that after all it was but pity that actuated her. Love—would she not rather despise his weakness that had need of such a caution? Then came a sense of wounded pride, an idea that

his confession had humbled him before her, and ere he reached his home he had become so deeply desponding that he was meditating taking passage for England, and doing a thousand other desperate things, so that he never again might see the gentle monitress who, he had persuaded himself, regarded him with pity that was more akin to disgust than love:

A letter received the next morning calling him into the country for a week, prevented his executing his rash designs; but a feeling, unaccountable even to himself, made him shun the places where he was accustomed to meet Emma, and made him miserable, till three or four weeks afterward, merely by accident, he found himself seated opposite to her at a concert.—Was it fancy, or did she look sad and thoughtful; and why did her eye roam over the crowd, as if seeking some one it found not. So he thought to himself, till suddenly, in their gazing, his eyes met hers. Instantly she turned away, and then in a moment after, gave him an earnest, inquiring glance, full of troubled thought. At that look the demon which tormented him vanished, and a flood of inexpressible love filled his soul. He could not go to her, hemmed in as he was by the audience; but he did not cease looking at her through the evening. In vain; she gave no second look or sign of consciousness of his presence.

'She is offended with me,' he soliloquised, as he went homeward; 'and no wonder how like a fool I have acted. I will go to her to-morrow and tell her all.'

In the morning he called, but others had been before him, and the drawing-room was well supplied with loungers. He staid as long as decency would permit, but Miss Leslie was not at all cordial in her manner toward him, and the 'dear five hundred friends' kept coming and going, so that no opportunity offered for the explanation. 'I will go again this evening,' said he to himself; and so he did. Emma stood at the window, beside a stand of magnificent plants, whose blossoms filled the room with fragrance.—The lamps had not been lighted, and the moonlight fell like a halo of glory around her, as she stood in sad reverie that cast a pensive shade over her face, usually so brilliant in its beauty. So absorbed was she, that she did not hear the door open, and was unconscious of Saville's presence till he was at her side.

'You received me coldly, fair lady, this morning, so that I came back to see if you are offended with me,' said he, as she turned to receive him.

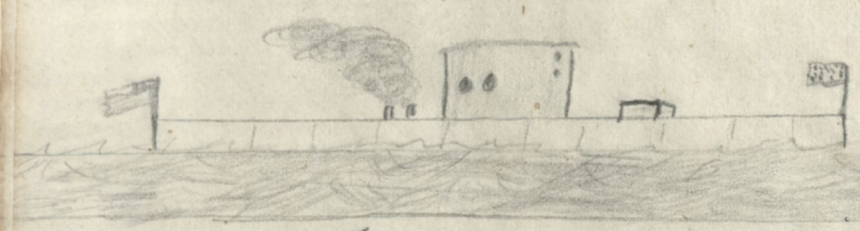
'And I, in my turn, ask you the same question, or else why have you absented yourself so long?'

'I was not offended—ah, no!' said Saville, dropping the tone of forced gayety in which he had at first spoken, 'but can you not understand why I have thus exiled myself? Did you not know it was that I feared you might despise me—you from whom more than from any one else I desired esteem, admiration—*love.*' The last word was spoken in a lower tone, and he looked at her appealingly, as if to ask forgiveness for having uttered it. For one instant he met the gaze of Emma's dark blue eyes, and he must have read something there he did not expect to find, for the expression of his own changed into one so hopeful and earnest that Emma's sunk beneath its light. And when he drew Emma into a seat beside him, and in a few rapid words told her what in fact she knew before, how long and how well he had loved her, I don't know what she said, for, reader, I came away then.

But I do know that one morning, six months after, some carriages went from Mr. Leslie's mansion to the church, and came back with a party looking most auspicously happy, and that some hours after, as Edward was conducting his Cousin Emma to a traveling carriage, which stood at the door, he said, 'So you and Saville have changed positions and *you* are henceforth to obey. What a tyrant I would be were I in his place. Pray, does this morning's act cancel former obligations?'

'The contract is unbroken,' said Saville, answering for his bride, and producing a locket containing *the* ringlet—'here is the token that renders the vow perpetual.'—*Graham's Magazine.*

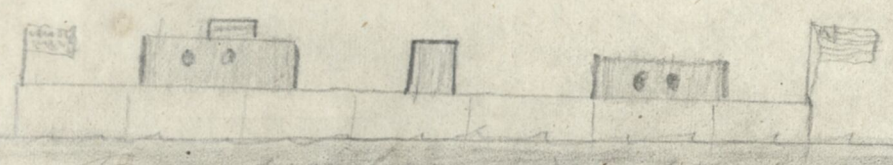
11 Vessels



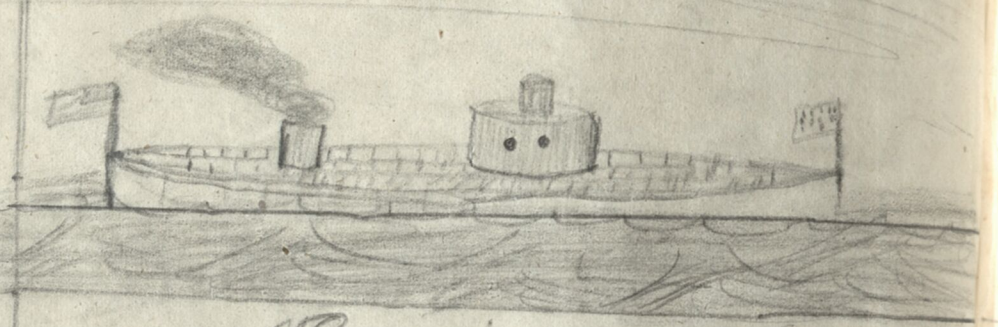
Monitor - 172 Ft. Long



Wyoma 150 Ft. Long



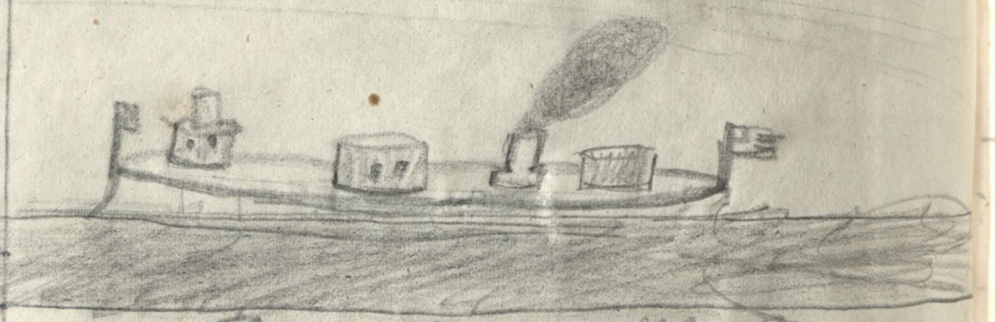
Onodaga 226 Ft. Long



Passaic 200 Ft. Long



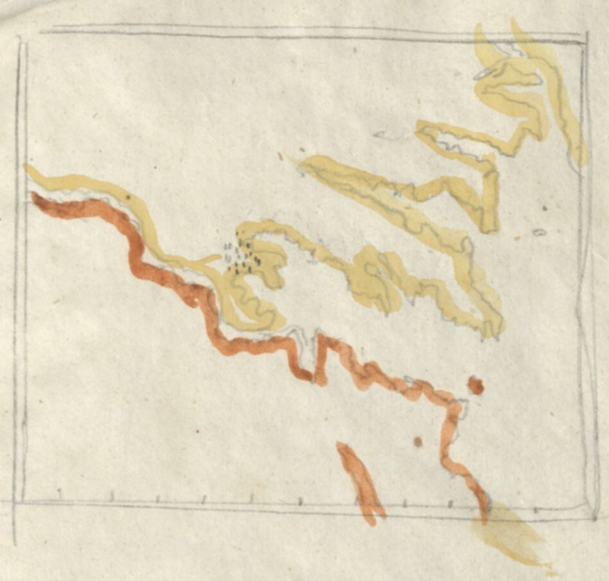
Puritan 340 Ft. Long



Roanoke 270 Ft. Long

Mrs Margaret Coleman,
with the permission
of Mary E Coleman
Miss Mary E Coleman
with a decree order
Mrs Benjamin A Coleman
with a decree Love
Issued 25th 1849.

Mary Elizabeth Coleman



COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

For the Week Ending November 6.—P. M.

The variations of the market during the week at this point were immaterial, and [illegible] changes noted in the [illegible]

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell Dr. Webster's
BIBLE DICTIONARY.

Financial and Commercial.

MONDAY, October 26—P. M.

Exceeding irregularity in exchange. A very active demand for money, both [illegible] and from outside demand [illegible] in business as well as [illegible] amount of whisky paper has been [illegible] to an extent which in many cases [illegible] the willingness or competence of [illegible] respective banks to carry it, and a [illegible] of it was pressed in open market [illegible] to 1½ per cent. per month. [illegible] presence upon the banks a great deal [illegible] which they are carrying at prices [illegible] will scarcely realize the advances [illegible]

St. Louis, October 25—[illegible] are very small. Wheat [illegible] lower. Corn very inactive with [illegible] at $1 00. Oats weaker at [illegible] Rye quiet at 80c. Barley [illegible] lower at 1 05. Pork easier [illegible] Bacon unchanged at 10½@10¾c. for [illegible] and 11@11½c. for clear sides. [illegible] 13c. for boxes.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

For the Week Ending October 26—P. M.

The quotations of the general markets [illegible] compared with those of one week [illegible] represent a material decline. The [illegible] features of the week have been [illegible] with a very reduced spirit, and [illegible] have been the more active [illegible] the appearance of the universal [illegible] of dealers in regard to the [illegible] point of rest.

Flour [illegible] of these articles of country pro[illegible] as [illegible] and potatoes, have been [illegible] still [illegible] as upon the [illegible] the [illegible] have likewise [illegible] and an increased closeness in [illegible] market on the one hand and a [illegible] further appreciation in the [illegible] of currency occasioned by the [illegible] the other, has thrown down [illegible] in nearly all descriptions of [illegible] speculative sale [illegible] the [illegible] quotations of coffee of 2c. to 3c. [illegible] Rice and sugar 1/8c. Cotton [illegible] lower [illegible] Provisions [illegible] Lard [illegible] Whisky [illegible]

MARRIED:

[illegible]—On Tuesday evening, [illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA.

Thick and Thin Sowing.

This is a subject admitting of little dispute where the extremes are avoided. No intelligent farmer will sow very thick or very thin on rich or good soil. Where the land is rather poor, light sowing, according to our experience, is the best. A little more seed, or a medium quantity, I have found to be as well as any on moderately good land, and I have found good success with light sowing on rich soil. This will give strong stalks and large heads, and the plant will stool out. I have never found it advisable to sow thick on strong soil. The grain will come up thick on the ground, but fine-stalked, and more subject to lodging. This last is of some importance. In a wet season, like the present, much grain is lodged and considerable injury results. It must have been noticed that where grain has been sown uneven or in streaks, some thick and some thin, that the thin parts, unless almost barren, came up large with good stems and heads, keeping erect, when the dense, fine growth flatted down. So I have seen corn sown thick (for fodder or baiting) get down, while the large stalks, as in cultivated fields, would only lean and soon get up again. Our best crops—premium crops—of oats have been grown on good soil, not over rich, with a moderate amount of seed evenly sown; this on yellow drift composed rather largely of clay. In a drought, ground cannot well be too strong for oats. And as droughts or moderate moisture seem to be the rule, or at least mostly prevalent, good soil, well prepared, is, on the whole, the best practice. Rather thin sowing is also favorable to seeding down, though the straw is less acceptable as feed for cattle. The grains, I opine, are generally sown too thick, and grass seed and clover too thin. Corn is also too close, whether for fodder or a regular crop. So are our orchard trees too near, branches crowded, and fruit too often too thick.—*Country Gentleman.*

Sheaf Oats for Forage.

In answer to the inquiry, "What shall we grow in the place of corn fodder?" I would suggest the sowing of oats pretty thickly, and cutting when first in the milk, so as to have them saved as green and full as possible. Store them under cover, and it will be found that more good food can be raised to the acre than of any other known grain or grass. That oat straw is of great value has long been proved, and allowed to be of nearly equal value to hay when cut green; adding to this the grain, say fifty bushels to the acre, would give nearly a ton of the best of food, on which not only does young stock grow thrifty and large, and the condition of work horses improve, but with bran or meal it is one of the very best things to feed cows for milk and butter.

Having a certain amount of milk to supply daily last fall, I used every means to keep up the quantity and quality, and tried almost every variety of feed. I found positive evidence that corn fodder was the worst of all, even at no cost, while sheaf oats, cut green, were a cheap feed at forty cents a dozen bundles of average size. The corn fodder was good, full grown, and well cured, but I would not feed it to cows I wanted a good supply of milk from, if I could get it for nothing. The only feed found superior to oats was clover, cut in first bloom and well cured, with four ears of corn and four quarts of bran once a day. On this a fine supply of butter may be looked for, and a cow to do her very best.

It may also be said in favor of oats that they are easy to grow, nice to handle, and the most wholesome and nutritious food for stock, poultry and hogs included, are early harvested, and the land left in good condition for clover, which should follow.—*Cor. Rural World.*

How to Plant Apple Trees.

It is astonishing how much diversity of opinion there is and has been, about the distance apart to plant apple trees. After an experience of fifteen years, I would plant apple trees not less than twenty-four feet apart, from that to thirty-two feet. Apple trees planted sixteen feet apart, when they get large enough to bear, are found by experience to be entirely too near each other, the limbs interlock, and it is difficult to get through the orchard with a wagon; and the want of light and room causes the leaves to fall from the lower limbs, and the other trees become unhealthy.

Young orchards should be cultivated like a corn field until the trees begin to bear, and there is no better crop to grow among young trees than corn. Let the row of trees have the ground of the row to themselves, and then cultivate the row of trees the same as a row of corn, but let it stand, as it forms a protection to the trees in winter. After the apples begin to bear, seed the ground to clover—clean, no blue grass or timothy mixed with it—and don't take the clover off for hay, but either turn in the hogs or cut the clover and let it rot under the trees; and whenever the clover gets crowded out by blue grass or timothy, plow it up and seed down again with clover. This is not theory with me, but it is based on observation and successful practice.—*Iowa Homestead.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Ditching and Underdraining.

Isaac Kinley, a writer for the Northwestern Farmer, gives the following ingenious plan for engineering without the instruments generally used in that profession:

Let us then engineer a little while. But the reader has no instruments. Very well; we will improvise for the nonce, and go on with the work. He has a gun, perhaps. Let him take a long straight vial, with a little colored water corked tight in it, and fasten it to the gun on a level with the sights. He has now a spirit level. He needs to assist him, a boy with a straight stick a few feet long, on which are marked feet and inches, when, if the boy is not afraid of an empty gun, he is ready for work. He selects the lowest point of the ground to be drained. He wishes to know the depth of the ditch required to drain it. He drives down a stake on which is marked with red chalk four feet, the depth at which he wishes to start the ditch. He adjusts the gun in the direction he wishes the ditch to take, bringing it to the level as indicated by the water in the vial. The boy moves forward with his pole, and, following the motion of the engineer's hand, sets it down in the range of the sights of the gun, marking on the pole the precise level as directed by the man at the gun. The engineer finds that he has sighted the pole just one foot and three inches nearer the ground than the gun was at the first station. He finds therefore that the ground ascends that much in the distance between the two stations, and drives another stake, adding to the four feet of the first station the one foot and three inches and a few inches more, necessary to produce a current in the ditch when completed, which again marks the depth of the ditch. In the same way he continues until the survey is completed.

If I were writing a work on engineering I might not risk the reputation of my book with precisely these directions. But the farmer will find them quite practical, and the operation sufficiently exact.

How to Build an Ice-house.

A building eight feet high, and eight by twelve on the ground, would doubtless be of sufficient capacity for supplying four families and allow one-fourth of the ice to go to waste.

Many persons build ice-houses by placing the sills directly on the ground; but our experience is that the ice will keep better if the building is entirely supported by upright posts, which we would prefer to have imbedded in charcoal. This allows a free circulation of air under the building, and provides for suitable drainage. The only difference between building an ice-house and any other building is that it must be a double building—one inside of the other—at least as far as the walls are concerned.

The space between the wall will depend upon the efficiency of the non-conductor used for filling; if it is to be pulverized charcoal, six inches would be sufficient; but if saw-dust or spent tan bark is to be the material, then a foot would be the proper distance. The roof may be made double like the wall, but it is a cheaper plan to make a floor across from the eaves, which may be covered on top with loose saw-dust. If this plan be adopted, the walls of the gable ends may be single, and a door can be cut through one of them and through the floor across the eaves, through which the ice can be passed into the building. It is well to divide off a few feet on each end of the building for a cooling room for milk or a room for keeping fresh meat and vegetables. The doors leading into and out of this room should be double like the walls, and may be either fitted with heavy hinges or made to slide. An ice-house should be opened but once a day, which should be as early in the morning as possible.

Kelly Island Grapes.

A correspondent of the Sandusky Register writes:

We are now in the midst of the grape harvest, and are better able to judge how the yield will be. Picking grapes for wine commenced last Tuesday, and not a single acre that has been gathered has yielded as well as we anticipated. Many of the vineyards will not much more than pay for the picking, and poor, indeed, will be the vine growers who are entirely dependent on their crop of grapes for their support.

Hints on the Horse.

FOOD.

1. All horses must *not* be fed in the same proportions, without due regard to their ages, their constitutions and their work; because the impropriety of such a practice is self evident; yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

2. Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is not proper nourishment in it,

3. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

4. Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

5. Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more, and digest it better.

6. Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

7. When a horse is worked hard its food should chiefly be oats; if not worked hard, its food should chiefly be hay; because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

8. For a saddle or a coach horse, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay is sufficient. If the hay is not good add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have less.

9. Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay from a manger. Because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

10. Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it. Because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. [A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.]

11. Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one. Because the former, through age and defective teeth, can not chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with the saliva, and turned into wholesome nutriment.

12. Vetches and cut grass should always be given in the spring to horses that can not be turned out into the fields. Because they are very cool and refreshing, and almost medicinal in their effects; but they must be supplied in moderation, as they are liable to ferment in the stomach if given largely.

13. Water your horse from a pond or stream, rather than from a spring or well. Because the latter is generally hard and cold, while the former is soft, and comparatively warm. The horse prefers soft, muddy water to hard water, though ever so clear.

14. A horse should have at least a pail of water, morning and evening; or (still better) four half pailfuls, at four several times in the day. Because this assuages his thirst without bloating him. He should not be made to work directly after he has a full draught of water; for digestion and exertion can never go on together.

15. Do not allow your horse to have warm water to drink. Because, if he has to drink cold water, after getting accustomed to warm, it will give him colic.

16. When your horse refuses food, after drinking, go no further that day. Because the poor creature is thoroughly beaten.—[*London Horse Book.*

—The Paris True Kentuckian of the 2d says: "Some time ago Robert McClelland bought a Berkshire sow for $40. She gave birth to twelve pigs in January last, fifteen in the latter part of April, and eighteen in October. She raised all of her first litter, ten of the second and twelve of the last. The pigs of the first and second litters will average 200 lbs. each this winter. A few such sows as that would soon make their owner's fortune."

Strawberries.

There is a delightful prospect ahead for the lovers of the strawberry. A gentleman of Newark announces that with twenty years cultivation he can raise strawberries as large as pineapples, which will retain all the delicacy of the fruit now grown. If this wonderful cultivation goes on successfully, how pleasant it will be to say to a friend who drops in to tea on a June evening, "Will you take a slice of strawberry?"

Tile Drainage.

On this subject the New York Post says:

Draining tiles are lighting their way year by year into new regions, and wherever they get a foothold they occupy the country very rapidly. For instance, we have in our mind an agricultural region in New England, where, last year, about four acres of land were drained at a cost of $300 in money, and no end of snubbing and sneering from the neighbors.

This year, the snubs and sneers having given place to inquiry and interest, in that same neighborhood twenty times as many acres will have been drained, and the extending of the operation next year will be limited only by the supply of labor.

The best advice that we can give to any farmer who has land that is not reasonably dry in the wettest times, is to drain a single acre of it, and to regulate his future operations according to the result of the experiment.

His experience will differ from that of the rest of the world, if he does not see that the best possible investment of his surplus time and money will be in extending his drainage until he has not a foot of land left that would be made better for being made more dry.

Keeping Potatoes.

It is, perhaps, needless for us to caution our readers against leaving their potatoes exposed to the light either out doors or in the cellar. They will, if so exposed, soon turn green, become soggy, and almost unfit for use. They should, if possible, be kept in a dark, cool place, away from all danger of frost in winter. We think potatoes used to keep better in times gone by in the old dark cellars, than now, in the modern cellars, with their numerous windows. Some are in the habit of keeping their potatoes in pits in the ground, dug deep enough to be safe from the frosts. This may keep them well, but is a troublesome plan. We have known them to be kept in the very best condition in barrels, and covered with sand.

RENOVATING WORN-OUT SOILS.—"What is the cheapest method of bringing up exhausted land?" In any climate where clover will flourish, this plant is undoubtedly the cheapest manure. If you can get a fair crop of clover to start with, your success is assured. This can be done in many cases by sowing two bushels of plaster to the acre. If this does not succeed, bone dust, Peruvian guano, or fish scrap, in moderate quantities, certainly will. The clover may be turned in when a little past full bloom, or be partially fed by cattle that remain on the field, and and plowed in later. Two or three crops will prepare the way for grain.

Gathering Leaves.

The millions of tons of leaves that have fallen should not be allowed to go to waste. How many farmers ever think of saving the leaves from the forests or groves on their farms? There is no better fertilizer known than decomposed leaves. Every gardener is aware of this fact, and carefully saves all that comes within his reach. Next spring the manure heap will be altogether too small to suit most farmers, and now is a good time to increase its size by gathering all the leaves, and composting them with barn-yard manure. Damp, rainy days are the best for gathering leaves, because they hold together better when damp than when dry.

Rise and Progress of Sheep-raising.

Fifty years ago not a pound of fine wool was grown in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In 1784 a small flock was sent to the Elector of Saxony as a present from the King of Spain, whence the entire product of Saxony wool, now of such immense value. In 1809, during the invasion of Spain by the French, some of the valuable crown flock were sold to raise money. The American Consul, Jarvis, at Lisbon, purchased 1,400 head and sent them to this country. A portion of this pure and unmixed Merino flock is still to be found in Vermont at this time. Such was the origin of the immense flock of fine wool sheep in the United States at the present time.

Tennessee Productions.

Neale's State (Tenn.) Gazette says:

The productiveness of Dyer county is truly wonderful. Lately some of our farming friends have laid on our table an apple measuring fourteen inches in circumference, a pear weighing three pounds, and an eight pound beet. But now comes the fact that Dyer county has produced a mammoth pumpkin vine, from which has just been picked one hundred and three well-developed pumpkins, the smallest of which was as large as a water-bucket.

THE HOP SPECULATION.

A correspondent, in describing the rise and fall of the hop speculation in Wisconsin, says:

Their heads were completely turned by the idea of receiving a thousand dollars, as many had done, for every acre of hops. They supposed the demand would remain a long term of years, at least, as unlimited as it then was, and that prices would advance, instead of receding. They had heard of Mr. Palmer, of Waterville, receiving ninety cents per pound for a rare sample of hops. Now, if Oneida county hops would bring ninety cents, what, they asked, would Wisconsin hops bring when another year extended their reputation and advanced their prices still higher? A few were so extravagant as to talk about a dollar a pound, while a majority expected sixty cents, and to hint at the probability of their being less than fifty cents was considered an insult to the whole hop-growing community.

I have spoken in former letters of the unreasonable increase of the hop area, which was far in advance of the increase in demand, and which must inevitably have glutted the market at no distant day, even though the Wisconsin hop-growers should have obtained the control of the market, as they seemed to expect. I have shown, too, how all other crops were neglected to a degree that even their great idol did not require. They were indifferent about clearing more land, for nothing but hops were supposed to pay. This crop absorbed all the manure produced on the farm, not a shovel full being allowed to the garden, or the other fields; consequently, the farms here, as new as they were, were becoming impoverished. The country has been allowed to remain almost destitute of barns and sheds for storing crops, and sheltering cattle, in order that all their means might be devoted to the building and furnishing of hop houses. Although the hop yard furnished an unceasing demand for manure, the number of acres planted on each farm being limited to the amount of manure that could be furnished for their covering, still the number of live stock was not allowed to increase, for there was nothing to feed them.

An ardent temperance advocate might feel justified in declaring that Providence had inflicted the present state of embarrassment and trouble upon this community as a just punishment for devoting themselves, body and soul, to administering to the depraved appetites of man, instead of supplying him with wholesome food, and sharing with him the healthful and delicious fruits of the orchard. But, leaving out of sight the question of temperance, it is plainly seen, and is acknowledged by many men here, that hops have been a curse to the country. If the value of the offerings that the people here have laid upon the altar of their idol, had been expended for the legitimate purposes of farming, how much better would their condition be to-day, and how much more inviting would be the aspect of the country be?

Walking Horses.

The Farmer's Home Journal makes the following judicious suggestions:

The best gait a horse ever had for everyday use is a good walk. It is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are not trained to walk in all of the Eastern States. Young America wants mere speed. Kentucky has more good walking horses than any other State, for there horseback traveling has long been in fashion for men and women, over a country where muddy roads at times rendered any other gait impossible, and so horses have been bred for the saddle and trained to a walking gait. This is also the case in all the Western States, and perhaps might have been so in New England, when our grandmothers rode to meeting on a pillion behind our grandfathers. But one-horse wagons have put horseback riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare than one that can trot a mile in 2:40.

At the Springfield (Mass.) horse show of 1860, the writer was one of the committee to award prizes to the best walking horses. Out of seventeen entered, the committee found but one which was considered a first-rate walker. This was a Morrill mare, which walked five miles an hour with ease. Two others were fair walkers, and the rest knew no gait that could be called walking. At the New York State Fair the same state of facts was again developed. A letter from Wisconsin says: "I think horses trained to walk fast would be a greater benefit to our farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk." I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot he walked much slower than his common gait, if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained. Will farmers think of this and pay more attention to walking horses?

AGRICULTURAL.

Fruit Prints.

A correspondent at Boston gives an account of fruit printing by a gentleman of West Roxbury, upon his ripe apples and pears as they hang on the tree:

You meet with the familiar name of Mary, or Alice, or a date (1868)—in brief, everything that may suggest itself to your taste or fancy, and all done in the skin of the fruit, without abrasion or any foreign impression. The discovery was made by the Hon. Arthur W. Austin, of West Roxbury, in 1851-2. He observed during the former year, that apples did not redden in that part of the fruit where a leaf happened to lie upon it. In 1852 he cut out letters from newspapers, and when the apples were yet green he pasted them upon them with paste such as apothecaries use, made of Gum Tragacanth. The apples would redden in all parts not covered by the pasted letters.

When the fruit had reddened to perfection the letters were removed, and they would appear permanently outlined in green. So, again, when he pasted on the apple a paper in which the letters were cut out, the parts covered by the paper would be green and the letters would appear distinctly turned in red, the green ground surrounding them. The experiment is a very pretty one, and produces a happy effect—let our fruit growers try it. How much sweeter must be the relish of apple or pear if the name of a favorite should thus appear on it, as is if written by the hand of Nature. What superior price such fruit, so inscribed, would command in market, and what a pretty present it would be to any lady at a feast.

PLANTING BULBS.

Bulbs may be planted during the present month, or until the ground freezes. The Germantown Telegraph says:

The varieties mostly planted in autumn are hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, narcissus, crown-imperials, &c. They require a rich, light, somewhat sandy soil, and should be set two inches below the surface. Hyacinths, to have them in perfection, should be replanted every fall, but the others may remain in the ground for two or three years. The chrysanthemum and gladiolus should be taken up as soon as their leaves are dead, and either buried in sand in the cellar or placed on a shelf or in an open closet where the mice cannot reach them and where they will not freeze.

Experiment in Wheat.

Wm. Otis, a prominent farmer residing in Gates, about two miles west of Rochester, New York, set apart last season a patch of ground containing seven square rods for an experiment in wheat growing. The wheat embraced four varieties—California, Diehl, Soules, and a bearded one, name not known. It was planted by hand, in drills, and as it came up the plants were from two to six inches apart. The winter killed the California clean out, but the other varieties grew and ripened very well. The yield from these seven rods of ground was two bushels, or at the rate of nearly forty-six bushels to the acre. Where wheat is generally drilled in as carefully as this was, it would require but about five quarts of seed to the acre, instead of from sixty to eighty, as is sometimes the case in ordinary sowing.

Hogs in Ohio.

There appears to be a greater fluctuation in the valuation of swine than in that of any other kind of domestic animals. In 1850, swine had an assessed average value of $1 13 per head; in 1852 it had more than doubled, viz.: $2 37 per head; in 1856 it had increased to $2 84; in 1857 to $2 90; in 1861 it was $2 78; in 1862 it had fallen to $1 66, but in 1866 it had augmented to $4 92, or the highest assessed value ever known in Ohio; in 1868 there are 1,807,594 returned assessed at an aggregate of $6,256,577, or an average of $3 46 per head; or a little more than three times as much as in 1850; and yet in all probability the assessed value is less than the market value. I shall feel that I have committed an error if the hog crop of 1868 will not yield an increase of $20,000,000 in Ohio.

AGRICULTURAL.

Grafting is to be done when the buds on the stock show signs of starting.

In planting trees set them no lower in the ground than they stood in the nursery.

In planting trees cut back thoroughly; there is little danger of using the knife too severely.

Do not neglect early vegetables, as they are indispensable to health. Start lettice, radishes, &c., as soon as possible.

It has been asserted that salt and lime will keep eggs fresh for eight years. Most persons would be contented to *know* how to keep them fresh for six months.

There is no use in trying to cultivate cranberries on upland. A marsh or peat bog, that can be drained and flooded at will, is the proper place for this delicious and most productive fruit.

The value of sheep killed in the United States by dogs during the past year is estimated at two millions of dollars, and the subsistence of these dogs cost fifty millions annually. That is certainly "dog dear."

Farmers will now probably rush into grain-growing as they did into sheep, and overdo it in like manner. There is room to rush into grain to some extent, but he will be wise who keeps up his sheep-fold.

L. C. Burt, of Hampden county, Mass., produced last season twenty-eight bushels of wheat on three-fourths of an acre, which, at $3 per bushel, and including $12 for the straw, netted him $70 70. There were reported to the Agricultural Society of that county yields of 25, 37 and 38¼ bushels per acre.

March is the great month for all sorts of work, preparatory to the great results of the year. Make haste with every thing that can be done this month, but do not plow clay lands when wet; they better not be plowed at all. Get in oats as early as possible, and do not fail to sow clover seed after the oats are harrowed in.

Plant strawberries this month. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we have become convinced that it is far more profitable to produce 200 bushels on a single acre than to devote four acres to that quantity. To this end, plant one foot apart each way, and after one or two hoeings spread over a coat of manure, and, after a few rains, mulch the ground so as to keep down the grass and weeds. If one cannot procure plants enough for a large patch, set some for the purpose of making plants, to enlarge your plantation next year.

Cows will be coming in this month. Take the calves away at four days old and teach them to drink skim-milk, butter-milk and ultimately dish-water, with a little Indian meal in it. For a few days after taking the calf from its mother, feed half new and half skim-milk, and then it need not have a drop from which butter can be obtained. Be sure and raise all the heifer calves that have good signs for milch cows. Calves raised by hand can be brought out in the fall in as good condition as if they had run all summer with the best of cows.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

The following terse compilation of wisdom was communicated to the New England Farmer:

—Too many barns are deficient in windows.

—Money invested in needed tools pays a high per cent.

—The more comfortable you can keep your animals the more will they thrive.

—A good cow is a valuable machine; the more food she properly digests the greater the profit.

—A few roots daily, to all the stock, are as welcome as apples to boys and girls.

—Iron shoes on sleds last a life time. They are really cheaper in the end than wooden ones.

—All animals are fond of sunshine. Let them bask in it, if possible.

—Replace all the bars, where you often pass, by strong gates, and then wonder that you didn't do so before.

—A borrowed tool, if broken, should be promptly replaced by a new one. A nice sense of honor in such matters is much to be commended.

—It seems strange that housekeepers don't buy pails and tubs with brass hoops and trimmings. They cost a little more at first, but last wonderfully.

—Build safe, easy stairs wherever needed in barns, and save breaking your bones climbing dangerous ladders.

—Give a quart of meal daily to each of your young animals, and you will soon be praising them to your neighbors.

—Where a watering tub is needed abroad, it should be a deep one, and set partly in the ground. It will not freeze then in the coldest weather so as to give much trouble.

—Geo. Wood, of Brattleboro, Vt., says he has tamed or broken 724 colts in the course of his life.

—It is estimated that it will require 125 ears of the average corn of Central Illinois to make a bushel.

—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives several instances where cattle and other animals were badly poisoned by eating straw that had been much rusted.

—The town of Bennes, in Britanny, is noted for its peculiar butter. The milk of the previous evening is mixed with the warm morning's milk, and the mixture allowed to stand for two or three hours, when the whole is churned.

—Three years ago John Rhoring, of Weston, Mo., sold a cow to a man living in Kansas, about 140 miles from Weston, whither the cow was taken. A few days since she surprised Mr. R.'s family by familiarly putting her head into their kitchen door, as she was wont to do.

—In Ohio, a fruit farmer is planting a mammoth orchard, which will consist of 5,000 apple trees, 10,000 peach trees, 8,000 pear trees, 2,600 cherry trees, 1,500 Chickasaw plums, six acres of quinces, twenty acres of strawberries, twenty acres of raspberries, and eighteen acres of grapes. So says the New York Farmer.

—It appears from the Prairie Farmer that the dead larvæ of the Colorado potato beetle emits poisonous exhalations, and that persons employed in collecting the larvæ from the plants have been badly poisoned by breathing the air over vessels into which they had been thrown.

—The farmers of Iowa are much encouraged by present prices. The following are given as current prices in Cedar county: Wheat, $1 50 to $1 75; corn, 50 to 75c.; oats, 45 to 55c.; potatoes, 75c. to $1 00; apples, 75c. to $1 50; butter, 35c; eggs, 25c, and pork, live hogs, $5 50; dressed, $6 50 to $7 50.

—Mr. J. B. Campbell, of Glen Haven, N. Y., wrote to the "Country Gentleman" that he was foddering hay that was put in the barn about half dry, with a little lime sprinkled on it. It came out bright and clean from dust. Without the lime it would have been, he says, a perfect smudge.

—To show that honey bees, instead of being an injury to farmers, are a benefit to them, the fact is cited as well known to observing bee keepers, that when we have a fine yield of honey from the buckwheat or the orchard, that we have a corresponding yield of grain or fruit, unless prematurely destroyed by frost or other causes. There are seasons when bees work very little on buckwheat, and the result has been, with scarcely an exception, a small yield of grain.

Cincinnati Horticultural Society.—Society met as usual, large attendance, President Anderson in the chair, minutes read and approved.

The committees on premiums for early fruits and of procuring life members asked and obtained further time.

THE FRUIT PROSPECT.

The President called for news as to the present prospect for fruit the coming season. Dr. McConnell, of Adams Co., reported all right for a full crop of peaches. M. Thompson said that the past had been a most favorable winter for all kinds of fruit. The weather was almost continuously cold for about ten weeks, and at no time did the mercury descend to a dangerous degree. Mr. Mullett stated that he had not yet discovered a single bud that had been killed by the winter. Mr. Pentland stated that he had not yet discovered any damage to any kind of fruit.

Mr. Thompson gave some hints toward a proposition for converting the association into a joint stock company, for the purpose of procuring a large building, somewhat like the Rink, for holding the regular meetings of the society and accommodating exhibitions. He thought it could be rented for other purposes to great economical advantage. He cited similar enterprises at the East that were not burdensome in point of expense, and gave great advantages to the societies.

On motion, the subject was made the special order for next Saturday.

THE WHEAT PROSPECT.

Dr. McConnell stated that the prospect for early sown wheat was pretty good, and on the whole there would be a fair crop. Mr. Wardlow gave the statement of a miller, who had taken pains to examine the wheat in divers localities, and found the prospect for a tolerably good crop.

BEES AND GRAPES.

Mr. Thompson stated that bees were very destructive to grapes. He had examined their operations under a microscope, and found that though the bees cannot puncture the skin of the grape, yet after a berry is fully ripe, the bee will break the skin by its power of suction and immediately there will be bees enough upon it to draw out all its juice. He stated the case of a grower who made no wine after one of his neighbors had built up a colony of sixty or seventy hives of bees.

He would keep no bees as long as he was growing grapes. Mr. Buchanan had noticed the same facts, and stated the case of a grower who fed his neighbor's bees and thus kept them at home during the ripening of his grapes.

Mr. McWilliams thought that the honey was of much more value than the grapes they destroy.

Mr. Bartlett gave the case of a vineyard that was attacked by millions of bees and utterly destroyed.

THE GROUND MOLE.

This little animal was then discussed, and it was agreed that it was the worst pest the farmer had to contend with.

Mr. Thompson said that kernels of corn soaked, opened a little, arsenic dropped in, and then the kernels deposited in the mole's hole, will, in almost every case, kill the rascals, as they will eat the poisoned corn. He thought that attention to this remedy would rid any farm or garden of this pest.

Mr. Mullett also spoke of the destructiveness of this animal. He lost by them twenty bushels of sweet potatoes one season, and often thousands of bushels of corn are destroyed by them in a single neighborhood.

Mr. Bartlett asked whether seed corn could not be soaked in some solution that would guard it against the mole.

Mr. Thompson said that aloes in solution was a protection against both the moles and the birds.

Mr. McAvoy stated that soaking corn in arseniated water was a protection.

Dr. Bland, editor of the Western Farmer, cited the concurrent opinion of all agricultural editors and entomologists, that the mole is insectiverous, and does not eat corn or vegetables. On the contrary, all the farmers contend that the mole is a vegetarian. He would be glad to have this question settled.

He thought that if they were not vegetarians, they were the friends of the farmer. Mr. Thompson told him that finding corn in the stomach of a mole was pretty good evidence. Dr. Bland said yes, but that mole should have been brought to the Society, that the fact might be proved. Mr. Blackburn stated the case of a field of corn, planted on sod, that was being destroyed, as was thought, by the moles, but on examination it was found to be the work of the grub-worm.

He stated other cases in which the moles had been falsely accused. He was inclined to think that it was worms that do the damage, and that the moles are groping about in search of the worms. Mr. Vincent gave some cases tending to show that the mole is omnivorous, and will destroy any sort of vegetables. He was satisfied that the idea of the mole living exclusively on insects is a humbug. Mr. Cooke knew that the moles destroy plants, but whether by eating or disturbing the ground he could not say. Mr. Thompson told of a man who planted little mole-guns in the holes of the moles, and so set that when the fellow came along he would fire off the gun and kill himself. Mr. Wardlow told of a man who killed moles by feeding them pills of flour and arsenic.

It was suggested that the members watch for moles and bring some in for examination.

Care of the Eyes.

When will those working by lamp-light have the sense to understand the use of shades to protect the eyes? We see persons sitting holding their sewing or other work before and near to a lamp, while the light is blazing full into their eyes. It is plain that the object that they work upon can not be seen with so great distinctness while the field of their retina is already occupied by a blaze. But they work on for hours, and though the next morning their visual organs tell of the abuse by redness and inflammation, the workers are too dull to learn the lesson of experience offered them. Circular paper shades can be obtained for a few cents, and those not only protect the eyes from the excess of light, but serve as a reflector behind the blaze, increasing the illumination one half.

Besides the above mentioned, there is that of the varying quantity of light thrown into the eye by its being suddenly and alternately directed toward the blaze, or obliquely away from it, by which the pupil has not time to adapt itself to the increase of glare; whereas with the use of the shade the illumination would be uniform. The number of persons in the community having spots, light or dark, in their field of vision, and arising from injury to the retina by the ill-usages which we are mentioning, is greater than is commonly imagined. It must be borne in mind that these spots are a serious step toward amaurosis and gutta-serena, such as plunged in darkness the latter years of the great Milton, and many others more eminent for their talent than their caution. Look well to the preservation of your vision.

Remarkable Sagacity of a Dog.

A singular case of canine sagacity was related to us a day or two since. The gentleman who owned the dog lived at the time the occurrence happened in Southington. It was a good while ago. His dog, a fox hound, was bitten in the nose by a red adder. This is a snake, whose venomous quality is only inferior to that of the rattlesnake; it will almost always kill a man. The dog, though bitten, continued to assail the snake and succeeded in killing him. To the surprise of his owner, who had witnessed the combat, the dog then turned and fled at his best speed for home, the house being two miles distant.

The people at the house saw him come rushing up the road and plunge into the open cellar-way. There they found him energetically pawing up the moist earth of the cellar-bottom, and into the hole he thus made he stuck his nose, and then, holding it there, he pawed more dirt around his head so as to bury his nose and face out of sight. They could not call or coax him away; and there he staid—so far as the family were observers of him—for two days, with his nose and face buried in the moist ground in the cellar. Then he came forth all well.

How did that dog know that that singular treatment would save him?—*Hartford Times.*

A Love Letter.—As the ladies, dear creatures, always feel an interest in the progress of the tender passion, whether developed in their own bosoms or shown in those of others, we present to them below a veritable love-letter from no less a person than David Crockett, Jr. We shan't tell how we came in possession of the document, or of the *story* which occasioned its being indicted, though of the story itself we shall not deprive our fair readers.

"Down East" is the place from which Davy Jr. hails, and where the wronged Cybela first felt within her breast the beatings of that passion whose course, we have the sanction of poets and philosophers and the experience of ages for saying, "never *did* run smooth." Cybela loved! Oh, what thrilling emotions agitated her conscious bosom when first to herself she confessed the "soft impeachment," and longed to make him a sharer in the secret who was the cause of all those tender, thrilling, tantalizing sensations, which brightened the glances of her eye and painted the roses on her cheek when *he* approached. We have said Cybela loved! She was beloved again! Not by one alone—*two* were anxious for the possession of her charms. But, as our fair readers need not be told, Cybela loved but *one*—and that one was not Davy Crockett, Jr. But he, true to his name, would "go-ahead," though we are sorry to record the fact that in this instance "he was not right"—thus disgracing the name which is synonymous with being *sure* of right, before going ahead. Davy was rejected by Cybela, whose heart had vowed allegiance to another, and that other's heart had in like manner become her bounden slave. Davy applied to the parents, and the parents, as such crusty and useless beings are apt to do, favored his suit, for *weighty* reasons, and laid their commands on the girl that she should become Mrs. Crockett, Jr. without delay, and root from her heart all affection for any one else who wore breeches! Could she do it? It is unnecessary to say she could not. Cybela fled! deserted home and all, rather than sacrifice her affections on the altar of mammon, particularly when that altar appeared in the shape of a rather old and not remarkably good looking man! Cybela is but sixteen, and her looking-glass tells her she is beautiful. Cybela fled then, and came to Boston; where she is now under the protection of a female relative, who kindly sympathises with the state of her heart and its afflictions, and who vows to shield her from the persecutions of Davy Crockett, Jr., and intercede with those 'cruel parents, who tore her love from' Cybela. We hope she will be successful, and that the bright eyes of Cybela may soon dance with joy on being clasped to the bosom of her true love—"never, never, more to part"—and Davy Crockett, jr., may go to the —— Texas. But the letter! The following is an emanation from Davy's heart and brain, furnished us by the female relative aforesaid, which we give *verbatim et literatim* in order to show that ignorance and presumption are in his case, as in most others, combined.—Here it is:—

Paris Maine June the 9 1842

Cybela it is with a tearful eye and fealing heart that I wright you a few lines as you left home before I had the priveledge of seeing you, that evening that I spent with you I felt so mutch that I cold not say any thing but I hope you wont think that I did not feal more then I expressed, Cybela my affections are entirle set on you and I hope that it wont be lost I cannot express my fealings too you by wrighten nor by words but I want you too think of this it seems to me nou that is I want to make me happy and without you I ever must be miserble your respcted meeting to sever, parchance to forget would we never oh never had met better unseeing to come and depart than linger in being still halving ones heart i wont you to wright me if you dont come hone if you wright direct it the lone

David Crockett Jr

Should the publication of this precious epistle, as it is hoped, make Davy ashamed of himself, and cause him to withdraw his suit—and should, as all of our lady readers will join with us in hoping, the lovely Cybela be blessed in the bestowal of her affections, we shall certainly apprize our readers of the fact, and we hereby give Cybela notice that we shall expect a thumping big slice of the cake; in consideration of which, should circumstances warrant it, we offer ourself as god-father on an occasion which it is unnecessary more particularly to allude to.

A Graceful Dun.—Said a pretty woman to a friend a few days since, "Husband has made me a present of the little bill that you own him." Who could resist such a polite invitation to pay up?

From the New York Sunday Mercury, Enlarged.

Machine Poetry.

Rhyme without Reason.

A pretty *deer* is *dear* to me,
A *hare* has downy *hair*;
I love a *hart* with all my *heart*,
But who can *bear* a *bear*?
'Tis *plain* that no one takes a *plane*
To *pare* a *pair* of *pears*;
A *rake*, though, often takes a *rake*
And *tears* away the *tares*
That grow a *grain* against a *grain*,
Not *caring* for his *cares*.
A, man, in writing '*rite*,' may *write*
It *right*, and still be wrong;
For *rite* nor *write*, are either *right*,
And don't to *Wright* belong.
Beer often brings a *bier* to man—
Coughing a *coffin* brings;
And too much *ale* will make us *ail*,
As well's some other things,
That person *lies* who says he *lies*
When he is but reclining;
And, when consumptive folks *decline*,
They all *decline declining*.
A *quail* wont *quail* amidst a storm,
A *bough* will *bow* before it;
We cannot *rein* the *rain* at all—
No earthly power *reigns* o'er it.
The *dyer dyes* awhile, then *dies*—
To *dye* he's always trying,
Until, upon his *dying* bed,
He thinks no more of *dyeing*.
A son of *Mars's* a son of *ma's*—
All *deys* must have their *days*;
And every *knight* should pray each *night*
To Him who *weighs* his *ways*.
'Tis *meet* that man should *mete* out *meat*,
To feed misfortune's son;
The *fair* should *fare* on love alone,
Else *one* cannot be *won*.
A lass alas! is sometimes *false*—
Of *faults* a *maid* is *made*—
Her *waist* is but a barren *waste*—
Though *stay'd* she is not *staid*.
The *springs spring* forth in *spring*, and *shoots*
Shoot forward, one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it *leaves*
The *leaves* to *fall* in *fall*.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The *tail* end of our *tale*.

Spoons, O. G.